Richard Kearney

NEW

PICTURE OF PARIS.

BY

M. MERCIER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

I HAD finiſhed, towards the end 1788, the Picture of Paris, which I had begun in 1761, and which formed twelve volumes; I imagined that I had ſaid every thing, at leaſt every thing that I knew reſpecting this city, on which the eyes of the whole world are continually fixed; and little thought of returning to this ſubject, when a revolution, the remembrance of which will never periſh, or ceaſe to influence the deſtinies of mankind, overthrows at once the manners of a peaceable nation, changes its habits, its laws, its cuſtoms, its police, its government, its religion, and inſpires it alternately with the moſt heroic courage and the moſt cowardly ferocity. How auguſt! how abject! how impetuous! how patient! This city muſt neceſſarily be divided into two diſtinct claſſes; the one throwing itſelf with generous ardour into the arms of liberty, intrepid, invincible—ſuch were the people of the fourteenth of July and the tenth of Auguſt; the other, cringing, rapacious, and cruel, watching to ſeize on and appropriate to themſelves the victories of the republicans; holding themſelves forth as the moſt pure, the moſt clear-ſighted, and moſt decided patriots, while they were only graſping at power and riches.

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The valorous republicans were governed by theſe ſycophants, who, hiding themſelves in every ſeaſon of danger, ruſhed impudently forward when it was paſt, to precipitate the people into crimes, and put themſelves at the head of executioners. Thus the intrepid warrior, the laborious functionary, every honeſt and peaceable citizen, has been deceived and abuſed by demagogues, who aſſumed the tone of liberty to render it odious and execrable, and who would be only horrible in the eyes of poſterity as monſters, if they had not likewiſe been criminal through corruption; for the greater part acted in implicit obedience to the ſuggeſtions and fury of our coaleſced enemies.

The greateſt of all miracles is, that this ſuperb city ſtill exiſts. The plan of attack, which was to have taken place at Verſailles, againſt the national aſſembly and againſt Paris, is one of the moſt horrible projects which was ever conceived in the cabinet of a perjured king and a corrupted court. The city would have been ſacked, given up to pillage, and reduced to the third of its population, while deſpotiſm, with its arm dyed in blood, would have hovered over its ruins. The courage of the Pariſians, their union, and the unexpected favour of fortune, ſtruck pale that homicidal court. The king had indeed fixed in his hat the national cockade, the ſignal of victory and of regeneration; but with the ſecret intention of immediately tearing it away, aided by ſurrounding monarchs, to whom he would have given up the frontiers of France, on condition that he ſhould remain in peaceable poſſeſſion, within the precincts of his palace, of his valets, his hounds, his nobility and his parliament.

The counter-revolution began under his auſpices, from the day that he returned to Verſailles, wearing the national cockade, which he had ſaluted before the people at one of the windows of the Hotel de Ville.

Ville. Every thing which was afterwards done was done in hatred of the revolution, and of the taking of the Baſtille.

Paris was the theatre, to which the agents of the reſpective governments of Europe repaired to conſummate the plans of their hypocriſy. Every day ſome part of their projects was put into execution; and it is the province of hiſtory alone to enumerate, under how many maſks traitors of every complexion and of every rank have more or leſs deceived the credulity of the republicans: to make them the aſſaſſins of each other was the whole ſecret of the coaleſced powers.

The plan was obvious, but the paſſions were ardent, and the intereſt of the whole was thwarted by the intereſts of different parties. The natural impetuoſity of the French promoted the deſigns of their enemies, and a ſort of inconſtancy entangled them in a contrariety of ideas, and ſometimes puſhed them ignorantly on to meaſures directly oppoſite to thoſe which they intended.

The vanity of the leaders provoked a continued war of oppoſition among the people, and the ſcaffolds were levelled by thoſe who had erected them; not from a regard to humanity, but by the ardent jealouſy of deſpotic power. The republicans have riſen triumphant from amidſt thoſe piles of carcaſſes, whoſe mouths, though dumb, ſeem expreſſively to murmur, "Whoever has willed the republic, whoever has ſuffered it, has been the victim of calumny and murder."

The 13th of Vendemiaire, which was only the repetition of the 31ſt of May, was to have witneſſed the ruin of the republican party. A new miracle ſaved it. The Pariſians were never more deceived than on that fatal day, and they cruelly expiated their error. The 18th of Fructidor was the triumph of the republican party. Paris remained calm, and

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the royaliſt conſpirators were cruſhed. The Pariſians were ſaved that day from the horrors of a counter-revolution, the conſequences of which would have been incalculable. They ſeem no longer diſpoſed to follow the ſtandard of ſedition; they turn their eyes towards thoſe brave armies which are defending the country, and feel at length, that their own precincts do not alone conſtitute that country; they give themſelves up to fêtes, to pleaſure, and the love of the fine arts; they have perhaps ſuffered too much to cheriſh the word *republic*, but they are republicans without knowing it, and inſtinct will goad them on, ſooner or later, towards greatneſs truly national; they will then ruminate at times with complacency on the triumphs of our armies and the hatred of Europe towards us, which is only a diſguiſed homage to ſo many ſplendid actions: every ſentiment will inſenſibly lead them to forget the words, *king*, *monarchy*, and *grands ſeigneurs*.

The taſte for pleaſures and enjoyments, which are to be found only in Paris, will finally extinguiſh that counter-revolutionary ferment which has been ſo induſtriouſly kept up by the hoſtile powers. Theſe foreigners have been hitherto laviſh of their gold; but the Pariſian feels that it would be ſo eaſy for the government to re-act an 18th of Fructidor, that they will not put themſelves again in the way of making the experiment. The government exhibited itſelf on that day with all the pomp of power, and every one exclaimed, "Here is the government! we muſt at length confeſs it; and let it be reſpected!"

Whatever ſeems hazardous, though it be not really ſo, is almoſt always wiſe; the reaſon is, that there is nothing in the world which has not its critical moment, and the maſterſhip of prudence is to know and ſeize that moment. Prudence even commands us at ſuch times to conſult nothing but fortune. The greateſt dangers which can preſent themſelves

themſelves have their charms, provided we have ſome glimpſe of great advantage in the perſpective of ſucceſs; but common dangers preſent nothing but horrors, and the ſtruggle is not worth the pain of the undertaking.

Great political affairs have a point of maturity, which muſt be waited for, and which it is dangerous to foreſtall; but when this point of maturity diſcovers itſelf, he who calculates the conſequences with too much ſcrupuloſity is not made for government. Your moſt dangerous enemy in ſuch an important criſis, is often he whoſe alliance would be moſt uſeful to you. What addreſs is neceſſary at ſuch a moment, to know how to conquer without his aſſiſtance?

To do your enemy leſs evil than that which he ſeems to fear; to ſucceed as much by the faults of an oppoſite party, as by the wiſdom of your own, is the true art of governing; it is performing in politics the wonderful operations of thoſe machines in phyſics, which the people imagine to be the fruit of complicated labours, and which are only the reſult of an ingenious but very ſimple mechaniſm.

The government has again ſhewn itſelf; and though it diſplayed at firſt a terrible phyſiognomy, has aſſumed a wild and complacent aſpect, and gained univerſal admiration. Would the governors arm themſelves with new powers? Let them place moderation and humanity by their ſide; theſe virtues affect every man; for puniſhments are made to ameliorate, not to deſtroy: what would be rigour at other times, ſeems only juſtice at preſent.

The government has ſhewn itſelf after ſo many years of anarchy, and the ſage and the politician, the weak and the ignorant, the friend of his country and the friend of his own pleaſures, every one who cheriſhes glory or loves repoſe, will repeat with joy, from the bottom of his heart, There is now a go-

vernment, and to make uſe of a common phraſe, "This is what we muſt ſhew to Europe, and even to France."

That perſon would be endowed with ſingular penetration who ſhould diſcover the particular cauſe of revolutions; it is ſimply the ripeneſs of things and of events. Many moral and metaphyſical elements may concur, but it is an action purely phyſical which always determines the criſis.

Our republic, agitated, tormented, lacerated in its infancy by triumviral, decemviral, and dictatorial tyrannies, is firmly robuſt, ſince it has reſiſted every effort of anarchy. I have no apprehenſion for its fate but from the *infiniteſimals*, by which I mean that multitude of little authorities, which, from being too multiplied, transform regulations into auguſt laws, and ſimple offices of inſpection into chambers of inquiſition.

The republic is ſurrounded by too many mining worms; and, under pretence of eſtabliſhing public order, the individual freeman is ſtung by too great a number of inſects. Let us have general and majeſtic laws, and few regulations, which grow up into laws as diſaſtrous for public happineſs as the firſt are uſeful! Upon the whole, the word *liberty*, ſtrongly *willed* and pronounced, has always rendered a people free. The French, and eſpecially the Pariſian, has only formally *to will* independance and proſperity. Let him do as much for liberty as he has done for the counter-revolution; let him liſten no longer to the voice of him who calls himſelf the *friend of the people*, but of him who is ſo in reality.

It would be difficult at preſent to determine what is the prevailing opinion. Individual opinion has an obſtinacy peculiar to itſelf. From the infinite diviſions in ſociety, there is no longer any public opinion; but the opinion of the leaſt numerous, that of ſenſible men, who feel the neceſſity of a ſtrong government,

government, will become by degrees the predominant. The people have too long been prevented from underſtanding each other by the change in the ſignification of words. The Pariſian is afraid of the abuſe of words, and ſuffers things to proceed. Beſides almoſt the whole code of morality having been attacked, they wait till the ſyſtem of the legiſlature be quite perfected; and the fear of failure, and of being worſe ſituated, will concur in doing good. If a new criſis takes place, the claſs of good citizens would be the prey of the wicked; wiſe men would be under the controul of fools; honeſt and enlightened men would be the dupes of knaves and blockheads; and through ſuch trials no one would wiſh to paſs. We have ſeen in democracy, public liberty endangered by popularity; and we fear both democracy and popularity, becauſe they are very near neighbours to ochlocracy.

How can it have been imagined that we could aſcend the ſtream of events? The more tremendous the fall of the throne has been, the more impoſſible it is to raiſe it up again. The principal hope of the royaliſts has been in thoſe energumenes, who, without talents, prudence, or choice in their meaſures, have precipitated the car of the revolution inſtead of conducting it; and who have taken the reins from more able hands, to place them in thoſe of men intoxicated or frantic. In aſſuming the title of patriots *par excellence*, the royaliſts imagined that they aided moſt efficaciouſly their own ſecret views.

They indeed ſoon came to a good underſtanding with each other; and it was juſtly obſerved, that, "the white cockade had fixed itſelf on the bonnet rouge." This is the reaſon why ſo many crimes were committed in the name of the revolution, and why ſo many witneſſes remained paſſive ſpectators.

As the mud of Paris is a mud quite peculiar, on account of the heterogeneous parts which form the mixture, ſo the populace of a great city, who are not its natives, and which flock from all parts, is a populace without a name. On this populace the factions built all their projects; and Danton, the evil genius of France, put it in fermentation. After him, the chief of parties have made their inſtruments of this infernal herd, from whence iſſued the Heberts, the Chaumettes, the Ronſins, and the atrocious members of the rebel commune of Paris. It was this populace that conſtantly ſurrounded the ſcaffolds, and which, never wearied with the ſpectacle, fatigued even the authors of theſe bloody tragedies, and formed the horrible commentary of this phraſe of Montaigne, which they fully and dreadfully exemplified, *The populace in every country rip up carcaſes, and plunge their hands in blood to the elbows.*

But has not ariſtocracy, it may be retorted, had alſo its Chouans, its horrible Chouans? It has; but the executioners which ariſtocracy purchaſed were the ſame which had been already ſold to the Robeſpierriſts. Ariſtocracy had reared its tenfold furies only among this populace, the ſcourge of every government, and the ferocious inſtrument of every party.

Times of revolutions are productive of many great actions and few great men. Concurrence of talents ſhades their ſplendor, and there is no giant in all theſe great political commotions. Every thing is done in the name of the whole; and thoſe who raiſe themſelves a little above the reſt are broken one after the other by the impetuous ſhock of events.

Weak men had ſaid, that *in revolutions we muſt never look behind us.* This is a very falſe maxim. Revolutions are carried on and finiſhed by thoſe who

who meaſure and compare what has been done, and what remains to do; and the moral virtues become ſo much more neceſſary, as all ideas of their exiſtence have been loſt, and injurious denominations, that is to ſay, words devoid of ſenſe, become ſentences of death, which hover over the heads of citizens moſt jealous of the liberty and happineſs of their country.

The maſs of thoſe inſignificant phraſes, and eſpecially thoſe which were the moſt unintelligible, have been the cement of priſons and ſcaffolds. Party chiefs have ventured to make uſe of them with ſucceſs, which evinces that in an enlightened nation the greateſt number of individuals are unenlightened, and that private calamities are a mere theatrical exhibition to thoſe who are not perſonally affected by them at the moment.

To paint ſuch various contraſts we muſt have an hiſtorian like Tacitus, or a poet like Shakeſpeare. If a Tacitus or a Shakſpeare appeared during my life, I ſhould ſay to him, "Form thy "own idiom, for thou haſt to deſcribe what has "never been ſeen, man touching at the ſame mo"ment the extremes of ferocity and of human great"neſs. If in tracing ſo many barbarous ſcenes "thy ſtyle is ferocious, it will only be more true, "more pictureſque; ſhake off the yoke of ſyntax; "if it be neceſſary, that thou mighteſt be better "underſtood, oblige us to tranſlate thee; ſhackle "us not with the pleaſure, but with the pain of "reading thee."

I do not indeed think that our language can exiſt much longer without throwing off thoſe chains with which a gratuitous timidity has enthralled us; amidſt ſo many new and aſtoniſhing ſpectacles, if the ſtyle remained enſlaved, they will be tranſmitted neither to the admiration nor the horror of poſterity. But why ſhould they not? Has

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not the ambitious demagogical multitude, amidſt the revolutionary tempeſt, already coined a language calculated to deceive and ſeduce the crowd? I have heard it bellowed in my ears, "Let the "French periſh, provided liberty triumph!" I have heard, I ſolemnly declare, this exclamation in a ſection of Paris, "Yes, I would ſeize my "head by the hair, I would cut it off, and offer- "ing it to the deſpot, would ſay to him, *Tyrant* "*behold the head of a freeman*;" This ſublime of extravagance was fitted for the mob; it was underſtood; it ſucceeded; and ſhall we not form a language to tranſmit to our remoteſt poſterity theſe incredible moral and political phænomena, which fixed with ſo lengthened an aſtoniſhment our looks and our underſtandings?

The world has ſpoken very differently of my Picture of Paris. I found pleaſure in writing it; I ſought for truth in every thing. This is all my anſwer. Let me be permitted, ſince I have undergone ſo many unjuſt criticiſms, and have been the ſubject of ſo much ſatire for having compoſed an uſeful and agreeable work; let me be permitted to tranſcribe the judgment of a writer who has received both the book and the author into his friendſhip, who has been the tranſlator of the work, and who has diſplayed for me that zeal which encourages the writer, and conſoles him for the injuſtice of his contemporaries. The following is a tranſlation from the German extract of the Citizen Cramer*. I will never blot out praiſes, becauſe my

* The paſſage cited is in a book of Charles Frederick Cramer, entitled, Menſchliches Leben, &c. Vol. p. 163 (on Human Life) written in 1791, a long time before this citizen, then a profeſſor of Greek and Oriental literature at the Univerſity of Kiel, in Holſtein, was acquainted with the author of the Picture, or before he could gueſs that the ſingularity of his fortune and his republicaniſm

my literary career is not finiſhed, and becauſe I ſhall re-peruſe them in order to render myſelf worthy of the panegyric.

"If d'Alembert, though a foreigner, has been honoured in Germany, amidſt the ſacred wood of gratitude and friendſhip, with a ſimple but laſting monument for the eſſay entitled, *On Men of Letters and the Great*, I venture to ſay that Mercier, for the chapter I have juſt tranſcribed, deſerves a ſimilar tribute. Do you wiſh to know my opinion with reſpect to his Picture? I will give it to you, ſhould it even differ from any of yours; I make uſe of the right which my quality of member of your ſociety gives me, together with the article *On Monuments*, in the code of our laws; and ſhould there be among us any perſons whoſe rigorous judgment may condemn my opinion, I ſhall ſubmit, though not without keen regret. If it ſhould happen that in this golden age we ſhould ſee in a dream the arts and ſciences become dearer to kings than ſhedding human blood, and that by chance the dying Alceſte gave more pleaſure in exciting melancholy ſenſations than the exhilarating illumination of a fleet blown up in the air; if at this glorious and diſtant epocha a king of Sicilia, anxious for new ſubjects for operas for the theatre of St. Carlo, at Naples, taken from the laſt operas of Sophocles or the poet Accius, ſhould fall on the idea of employing ſome millions of ſequins of thoſe enormous ſums which the chace of a ſtag coſts him

licaniſm would lead him to fix himſelf one day amongſt us at Paris. Many alluſions to this paſſage, which he had preceded by thoſe chapters in my Picture. *Apology for Men of Letters, Belles-Lettres, Thirty Writers in France, and no more*, relate to matters previouſly treated of in this book, which I think it neceſſary to obſerve, in order that they may not be conſidered as miſplaced or foreign to the ſubject.

him in his ſtates, to explore thoſe treaſures of ancient literature which ſleep in the paſted rouleaus of old parchments, and which form the yet unexamined library of Herculaneum and Portici, ſuppoſing that theſe rouleaus ſtill exiſted, that they were not devoured by the indefatigable tooth of time, and that their unravelling, invented by Mazochi, was not among the arts that are loſt; if it ſhould happen, I ſay, that to the unſpeakable ſatisfaction of all the profeſſors of humanities and the belles-lettres ſpread over the ſurface of the globe, we ſhould ſucceed in re-eſtabliſhing the hundred and twenty lyric dramas of Sophocles; that we found in the ſame ſearch the hymns of Alcæus; that we reſtored the loſt decades of Livy, and the comedies of Menander; that we printed them, and that by this kind of regeneration we reſtored them to the republic of letters; and that amidſt other volumes, of which no erudite in folio de libris Veterum deperditis, ſays a word, we ſhould meet, for inſtance, with a work of twelve volumes, of one Mercier, a Latin author, who gave us a deſcription of ancient Rome, the queen of cities, in the time of the immortal Auguſtus, and of the more immortal Cicero, Horace, and Virgil, with all its local manners, its temporary habits, its moral inſtitutions, its abſurdities, its vices, its virtues, its follies, its cuſtoms, &c. a work written in a ſpirit of reflective obſervation, inſpired by a warm love of the pureſt philanthropy, ſcourging the vices of his age, ſometimes with cauſtic vigour, ſometimes with delicate addreſs; a work ſeaſoned with the graces of wit, unmaſking, with the moſt penetrating glance, a thouſand prejudices with reſpect to literature, politics, and morals, a work written under the ſanction of the pureſt philanthropy; if, I repeat, we ſhould find ſuch a work among the periſhing treaſures of two exhumed cities,

cities, my friends, what fate, think you, would attend it in Europe, and from one century to another, in every part of the world?

"What fate? the moſt ſplendid imaginable! The trumpet of Fame would echo it for ſix months; the Villoiſins and the Brunks of the earth would run, their breaſts panting with pleaſure, to decypher the manuſcript; all the Heynes and the Bentleys would be writing commentaries; our Voſs * would explain it with the obſtinate exactitude of German erudition: and tranſlators, verſed not only in the language of the author, but ſtill more in their own, would tranſlate it. The Didots, the Ungerles, Baſkervilles, would print it; the Stranges, the Willes, would enrich it with engravings in mezzotintos or tailledouce. We ſhould find ſubſcribers without number; and in every country you would ſee editions of every form, printed not on black paper, ſpotted, or coarſe, but on grand raiſin, vellum, or jeſus. Theſe editions would be publiſhed with a pomp ſcarcely to be equalled by the catalogue of Oxford, the new Teſtament of Woide, or the deſcription of Turkey by D'Ohſſon. In ſhort, ſuch a cry of admiration, joy, and aſtoniſhment, would reſound from all parts of Europe, that perhaps the learned would forget for a while the ſanguinary Iliad of the ſinger of Ionia, and his Odyſſey, which ſwarms with ſo many geographical errors.

"But now, when we are in poſſeſſion of this book, that the author is living, that we can ſee him, whilſt Theophraſtus is dead, the work having the

* A celebrated German poet, tranſlator (in hexameters) of the Iliad, the Odyſſey, the Bucolicks, the Georgicks, the Æneid of Virgil, the Metamorphoſes of Ovid, the Idyls of Moſelius, Bion, and Theocritus, &c. His countrymen place him among the firſt critics and literati which this fertile country has produced in Helleniſts.

the misfortune of not being ancient, the dabbler in literature, the pamphlet reader, the lounger, the pedant, who ſcarcely knows how to read, aſſumes a tone of puerile diſdain, and with an affectation of critical analyſis, they, &c. &c. &c."

A thouſand thanks of gratitude to citizen Cramer! But whilſt I was writing, and my work printing, the ſcene has already changed its appearance, and luxury ſprings up more brilliant than ever from amidſt its ſmoking ruins. The culture of the fine arts reſumes all its luſtre, and literature, whatever may be ſaid to the contrary, has ſuffered but a tranſitory eclipſe. The theatres have been reſtored to all their magnificence, and faſhion is again what is moſt held in idolatry. From all parts of the body ſocial we ſee the newly enriched ariſe, and with them gold and opulence, ſo that at the firſt glance we ſhould ſay that all evils are repaired; but this is not really ſo.

As Paris is a city eſſentially commercial, eſſentially induſtrious, eſſentially cooking, we might ſay, that the evil which exiſts no longer never exiſted. A brilliant ſurface veils complaints and murmurs. Luxury is like a ſpirituous liquor, which intoxicates the mind, and I know not by what ſpecies of inſenſibility we indulge ourſelves in a ſort of epicuriſm which lets things proceed without caring for any thing but the preſent moment.

The preſent moment forms already an aſtoniſhing contraſt with that of ſervitude, of terror, of the cruel dimemberment of families, of blood, and of tears!

If all the diaſtrous events are not forgotten amidſt our fêtes and our amuſements, they are covered with a curtain which we are either afraid to undraw, or which we are rarely ſolicitous to lift up.

May the New Paris meet with the ſame ſucceſs as the Old Picture of Paris! But the touches, alas!

alas! are widely different, ſince the model and the painter have been ſtruck by time and by circumſtances the moſt tempeſtuous. In ſpite, however, of their fatal influence, both on the author and the book, there is one ſentiment which conſoles him, which will reward him for the unjuſt criticiſms which he has undergone, and is yet perhaps fated to undergo, and which promiſes his writings, not an immortality, for which he is not anxious, but the eſteem of the good, for which he is much more ſolicitous; this is the ſentiment of having been, from the firſt inſtant of his literary career, the heral, the friend, and the fellow-workman of the great regeneration undertaken for the public happineſs, which already he ſees realized in France, in Holland, in Switzerland, in Italy! and of having been at the ſame time the adverſary of thoſe who have ſullied the revolution with crimes for their own advantage, and through motives of ſordid intereſt. No; the labours, the courage, the conſtancy of the French, their calamities, will not be forgotten or loſt. Poſterity will reap the advantage of our ſufferings. It is this ſentiment which, from the firſt line of his *dream, if it has ever been ſo*, to the laſt line of his New Paris, has ſupported, encouraged, and ſuſtained the author, and which led him not to quit his pen even amidſt the night of dungeons; which, in fine, dictates to him an epitaph, which he engraves beforehand on his tomb, and which he wiſhes may be applicable to all his contemporaries:

Hommes de tout pays, enviez mon deſtin;
Né ſujet, je ſuis mort libre, et republicain!

10 Frimaire, l'an 8.
(1ſt December, 1799.)

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NEW

PICTURE OF PARIS.

CHAP. I.

PRELIMINARY VIEWS.

WHEREVER I turn my ſteps in Paris, every thing recalls to my remembrance what is no more. I did well to trace my former picture in twelve volumes; if it was not done, the model is ſo effaced, that it reſembles a faded portrait ſtored in the garret of ſome great grandfather, dead at the hoſpital. No man before me had thought of drawing the picture of this immenſe city, and of painting its manners and its cuſtoms in the moſt minute detail; but what a change! A Greek poet has ſaid two thouſand years ſince, "When diſcord reigns in the city the wicked man holds the place of authority;" and when it is not the moſt wicked, alas! it is the moſt fooliſh. Thirty or forty wretches, ſtill more weak than wicked, have demoliſhed every thing great and ſacred which genius and courage had formed; and theſe thirty or forty wretches were the mountain chiefs, as I ſhall ſhew in the courſe of this work. Divine and human juſtice has overtaken and puniſhed them by the hands of each other, but we muſt be careful not to confound their abominable maxims with thoſe of the Revolution. If we are careleſs in diſtinguiſhing epochas, times, and places, we ſhall not fail to confound the actors; and this is the reaſon why it will perhaps be impoſſible to form a right judgment of this memorable Revolution, which has had ſo many different phaſes.

We may ſay of new Paris what Strabo ſaid of Greece! it is in all its points a ſingular and tragical country. How can ſo many facts and events be deſcribed! I will relate what I have ſeen. Borne up on every ſtormy wave, loſing no gale of wind, my eye has diſtinguiſhed amidſt the ſtorm ſome particular incidents. No; all the tempeſtuous winds let looſe from beneath the ſceptre of Æolus, ſtruggling with each other, and covering with ruin the places over which they ſweep, are but an imperfect and faithleſs image of thoſe conflicts of the human paſſions in which philoſophers have been hurled headlong to perdition; whilſt every thing moſt vile and contemptible, with reſpect both to ſtyle and matter, dictated impure laws to the mob, the populace of the nation, who have adopted them as the decrees of heaven!

Tremendous chaos, formed by the writers of the Revolution, enormous maſs of periodical papers, pamphlets and books, obſcure and voluminous magazines of contradictory ſpeeches, deluge of invectives and ſarcaſms, confuſed heap in which calumny itſelf has been ſtifled, terrible charge of the moſt obſtinate and bloody contentions, ceaſe to overwhelm my ſpirits! thou wouldſt make hiſtory ſhrink back even to a Tacitus. I will not unfold, I will not conſult thee; I will read no more, I will give credit to none but myſelf; what can iſſue from a curve in which the frothy waves are yet foaming?

Is it for us, the ſport or the victims of the opinions which have paſſed over our heads? Is it for us to inſtruct the preſent, and labour for future generations? The hiſtorian will come, who with new documents, with perfect knowledge of the hoſtile and perfidious arts of foreign cabinets, will relate how far wicked and even honeſt men have been obedient puppets, unconſcious of the wires that gave them motion. The infernal policy of the foreign enemies of freedom has mingled ſo much artifice in its ſuggeſtions, has ſo well known how to take advantage of the ideas and paſſions of every man, that the pureſt and moſt upright have for a long time ſought where to find truth and juſtice, and piercing even through the veil of falſehood, have ſtill found themſelves perplexed in the labyrinth of eternal illuſions.

In revolutions, we become better acquainted with men in ſix months than we ſhould be in twenty years of ordinary life.

life. Then is the ſeaſon when thoſe great and little intereſts, which we uſually conceal with ſo much care, diſcover themſelves to open day. This is the moment alſo when every man places himſelf without the aid of a maſter of ceremonies, and that every man finds his own ſtandard, even amidſt the calumnies and libels with which he is blackened, in proportion as he riſes above his neighbour; but it is not ſo eaſy to form a judgment on popular effervescences: they may take place from ordinary or accidental cauſes as well as be excited by different factions.

Paris is a ſingular city, where we find perſonages of whatever kind and complexion we would wiſh. In leſs than twenty-four hours a familiar of the old police would collect together three hundred individuals, whom he would place around an edifice, and order to vociferate in ſuch or ſuch a tone. We know that in the time of the league, the Cardinal de Retz and the other chiefs, engaged people to fire blunderbuſſes at their carriages, in order to have a pretence for animating their followers againſt the Queen and the Cardinal. In the ſame manner, the court, anxious to know if they could depend on the regiment of French guards, cauſed the manufacture of Reveillon to be pillaged, to furniſh them with a plauſible reaſon for ſending in troops. The regiment of guards fired on the plunderers, and killed them; this was a ſort of rehearſal of the bloody tragedy which they were deſtined to act ſome days after; but the court fell into their own ſnares; the blood which they had ſhed made the ſoldiers reflect; they were informed that they had been careſſed, debauched; they trembled at what they had done, and ſhuddered at the idea of having killed their fellow citizens. One of them who was tampered with in order to detach him from the court party, heard the propoſitions made him in a ſort of reverie, and plunged in deep meditation; when aſked if he would determine, he anſwered, "Not yet; I am conſulting the ghoſt of Colonel Biron!"

The furious Charles the Ninth fired himſelf on the unfortunate victims that were flying, and during thoſe days of blood, walked through the city, accompanied by his court, dwelt with delight on the traces of the maſſacre printed on all the walls, and went to the gallows to ſee the body of the admiral. Almighty God! under the power of what princes doſt thou ſometimes place the greateſt empires! The neareſt connections of Lewis the Sixteenth made the

tour of the metropolis to inſpect the plan of the ſiege, the places where the troops ſhould enter, and rubbed their hands with joy. Perfidious monſters! if they could have eſtabliſhed an univerſal famine of money and proviſions, they would have done it with delight. But their murderous plans, the great conſpiracy which every day increaſed, gave the commune of Paris that irreſiſtible energy which decided the Revolution.

Nothing is more real, nothing better proved, or more certain, than the conſpiracy of the court, and reckoning from that day, there can be no peace between royaliſts and republicans; and though the number of republicans ſhould be more circumſcribed than ever, republics would not be leſs the conquerors.

CHAP. II.

EXPLOSION.

It is Paris which has made the Revolution, and Paris which has ſpoiled it; I ſhall conſider it under this double point of view.

Of all Revolutions ours has been the moſt juſt, the moſt legitimate, the moſt imperiouſly commanded by circumſtances. We muſt have deſtroyed the court of Verſailles, or have been deſtroyed by it ourſelves.

The Revolution was made, becauſe it ought to have been made, becauſe the capital was threatened by the ſatellites of the court. The population of this great city performed a re-action, and it was high time; it was the ſtroke of the whale's tail which overſet the harpooner's ſkiff.

Paris was about to be delivered up to all the horrors of a city taken by ſtorm; all was treaſon and perfidy on the ſide of the court; and the States-General were aſſembled only to re-eſtabliſh the finances, to pay the debts which the court had contracted, and to open the next day a new account. M. Necker was made the tool; and the miniſter, though placed very near the conſpiracy, did not ſuſpect the exploſion.

It

It would not indeed have taken place, if the court had not meditated and prepared the moſt ſanguinary and ferocious projects. The determination taken on the 11th of July ſaved us. The court had not admitted into its calculation, that all the monied men and creditors of the kingdom placed their ſole confidence in M. Necker, who, in compariſon with Calonne, the public deſpoiler, was in poſſeſſion of the public eſteem. The capitaliſts trembled for their coffers, and the Rue Vivienne paid a part of the regiment of the French guards. Apprehenſions, which were well founded, ſpread everywhere; every man was armed in an inſtant, becauſe every man was afraid; while the troops of the court, who came to exterminate, were ſlow in their march. The prince of Lambeſc had condeſcended on the eve to give warning to the Pariſians, by ſtriking an old man in the Tuilleries with his ſabre. That good patriot the prince, has a claim to all our gratitude. A lucky cannon ball broke the chain which held the draw-bridge of the Baſtille, and it was this cannon ball which overthrew the monarch and the monarchy. I ſmile with pity when I ſee a multitude of writers ſtriving to aſſign the cauſes of the Revolution, hunting for its authors, ignorant meanwhile, that, in political events, it is one day which produces another; that each day is or may become the day of a new revolution, as in an earthquake, each ſhock has an horizontal, or vertical, or diagonal, and often oppoſite direction. An engagement had taken place between the court and the people of Paris, but from that point to what has ſince reſulted, there has been a ſeries of events, all of which, or each, if I may uſe the expreſſion, form a particular revolution.

The rage of ſpeaking, and the itch of writing, have engendered a crowd of pamphlets, in which Marat and Robeſpierre, though decided revolutioniſts, are no more like each other than Mallet du Pan and Rivarol, in their counter-revolutionary projects.

Paper ſuffers itſelf to be ſtained. We may ſome day be led to think, that all that has been written is only a ſepulchral romance; but the mobility, the ſingularity, the terrible, and the comic of events, all prove that they are the offſpring of each other, that they have had the ſame common origin, the ſame compaſs, the ſame direction; that they have been unforeſeen and ſudden, confounding the moſt ſagacious and moſt attentive obſerver. The leaven which has raiſed

raiſed this immenſe maſs of paſte, is of a kind hitherto unknown; the eternal lamentations of ſome prove that they foreſaw neither the evening nor the next day; and the declamations of others diſcover their ignorance, inſomuch as they had never ſeen the complication of events.

It is therefore impoſſible to determine the cauſes of this political phænomenon. This great volcano might yet have ſlept a long time; it threw out its flames, was extinguiſhed, and has been lighted again. Writers have wiſhed that its lava ſhould run down on one ſide rather than another; the lava has ſwept away both the writer and his pen!

CHAP. III.

CAPITAL MISTAKE.

Our old government was deſpotic and degrading, and we have overthrown it by an effort of generous enthuſiaſm; but we have confounded what was right to deſtroy, with what was neceſſary to preſerve; what was intimately connected with deſpotiſm, with what might have allied itſelf with every form of government. The project was to form an entire new race of men, and we have been transformed into ſavages. In our rage for creating and deſtroying, of exploding received ideas, we have never known on what foundations to reſt. In proſcribing ſuperſtition, we have annihilated religious ſentiments; but this was not the mode to regenerate the world. Amidſt this diſorder, this moral anarchy, let us endeavour to ſeize a thread to guide us. The end of theſe terrible innovators was to ſubſtitute the love of our country in place of every other affection. The love of our country ought undoubtedly to be the baſis of republican virtue; but in order to feel this affection, we muſt find happineſs in our country. This attachment, which ought to warm the republican, is not merely that inſtinct which binds man to the glebe where he was born, which endears him to the tree that ſhades the cottage where his cradle was rocked; the republican embraces in his affection all who ſurround

ſurround him; all his fellow-citizens are dear to him, he is connected with them all by a kind of patriotic conſanguinity.

In this new order of things, we could not conſcientiouſly embrace and cheriſh the French nobility. This claſs was in ſome ſort a proud caſt, like the bonzes, the gymnoſophiſts of India, more anxious to ſeparate themſelves from the community than to be uſeful. The nobility ought to have ſeen, that the world is condemned to perpetual convulſions. Empires fall into ruins, nations diſappear. Barbarians iſſue from their foreſts, ſubjugate countries enervated by luxury, the arts and enjoyments. Errors, follies, and violence, compoſe in every age and in every country the hiſtory of mankind. In hearing all the lamentable cries which have been uttered againſt the Revolution, one might ſuppoſe that the Pariſian had never read hiſtory, ſince he ſeemed to imagine himſelf a privileged being, for ever exempted from thoſe ancient calamities which were only deſtined to figure on paper; in the ſame manner as when, in full health, we read books on medicine, and are aſtoniſhed, afflicted, and groan at the diſeaſe which attacks us, as if all were ſubject to feel it but ourſelves. The child, who ſtrikes the table againſt which he has hurt himſelf, is but a feeble image of Pariſian puerility accuſing all nature, all mankind, all events, for the political evils of which this city was the centre. The Pariſian had no foreſight of what has happened, and believed that it was an unexpected ſcourge, created, arranged, and prepared ſolely againſt himſelf, and the language of his complaint was ſo extravagant, that it became at times humorous and comic, being an incredible mixture of every thing new which wit and folly could collect together.

Ancient and modern hiſtory was carefully ſcrutinized, and every thing which bore the ſlighteſt reſemblance to the events of the day was ſeized on as prediction and prophecy. Every book that bore the title of revolution was bought up and carried away; editions which rotted in the warehouſes of the bookſellers ſaw the light, and no voice of the purchaſers was heard by the ſhopkeepers but this: "Give me the hiſtory of a Revolution!" Books which had been forgotten or deſpiſed for an hundred and fifty years, were now fought for, and obtained the honours of a binding in a library. At ſales, we were always hearing theſe words: "Give me the

Roman

Roman Revolutions, the Revolutions of Sweden, of Italy;" and bookſellers, in order to ſell their old books, printed falſe titles, and took the purchaſe on the credit merely of the label. All theſe ſtudies did not give a grain more of patience either to the noble or the *roturier*; they pretended, that they ought to have been inacceſſible to thoſe ſtrokes of fortune, and loaded with imprecations every one who had not known how to foreſee or hinder the loſs of their privileges. Abbé Maury, their advocate, who by his imprudent and exceſſive confidence in a vain aſſemblage of words, had done them more harm than good, was enveloped in the diſgrace of their reprobation; they intereſted themſelves neither for him or his brother, who periſhed on the ſcaffold. Every thing ſimilar or curious of the declamatory kind, either for vehemence or extravagance, paſſed in converſations and in pamphlets, and ruſhed on a noiſy cataract of uſeleſs phraſes. The voice of Mallet du Pan mingled itſelf wiſely with that of Duroai† and Barruel Beauvert; and the whole of this inflated, continuous, monotonous tribe fell into the abyſs of forgetfulneſs and deriſion.

This aroſe from placing almoſt the whole of the actors in the Revolution on the ſame line, from not knowing how to diſtinguiſh between Condorcet and Marat, Briſſot and Robeſpierre. It is from this ſpecies of ignorance that the tribe of ſhameleſs journaliſts have met with all the contempt which they deſerved; by denying the virtue of faithful repreſentatives, the ferocious Montagnard was emboldened; and a man below even mediocrity in talents, as well as patriotic virtues and perſonal qualities, a man without energy or diſcernment, that dwarf called Robeſpierre, dazzled the *gueux* and the *ſans culottes*; while the groſs invectives poured out on the party of the Gironde, that animoſity towards men who were irreproachable, theſe abſurd denominations, *Men of the marſhes changed into toads*, created Collots d'Herbois, Carriers, Lebons, and others of the ſame deſcription; the enemies of the Revolution imagined they had gained every thing in loading the Briſſotins, the Girondins, the Rolandiſts with inſults; and thus the party of the Mountain raiſed the ſcaffolds, becauſe the National Convention, oppreſſed and degraded for two years, could not reſume its

† Guillotined the 25th of Auguſt. He ſaid that the happieſt day of a Royaliſt was to die on the day of the fête of St. Louis.

reſpectability

reſpectability till it had been horribly mutilated. The Pariſians have paid dear for the contempt which they ventured to manifeſt towards upright and virtuous men; the whole nation was deceived by Paris, and by all thoſe infamous pamphlets which were applauded and circulated by the Pariſians. The Mountain party, which at that time was far from ſubjugating or deceiving the whole of France, took an aſcendancy, becauſe ſuch of the repreſentatives as were enlightened, moderate, and philoſophical men, had been the victims of the moſt deplorable errors. If the people had had the good ſenſe to adhere to thoſe deputies who joined firmneſs to prudence, and courage to wiſdom, who, penetrated with the ſacredneſs of their duty, had united to overthrow the double faction, they would not have opened ſo wide a field to the Anarchiſts, the Terroriſts, and the drinkers of blood, nor would they have been ſo puniſhed for their long and invincible blindneſs. But whenever the plan was propoſed to march againſt the National Convention, they were always ready; and after the ſpread of all theſe virulent writings, which robbed every repreſentative of the people of his merit or his virtue, it became the mode to run down the deputies, and menace them. I ſolemnly declare, that the aſſaſſination of a repreſentative was looked upon as an amuſement, that both the tongue and the pen were continually employed as deſtructive weapons againſt them, and at no epocha, and amongſt no people, was there ever conceived an opinion more erroneous, more unfortunate, more deſtructive of that tie which ought to bind the national repreſentation to the city which it inhabits. This is the origin of all our bloodſhed: by loading with inſults every man who was honeſt or courageous, no man had a right to the public eſteem; the moſt virtuous became the moſt feeble, and villains and plunderers ſeized the reins of authority. It is you, Pariſians, who willed theſe outrages! Read your own indictment, and then ſit in judgment on yourſelves!

CHAP. IV.

DEGRADATION OF THE MONARCH.

It might be ſaid that, in 1783, there were five or ſix kings in France. The Queen was a king, the groſs Monſieur was a king: all diſputed the authority of the king in the nomination to charges, to places, to employments, to benefices, to ſalaries. Theſe perſons embarraſſed themſelves very little about king or kingſhip, as we may eaſily judge by their conduct, their proceedings, and, above all, by their converſation. Louis the XVIth was the perpetual object of their raillery and contempt. Sarcaſms, lies, and calumny were the arms which they wielded, with an addreſs that was peculiar to themſelves; and they may certainly boaſt, that under no reign the talent of epigram was ever carried to ſo high a pitch of perfection as againſt the perſon of the prince. When the idol was completely degraded, this group of privileged perſonages, very fooliſh, very knaviſh, and for the moſt part very arrogant, imagined, or were deſirous of making it believed, that all the powers of Europe ought to arm themſelves to defend their places, their charges, their benefices, their penſions, and all their noble gratifications, and they were aſtoniſhed when they found that France would no longer be their dupe.

The poor Monſieur had put himſelf at the head of a band which wore a ribband, I forget what; and every man who was not of this band was to be regarded as the greateſt ſcoundrel in the univerſe. This claſs of high nobility treated the king with avowed contempt, and entertained ſerious ideas of reſtoring the old feudal government. Louis the XVIth was adviſed of this, which determined him to lean towards the popular party, and aſſemble the States-General. We were then ſo entangled, that friends and enemies of the Revolution all found themſelves unable to draw back a ſingle ſtep without the greateſt danger.

Theſe conſequential nobles had each their circle of authority: they have ſince been called Ariſtocrats. They were every where in open war both againſt the people, and againſt the ſovereign, whom they deſpiſed, whom they tormented, and whom

whom they menaced, when every thing did not go according to their mind. They had even plotted to carry off the king, and make him priſoner, and they were anxious to have him conſidered as ſuch. At length, when the decrees of the National Aſſembly reſtored to the king the whole of his authority, they publiſhed in their libels, that his authority was degraded and deſtroyed. Theſe ſhameleſs Ariſtocrats had no other king, no other country, than their own intereſt, their pride and their vanity.

The great fault of the National Aſſembly was that of attempting to conciliate things, which by their own nature were irreconcilable. The crown and the plough were the greateſt gainers by the French conſtitution. The Ariſtocrats in their fury became the official defenders of all crowns, and were anxious to render them reſponſible for the general inſurrection of France, whilſt it is well known that the French had no perſonal objection whatever againſt the king.

The enemies of the republic never complained of the indiſcipline of the troops of the line until they had been diſappointed in employing them for their own deſigns, and in exciting a civil war from one end of the kingdom to the other.

CHAP. V.

THE CARDINAL DE LOMBRIE.

This Archbiſhop, who was held forth as a ſort of general deliverer, took poſſeſſion of the ſcene. As a reward for his promiſes, it was thought fit to decorate him with the title of firſt miniſter. The whole of his adminiſtration was employed in ruining his own reputation, and in recompenſing his uſeleſſneſs with all the great abbeys on which he could ſeize.

He was deſirous of fixing the ſtamp duties according to his own plan, but not knowing how to gain over the Parliament, who refuſed to enregiſter it, he diſplayed all the reſources of his genius in ordering the courts of juſtice to be beſieged

beſieged by the French and Swiſs guards. A Member of the Parliament was carried off from the chamber of his peers. The Revolution would perhaps have taken place on that day, but the Pariſians embarraſſed themſelves very little about the Parliament; they roſe, as I ſhall prove hereafter, only becauſe at the moment of the impudent and abſurd manœuvre of the 11th and 12th of July, ſome trembled for their money, and others for their lives. I was one of the latter deſcription, and I own that I thought of nothing but my perſonal defence againſt the troops of the court. If Verſailles had not menaced Paris in the moſt openly hoſtile manner, Paris would have remained perfectly tranquil. But when every one took arms, even poets and authors, on account of the ſtrange capers of the Prince of Lambeſc, whom I ſhall ever call a good patriot, and which filled up the meaſure of general apprehenſion, there was but one cry, which reſounded from every quarter, and this was the cry of vengeance.

I am therefore founded in ſaying, that we do wrong in looking at diſtant facts for the cauſes of the Revolution. It was the ſight of cannon, and of all the apparatus of war: it was the ſtroke of a ſabre on the bald head of an old man: it was the lucky impertinence of the prince who penetrated into the Tuilleries on a Sunday, and violated the ſacredneſs of the garden at the head of a troop of horſe, which acted like a ſignal of deſpair, and electrified every head to ſuch a point, that the commotion which followed aſtoniſhed even thoſe who excited it. An inſurrection like this was neither combined nor organized: it might have taken place amidſt the moſt peaceable people. The Pariſians never thought of deſtroying Verſailles: it was Verſailles which forced Paris to deſtroy it.

CHAP. VI.

SIEGE OF THE COURTS OF JUSTICE.

How glorious were the firſt days of the Revolution! D'Artois and Condé had taken their flight. They had till then marched with fronts erect, and openly protected the conſpiracy againſt the ſafety of the people of Paris. If the projected maſſacre did not ſucceed according to their wiſhes, it was not their fault; they did all they could towards its ſucceſs, and the National Aſſembly had nearly been blown up at Verſailles. Theſe princes took their flight whenever they ſaw two heads ſtuck on pikes; and Condé, who had taken refuge at Chantilly, having enquired if the burghers had engaged in the affair, and being anſwered in the affirmative, decamped acroſs the country without following any road. The princes and nobles could ſcarcely find legs enough to eſcape the lantern: they abandoned the king as ſoldiers in a rout, crying aloud, "The devil take the hindmoſt!"

The courtier, the counſel, the clergy, and the parliament, had formed ſo ſtrong a league againſt Turgot, that they forced the king to diſmiſs him; and on the day of this miniſter's diſgrace, the king, in croſſing the gallery, was applauded with enthuſiaſm: this was the fineſt eulogium that ever was beſtowed on Turgot. It ſeemed as if a troop of malefactors had aſſembled together to rejoice at the breaking up of the Marechauſée. This joy appeared ſo indecent to the ambaſſador of Naples, that he could not help ſaying to his neighbour, "I think I ſee a great ſeigneur diſmiſſing "an honeſt man, his ſteward; and his inſolent valets, ſeem "to rejoice in preſence of their maſter, becauſe this honeſt "ſteward kept them in order." Theſe men were alſo the cauſe of the diſmiſſion of the Maleſherbes, and the Neckers; and it was under the adminiſtration of the latter that the ſovereignty of the princes began to take the aſcendancy, which ruined them. Their plans were directed by an aſſociation of ſubaltern intriguers, who were called in the modern ſtyle *faiſeurs*. Two agents of this ſpecies, who do not merit the honour of being named, were detached to work up, as they called it, the director general; they were countenanced by the old men of Pontſchartrain, and by the charges and places which

which they held under the princes. The director-general contented himſelf at firſt with keeping them at bay by a pure conſcience and profound contempt; but worn out by intrigues and oppoſition, he determined to withdraw. He might have ſaid to them at leaving Marli, "You will not ſuffer me "to reform you: I foreſee that in leſs than ten years you "will all periſh." The retreat of the Director-General was the epoch of their ruin. Upon the whole, we ought not to reproach them with this wrong; they have been ſeverely puniſhed, and France has reaped an abundant harveſt from their folly.

They ordered the courts of juſtice to be beſieged, becauſe they had a profound contempt for the long robe, and yet the greateſt part of the officers of the guards had their relations or friends in the parliament; but every thing conſpired to blind thoſe nobles, inaſmuch as they imagined that the king was only the *primus inter pares*; they have told me ſo themſelves, and after this fine reaſoning they conſidered him merely as their caſh-keeper, or their treaſurer. It was under this point of view that ſome blamed and others approved the holding of the States-General; ſome fearing that they ſhould no longer have the means of pillaging the royal coffer; others flattering themſelves that it would be the way to repleniſh it. Their ſhort-ſighted views, and their inſolence, were of ſervice to the nation, who came on them by ſurprize in this ſtate of diſunion, and cruſhed them.

Thoſe who were not of the high nobility, remembered what paſſed in the States in 1614. A deputy of the nobility of the Upper Limoſin ſtruck the lieutenant of Uzarche, a deputy of the tiers-etat of the Lower Limoſin. The ſaid chamber made their complaints to the king, who laid the affair before the parliament; and as all the officers looked on themſelves as intereſted in this inſult, the Parliament condemned this nobleman to be beheaded, which, as he had eſcaped, was executed in effigy. And, as if in the face of the States each one amuſed himſelf in playing the impertinent, and manifeſting an open contempt of the laws, Rochefort dealt ſeveral blows to Maſſillac, under pretence that he had ſlandered M. le Prince, and ſpoken irreverently of the Queen, declaring ſeveral particulars of his deſigns againſt her. Geran, and ſome others, offered the Queen to cane M. Rochefort, but M. de Buillon diſſuaded him, and undertook to follow up the affair on the part of the Queen.

Notwith-

Notwithſtanding all that the Prince did, M. de Buillon, who proſecuted the affair for the Queen, was himſelf arreſted. It is to be remarked, that the Prince had preſented his defence to the parliament, in which he owned the violence committed by Rochefort, pretending that princes of the blood might commit ſuch violences with impunity; but having afterwards received notice that it was very probable that his own confeſſion would commit the perſonal ſafety of Rochefort, and that the parliament would proceed againſt him in conſequence, it being true that princes of the blood could uſe no ſuch violence without being liable to juſtice, he withdrew his defence. A pleaſant ſort of defence, which ſtated the right of princes of the blood to cane people of quality!

After the ſittings, thoſe perſons did, as they had done when the prince and his party demanded the convocation of the States. They had hoped to lay a ſnare for the Queen, and to excite ſuch difficulties and diviſions as would ſet the kingdom in a flame; but when they ſaw that they were all conſpiring for the good of the ſtate, they then turned towards the parliament, and tried to produce the effect which they had not been able to do with the ſtates. They ſowed jealouſy in this body againſt the government, perſuading them that they were deſpiſed, and that they had not the ſhare which they ought to have in the great affairs which were then in agitation. They promiſed to aid them in ſupporting their authority. Thoſe repreſentations made to perſons who had already a ſufficiently good opinion of themſelves, ſo influenced the parliament, that they aſſembled all the chambers on the 24th of March, four days after the deputies of the States had been diſmiſſed. It was decreed, that by the good pleaſure of the king, the princes, dukes, peers, and officers of the crown ſhould be invited to meet in the ſaid court, to adviſe reſpecting the propoſitions which ſhould be made for the ſervice of the king, the alleviation of his ſubjects, and the good of his ſtate.

This decree of the parliament was immediately broken by a decree of the council: the king ſent for the preſidents, and reprimanded them very ſeverely; telling them, that it was their duty, as his firſt parliament, to employ the authority which they held from him the king, to help him to ſupport, inſtead of degrading it in his preſence, and that he forbad them any further deliberations on this ſubject.

They

They were not of the ſame opinion, but reſolved the next day that the parliament had at all times took part in the affairs of the ſtate, and that kings were even accuſtomed to ſend them treaties of peace, and aſk their advice concerning them.

In ſhort, after four or five decrees rendered and broken, there the affair reſted; the obſtinacy of the parliament bore down the will of the king.

Is not this, with ſome trifling difference, the hiſtory of 1788 and 1789?

CHAP. VII.

CAISSE D'ESCOMPTE.

THE Caiſſe D'Eſcompte has a right to claim its place amongſt the principal cauſes which have produced the Revolution. Verſailles never would have been able, or have even ventured to abandon itſelf to thoſe wild and extravagant ſcenes of diſſipation which made ſo great noiſe throughout Europe, had it not found ſo much facility in making loans, which facility would not have offered itſelf without the aſſiſtance of the Caiſſe D'Eſcompte.

This bank engendered that mongrel breed of ſtock-jobbers, princes, courtiers, magiſtrates, military men, financiers, notaries, and factors. The immenſe quantity of fictitious money which was thrown into the capital made thoſe imprudent and unreflecting youths who ſurrounded the throne, imagine, that they were placed at the head of a nation which was inexhauſtible, and for ever at their orders. They dreamt, that they had nothing to do but to enjoy life, thinking themſelves abſolute maſters, and above every kind of controul, and preſumed that they might even throw aſide their cumbrous dignity, that magical virtue of courts. The Queen began with overturning all thoſe old eſtabliſhed ceremonies which ſtood in the way of her taſtes and her pleaſures, without conſidering that etiquette was the palladium of the houſe.

The retreat or diſgrace of the Malſherbes, the Turgots, and the Neckers, indicated to the nation that it would be more eaſy to deſtroy Verſailles than to amend it.

There

There was not a corner of the French dominions which was not ſullied with the ſcandalous debaucheries of thoſe who were called the young *Seigneurs*; and as to their reputation, they had themſelves taken ſo much liberty with it, that *calumny* had nothing to add on that head.

CHAP. VIII.

THE FOUR WHIRLWINDS.

One of the great errors conſecrated by irreflection, and by the uſual aſcendancy of words over things, is that of having conſidered France as one of the moſt ancient monarchies of the world. France has been conſtantly governed by the moſt ancient, the moſt dexterous, and moſt enterpriſing ariſtocracy that ever exiſted.

The great, the high clergy, and the magiſtrature being the whole, and the nation being nothing, the nobility divided the nation into three claſſes, that of high ſerfs, rich ſerfs, and poor ſerfs.

We are aſtoniſhed at what is paſſing at preſent, but the folly and duration of the old regime is a thing ſtill more aſtoniſhing. We ſhould marry the pen of Juvenal to that of Moliere, if we wiſhed to preſent in all its odious and ridiculous colours the arrogance of the great. It was ſuch, that France ought to have a thouſand years of conſtitution and of liberty to waſh itſelf from the ſhame of having been ſo long oppreſſed and inſulted by ſuch men.

Yes, what ought to excite moſt aſtoniſhment in him who is acquainted with the hiſtory of France is, that this Revolution which has changed the face of France, and which occupies all Europe, ſhould have been made at a moment when ariſtocracy ſeemed to have carried its ſyſtem of inſolence to the higheſt perfection.

The Encyclopædiſts and the œconomiſts held a number of opinions which called for great reforms; but if the nobility had not been divided, if the parliament had not often ſet fire to the houſe of its neighbour the clergy, if the high

nobility had not triumphed over the lower with the moſt imprudent policy, this colaſſus, exempt from taxes and all ſtate charges, would never have been ſhaken. The Parliaments were the focus of the French ariſtocracy; and the ariſtocracy, ignorant how to diſtinguiſh true courage from pride, and feudal haughtineſs, ſo humbled the long robe, that the parliament made no further oppoſition to the convocation of the States-General.

It was towards the term of the deſtruction of the parliaments, that the marriage of three princes of the royal family took place. They were treated like ſovereigns, and certainly had no need to envy any crowned head of Europe, either for their honours or their eſtabliſhment.

There was ſome queſtion of a marriage between the houſe of Orleans and the royal family, but the latter found that D'Orleans was not noble enough, and treated him very nearly in the ſame manner as he himſelf would have treated a ſimple gentleman. Theſe follies all turned to the advantage of the nation, which emancipated itſelf amidſt the ſingular quarrels of the court. That court, divided into four, formed four whirlwinds, which ſwept away all the miniſters and all their affairs; from hence four councils, in which it was uſual to conſider the king as the titular of the kingdom, the property of which belonged to themſelves. France was merely an inheritance.

CHAP. IX.

CLUBS.

In the eſtabliſhment of newſpapers, of literary ſocieties, of thoſe clubs where men ſpoke freely, and eſpecially in Freemaſons' lodges, which formed a kind of ſchool for oratory, and where the ſame rules in ſpeaking were ſuch as were uſed in the legiſlative body, we may diſcover the different focuſſes of that inſurrectionary ſpirit, the exploſion of which could not have long been retarded, while its immaturity would have ſpoiled its effect.

The

The women, who at firſt admire every thing that is great, looked upon the Revolution as a kind of comedy; but as they love all ſorts of luxury, oſtentation, and riches, they were diſtreſſed when they ſaw their lovers' two epaulettes, the blue ribband, the mitre, the parliamentary robe, the croſs of St. Louis, and even the cane à corbin of the comptroller of finance, all ſwept away; they perceived that there was ſomething ſevere and ſerious in a Revolution, and from that moment they turned againſt it.

The wives of the long robe were thoſe who were moſt angry, and openly accuſed their huſbands of imbecility; but even if the Parliament of Paris had undertaken to force the monarch to chuſe as a model the compoſition of the States aſſembled in 1614, the national wiſh, the information of the preſent day, would have riſen in oppoſition to that mode. The empire of public opinion, and of its increaſing force, were then truly incalculable. The French ſpirit, ſo long monarchiſed, became ſuddenly diſpoſed for the eſtabliſhment of every political theory, and every ſyſtem of legiſlation. I may aſſert without pride, as well as without ſhame, that the reading of my work, entitled *The Year* 2440, which was ſo written as to be intelligent to every claſs, had already ſhewn that the greateſt changes were poſſible, and that it was time to give over the ſtruggle between ſuperannuated worn-out maxims and the vigorous principles of eternal juſtice.

Opinion governs the world, and every pen directed opinion towards the reform of abuſes; and there were ſo many abuſes in France, that they would have been ſufficient not to kill a kingdom, but the world.

We writers were deſirous of debating ſuch matters with the *head*, but other perſons came, who ſaid, *Will you decide it by the arm?*

CHAP. X.

THEY HAD BUT TO ——.

We hear nothing but this phraſe, when we talk of Revolution: "They had but to do this; they had but to do "that; they had only to take ſuch a one; they had only "to march ſuch a day and ſuch an hour:" all great and marvellous prophets after the event—all in retrogade motion towards the paſt, without being able to ſay a ſyllable of what is to happen to-morrow; all employed in uſeleſs declamation, haranguing a noiſy cataract, and imagining that their voice is to ſuſpend the foaming waves.

How can a journaliſt read over his papers without bluſhing at what he has written? How many falſe calculations! how many erroneous opinions! what ignorance of the chain that binds all the events of this world! "It was but—it was "but—" When I hear theſe words, I turn aſide my attention, and ſuffer the ſpeaker to waſte his ſyllables in empty air.

Others ſay, "Oh! if I had been in the place of ——, I "would have ſoon blown up all theſe rulers in theory." They may be ſatisfied: ſome have been arreſted, others have only juſt had time to make their eſcape. No perſon will acknowledge his want of ſagacity, yet each complains of the blow he has received.

It might have been ſuppoſed, that this Revolution was the work of ſome man of extraordinary genius, of ſome vaſt head of antique phyſiognomy, of ſome mind beyond the ordinary ſtandard: not at all. We have all been, what Marivaux, who was of the number, calls "*the great middling*," and this perhaps is the reaſon why things have been no worſe. There are no miſtakes more dangerous than thoſe of men of genius. Our faults at leaſt have been reparable, and the machine has not been cruſhed between our hands. Alternately conquerors, and vanquiſhed, we have had neither chief nor director, and in the bloody fray the wicked have periſhed with ſome good men. After a battle, we bury the dead!

CHAP.

formation, diſſeminate great truths, eſtabliſh principles, ſpread the love of civic virtues, implant patriotiſm in every heart, and finally form the public ſpirit, which could alone produce unity of opinion as well as unity of action. Such were the labours which were glorioufly undertaken by the Jacobins! To what a degree of happineſs ſhould we have arrived a long time ſince, if they had continued as they had begun, or as they proceeded during two or three years ſucceeding the Revolution. The malignant genius of faction had otherwiſe decided; already he had hovered over France, glided amidſt patriotic clubs, and breathed his impure ſpirit of madneſs and fury into all their members. The Jacobins ſtill ſubſiſt, but from the inſtant of the creation of the Republic, theſe men no more reſembled the patriots of 89, 90, and 91, than the French of the preſent day, republican as they are in name, reſemble the Spartans or Romans at the moſt brilliant periods of their virtue, and their glory.

If we are deſirous to be informed of the cauſe of ſo melancholy a change, let us hear the words of an intelligent repreſentative; "The popular Societies," ſays he in one of his reports, "were at their birth the temples of liberty and "equality. The citizens and repreſentatives of the people "crowded thither to meditate together on the overthrow of "tyranny, the fall of kings, and the great means of con"ſolidating liberty. In theſe ſocieties, we ſaw the people "in union with their mandatories, enlightening and exa"mining their conduct. But ſince theſe ſame aſſemblies "have been filled with artful men, who reſort thither to "canvas, by their vehement cries, their elevation to the "legiſlature, to the miniſtry, to the higheſt offices of the "army, ſince theſe clubs are made up of too many public offi"cers, and too few citizens, the people are become nothing; "it is no longer the people who judge the government, it "is the coaleſced functionaries, who by uniting their "influence, ſilence, terrify the people, ſeparate them from "their legiſlators from whom they ought always to be inſe"parable, and corrupt the public opinion, on which they "ſeize, and by which they impoſe ſilence even on the go"vernment, by making themſelves the denunciators of the "liberty which they inſult, ruin, and deſtroy."

The luminous truths contained in this extract, ought to appear ſo much the leſs ſuſpicious to the impartial reader, as they were dictated by one of the moſt zealous partizans for

off as by enchantment. Expert cannoneers would have taken two days to perform what was executed in three hours.

While M. Necker was travelling quietly in his poſtchaiſe, his diſmiſſion had excited the moſt extraordinary and moſt rapid commotion recorded in hiſtory. What a night from Monday to Tueſday! Patrols on foot, and croſſing each other at every fifteen ſteps! a multitude agitated by fear, anxiety, and indignation! a hollow murmur, accompanied by inceſſant knocking, without any determinate object, at doors and ſhops! the melancholy, monotonous, and continued ſound from all the bells of this immenſe capital! the alarm-bell, amidſt the darkneſs, ſeemed the ſignal of the indignation and vengeance of a great nation, rouzed to cruſh a throne!—What a night!—And ye, princes, miniſters, and governors of empires, who have never heard this tocſin, expect to hear it ſound on the firſt attempt againſt liberty.

This alarm-bell of the capital was heard from one end of the empire to the other. An inviſible power ſtruck in every part this land of oppreſſion; and every where we ſaw men in arms iſſue forth from its boſom.

And on what depended this great commotion? Shall we explain it? It was excited by a divinity which we call Fear. The court had terrified the capital by the apparatus of war; from hence that memorable day, which was the greateſt, the moſt ſublime, and the moſt majeſtic, which will ever be recorded by poſterity.

CHAP. XIII.

CLUB OF THE JACOBINS.

How has the fineſt gold become dim; how has it been changed into the vileſt lead! The popular ſocieties, the patriotic clubs, the friends of the conſtitution were indiſpenſably neceſſary in the firſt year of our political change. Theſe ſocieties alone, by the union of the maſs of the people, could oppoſe with advantage the prejudices and errors they had to overthrow, accelerate the progreſs of information,

formation, diſſeminate great truths, eſtabliſh principles, ſpread the love of civic virtues, implant patriotiſm in every heart, and finally form the public ſpirit, which could alone produce unity of opinion as well as unity of action. Such were the labours which were glorioufly undertaken by the Jacobins! To what a degree of happineſs ſhould we have arrived a long time ſince, if they had continued as they had begun, or as they proceeded during two or three years ſucceeding the Revolution. The malignant genius of faction had otherwiſe decided; already he had hovered over France, glided amidſt patriotic clubs, and breathed his impure ſpirit of madneſs and fury into all their members. The Jacobins ſtill ſubſiſt, but from the inſtant of the creation of the Republic, theſe men no more reſembled the patriots of 89, 90, and 91, than the French of the preſent day, republican as they are in name, reſemble the Spartans or Romans at the moſt brilliant periods of their virtue, and their glory.

If we are deſirous to be informed of the cauſe of ſo melancholy a change, let us hear the words of an intelligent repreſentative; "The popular Societies," ſays he in one of his reports, "were at their birth the temples of liberty and "equality. The citizens and repreſentatives of the people "crowded thither to meditate together on the overthrow of "tyranny, the fall of kings, and the great means of con"ſolidating liberty. In theſe ſocieties, we ſaw the people "in union with their mandatories, enlightening and exa"mining their conduct. But ſince theſe ſame aſſemblies "have been filled with artful men, who reſort thither to "canvas, by their vehement cries, their elevation to the "legiſlature, to the miniſtry, to the higheſt offices of the "army, ſince theſe clubs are made up of too many public offi"cers, and too few citizens, the people are become nothing; "it is no longer the people who judge the government, it "is the coaleſced functionaries, who by uniting their "influence, ſilence, terrify the people, ſeparate them from "their legiſlators from whom they ought always to be inſe"parable, and corrupt the public opinion, on which they "ſeize, and by which they impoſe ſilence even on the go"vernment, by making themſelves the denunciators of the "liberty which they inſult, ruin, and deſtroy."

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for

for clubs; and it is principally to the Jacobins of Paris that theſe great truths are applicable. In reality, when the Dantons, the Marats, the Robeſpierres, the Collots, the Billauds, the Couthons, the Dumas, and many other individuals whoſe names eſcape me, predominated in the ſociety, when every deputy of note, the miniſters, the magiſtrates of the people, and other public functionaries were become members, they thought much leſs of the government than the governors, and were conſidered as objects to whom court was to be paid, and from whom were to be torn, either by flattery, meanneſs, or importunity, the moſt lucrative employments. The ſociety was quite devoted to thoſe perſons, and its members, which before ſat as judges on their conduct with ſo much dignity, became their vileſt paraſites, their ſlaves, the blind inſtruments of their ambitious and deteſtable paſſions.

Such is the abridged hiſtory of the Jacobins, of whom we have been the impartial obſervers from their origin to their fall. At different epochas they ſometimes did good, ſometimes evil; they formed the public mind, then degraded it into demagogical fanaticiſm; and diſhonoured by their exceſſes that liberty which they had ſo powerfully ſerved by their labours.

Conſidered with reſpect to its members, the ſociety preſented, at its birth, an union of men formed to aſtoniſh us by the boldneſs of their genius. Divided in ſentiments, theſe apoſtles of liberty diſbanded, and were replaced by weak ignorant men, whoſe defect of underſtanding puſhed them on to idolize the very intriguers by whom they were vanquiſhed.

Viewed in its *chef de file*, or leaders, this ſociety was nothing more than an aſſemblage of factious, miſtaken men, accomplices, and victims of Robeſpierre, and other great criminals.

One of the greateſt faults of the Conſtituent Aſſembly, was not having had foreſight and courage ſufficient to ſhut up all the clubs, and chiefly that of Paris, at the moment the conſtitution was accepted by the people; if it was impoſſible to ſuppreſs entirely at that period theſe formidable clubs, it was right at leaſt to circumſcribe them within ſuch narrow limits as to render them incapable of ever becoming rivals with the conſtitutional authorities, and diſturbing the public peace. Was it prudent to ſuffer altar to be erected againſt

againſt altar? by preſerving the ſcaffolding of the edifice, the enemies of liberty laid hold of the vulgar among the Jacobins, and employed them as hirelings; we may compare them to ſoldiers ſuddenly diſbanded, and without pay. Thus there has not exiſted a ſingle conſpiracy againſt the republic, which has not had its principal focus at Paris. It is under the ſanction of the laws that all law has been deſtroyed. The Jacobins have aſſumed every maſk, you will find them again in every primary aſſembly, taking poſſeſſion of the ſections, and forming them into arenas of counter-revolution and anarchy! Do not imagine that the cannon of Vendemiaire has ſoftened their fury; every where they had formed new conſpiracies, and prepared for Condé his entrance into the departments of the Doubs, and the Jura. To provoke maſſacre, pervert public opinion, proſcribe the animating ſongs of liberty ſo formidable to our enemies; ſuch is the work of the Jacobins, degenerated, and ſold to royalty.

CHAP. XIV.

LABOURS IN THE CHAMP DE MARS.

NEVER, perhaps, has there been ſeen amongſt any people ſuch an aſtoniſhing and ever memorable inſtance of fraternity! I never think of it but with admiration. Here I ſaw an hundred and fifty thouſand citizens, of every claſs, age, and ſex, forming the moſt delightful picture of concord, labour, motion, and joy which was ever exhibited! Oh, what monſters are thoſe who have effaced theſe ſplendid colours! what a happy diſpoſition belongs to theſe good and brave citizens of Paris, who could transform eight days of labour into eight days of the moſt joyous feſtival, the moſt unexpected and the neweſt that had ever been celebrated! It was a ſpectacle ſo original, that it was impoſſible for the moſt indifferent or corrupted to have beheld it without emotion. In an immenſe ſpace, filled with citizens who were truly active and eager to labour, the moſt

moſt varied ſcenes preſented themſelves at once to our view; here, they melted into tears at the ſight of their general, who came to ſhare in the toils of his fellow citizens; there, we heard acclamation and cries of joy at the arrival of the king's houſehold; further on, a military band of muſic announced the arrival of the Swiſs, theſe children of liberty, who came to partake of the feſtival with their old allies and friends. By the ſide of gardiner's apprentices, diſtinguiſhed by the flowers and ſhrubs tied to their inſtruments, were the pupils of the ſchool of painting, diſtinguiſhed by a banner repreſenting France. After theſe came the hopes of the riſing generation, the children of our legiſlators, who had joyouſly exchanged the exerciſes of the college for the labours of the Champ de Mars. Athwart a crowd of monks, women, abbés, and coal-heavers, I perceived the gallant Captain Kerſaint, with a phyſiognomy radiant with liberty, driving the wheel barrow with the ſame gaiety as he mounted the *Belle Poûle*, when he went to fight the enemies of his country.

The reſult of ſo glorious and ſo aſtoniſhing an example of fraternity, deſerves to be tranſmitted to the moſt diſtant poſterity. When the Federés arrived, we beheld the moſt auguſt of federations, the moſt ſolemn triumph of the people, a day of alliance, of admiration, and of tenderneſs.

This memorable day was like an experiment in electricity. Every thing which touched the chain partook of the ſhock; it was great; it was univerſal; it was ſuch in ſhort, that the bare recollection is enough to rally the whole family of the French, if our external enemies, jealous of our liberty, ſhould come to attack us. Such an event would produce a happy criſis, a national effort, which would ſuddenly rebuild the edifice of liberty. It cannot be too often repeated; never has the court of kings offered ſo magnificent a ſpectacle, and ſince Lewis the Sixteenth was faithleſs to that ſacred oath, ſince he could never forget that he took it in the face of heaven and earth, before a generous nation, he can never be pitied for the evils which have fallen on his head for the moſt deteſtable of perjuries.

Alas! what did he poſſeſs ſo brilliant at his Verſailles, in that kind of fortreſs where courtiers and accomplices, the heralds of ſlavery, retained him as a priſoner? They never loſt ſight of him; they continually beſet him, and all this

to make him ſign whatever ſerved their ambition, or increaſed their intereſt, by the ſubjection of the nation. Lewis the Sixteenth dethroned himſelf, by his diſgraceful flight, and twenty millions of inhabitants, who were called *Franks*, ſlaves as they were, by way of deriſion, became free by a kind of miracle.

It is impoſſible to give a deſcription of theſe labours which would not fall ſhort of the reality. Citizens of all ages were proud of the honour of preparing with their hands the place, where they aſſembled to ſwear to defend the conſtitution, and live or die free. The multitude of people, the briſkneſs of their motions, the diverſity of dreſs, every thing concurred to the pictureſque variety of this fête; here was a company of coal-porters, there a company of laundreſſes, the flour-men, the water-carriers; the ſcavengers were unwilling to remain idle; the invalids ſhewed that their arms were yet as vigorous as their hearts were courageous. We ſaw even women, decked with the ornaments of their ſex, forget its weakneſs, and driving wheel-barrows. The travellers who paſſed by Verſailles exclaimed, with tears in their eyes, What men are theſe Pariſians! It was an object worth ſeeing, that vaſt ant-hill of citizens, employed in the coarſeſt occupations; the long chain which they formed harneſſed in overloaded carts. Enormous ſtones yielded to their efforts, it ſeemed as if they were dragging mountains; there was not a company who were not ſolicitous to erect an altar to their country. Preceded by bands of military muſic marching four deep, bearing with gaiety the ſhovel and ſpade, chanting that immortal chorus of a new ſong which they call the national carillon; all ſinging, *ça ira, ça ira*, yes! *pardieu! ça ira* was re-echoed by all who heard them. The inhabitants even of diſtant villages joined in the ceremony, with their mayor at their head, and his ſcarf and pickaxe on his ſhoulder.

But what was moſt ſurpriſing was the order which reigned amongſt ſo great a number of citizens of every claſs. Not an inſulting look, not the ſlighteſt quarrel. There were upwards of two hundred and fifty thouſand in the Champ de Mars, and not a ſingle centinal. A great number of deputies of the federation came and joined in the labours, accompanied by different members of the National Aſſembly; among them Father Gerard was diſtinguiſhed, who, like an ancient Roman, paſſed from the plough

plough to the ſenate, and from the ſenate to the plough. M. M. Syéyes, and Beauharnois, made up the groupe, harneſſed in a cart; it was remarked that they drew more towards the left than the right; Abbé Maury drew always towards the right. On the ninth, the coal-porters drew their banner behind them, and one of the ſociety, in a ſhort cloak and band, was the figure of ariſtocracy perſonified by this ſame J. F. Maury. The colleges and boarding-ſchools took part in theſe labours. A ſchoolmaſter of Vincennes, over-heated by his toil, exclaimed, "I can "only give my ſweat to my country at preſent, when will "the happy moment come when I may ſhed my blood "for it?"

The butchers had painted a large knife in their banner, and wrote underneath, *Tremble, ariſtocrats, here are the butchers' apprentices!* Enormous maſſes gave way under their nervous arms; the workmen of the Baſtille brought in their carts all the inſtruments which they made uſe of to overturn that horrible fortreſs. The printers lent a hand to this patriotic work, and had inſcribed on their flag, *The preſs, the firſt banner of liberty.*

Several communities of monks repaired alſo to the circus of the federation, a young eccleſiaſtic, well powdered, perfumed, and ſparkling, ſeemed to look on this glorious ſcene with contempt. *To the wheel barrow, to the wheelbarrow!* exclaimed the by-ſtanders, and he takes it with an air of indifference. A vigorous patriot, who in order to expedite more labour, had a hod on his back, while he drove a wheel barrow full of earth, preſſes near him, and exclaims, *Leave, leave in its place that inſtrument which you profane.* He quits his own wheelbarrow, ſeizes on that of M. the Abbé, goes and empties the earth without the Champ de Mars, in order that he might not ſully it, returns, reſumes his hod, and continues his work.

A whole family were ſeen working on the ſame ſpot, the father dug, the mother loaded the wheelbarrow, and the children drove it by turns, whilſt the youngeſt, only four years old, in the arms of his great grandfather who was ninety-three, liſped out in ſmiling, Ah! *ça ira, ça ira!*

A circumſtance truly remarkable amidſt this immenſe crowd of people unknown to each other, was the extreme confidence

confidence which reigned amongſt them; a young man arriving, takes off his coat, throws down his two watches, takes a pickaxe, and goes to work at a diſtance. The people call to him, *Your two watches?* "No miſtruſt "amongſt brethren," anſwered he in moving on, and the depoſit was religiouſly reſpected.

An honeſt citizen was obſerved, followed by a wheelbarrow loaded with a caſk of wine, with glaſſes in his hand, which he offered gratis to thoſe who were at work. *Do not drink, my brethren, if you are not thirſty, that the caſk may laſt the longer*; and indeed none accepted his offer but ſuch as were worn out with fatigue, and whoſe wearineſs was not equivocal; the king came to take a view of this new ſpectacle; immediately with their ſpades and pickaxes on their ſhoulders, the citizens formed around him a guard of honour.

CHAP. XV.

KING'S SPEECH TO THE STATES-GENERAL.

THE king enters, he puts on his hat, the whole of the nobility put on their feathered hats alſo; the *roturiers* inſtantly clap on their unfeathered hats, in a ſort of angry mood. The king, who obſerved all this, takes off his hat, and immediately all the feathered hats follow the example. This kind of parade gave an air of jocularity to the place and the circumſtances. I amuſed myſelf a good deal with the ſtory of the hats; beſides, hats and caps have always played a diſtinguiſhed part in the hiſtory of this world.

The fifth of May 1789, was the day of the opening of the States-General. "Let us unite, gentlemen, the king "permits it; let us pay our debts." Such was in ſubſtance the ſpeech of M. Necker. The violent revolution of ſentiment, the quick ſucceſſion of events, every thing commanded the renunciation of old maxims of politics; but the government pretended to meaſure us out a partial doſe

doſe of liberty, and attempted to place bounds to the will of the nation, but in vain. The court ſeemed to intimate to the States-General, "You may do a little good to the "people, provided you previouſly ſettle all our affairs."

It was reſolved to excite conteſtation in the aſſembly. The wiſh of the commune was for a ſingle national chamber, and the court hoped that the increaſe of difficulties would bring about the diſſolution of the States-General.

What meant thoſe illuſory phraſes, "The king makes "the ſacrifice of a portion of his authority!" A nation is free, a nation becomes the regulator of its own happineſs when it takes poſſeſſion of its rights. Every inconſiderate act of authority prepared our liberty. The ſoil or climate remained the ſame, every thing elſe was changed; yet it is not a particular circumſtance which in great commotions determines the flux of opinion, there muſt be a combination of many circumſtances to that effect.

The re-union of the orders was celebrated by an illumination of three days.

CHAP. XVI.

TREES OF LIBERTY.

A TREE is a fine object in the vegetable world; and in the glorious days of the revolution, trees of liberty travelled from all the neighbouring woods, diſplaced the pavement, took root at the foot of houſes, and married their green treſſes with the balconies of the different flowers which they ſhaded.

The ſymbols of infant liberty were welcomed with lively emotions; what more ſoothing ſight than this mixture of edifices and green and waving branches? This uſage, ſo favourable to the ſalubrity of the air, has been conſtantly dear to thoſe patriots who have laboured for the freedom of the French, and who, juſtly irritated at the prejudices of a king, and the crimes of a court thirſting for blood, wiſhed to immortaliſe the great epochas of liberty, by changing our cities into rural aſpects. Theſe toils are amuſements

amuſements; the great city was decorated, and in a ſhort ſpace the royaliſt and counter-revolutionary ſpirit ſuffered thoſe natural monuments of our courage to wither. Their yellow foliage ſeemed an emblem of the ſickening republican ſpirit, and their beautiful and verdant branches were now diſplayed only on the frontiers, where our armies triumph. How has the vigorous ſap been dried up? Thoſe ſymbols of invincible courage have been inſulted, they have been baniſhed to the fields; and the ſacrilegious ſaw has cut thoſe robuſt ſtems which were ſo faithful an image of a ſpeedy and vigorous regeneration; the genius of liberty, like morality, may be attacked, but is indeſtructible. A generous repentance has often replaced anew thoſe trees of liberty which were cut down, or which periſhed naturally. The preſence of Buonaparte makes all their branches reſume their green, and lends them a new luſtre. Freſh twigs and green branches riſe high as the roofs; as the ſpring renews nature, ſo the great name of the Conqueror of Italy has given to the great city, this beautiful green clothing, which announces both the vegetable circulation, and the reſurrection of the republican ſpirit.

CHAP. XVII.

JESUS.

Oh what a time for robbers is a Revolution! many bad men become rich, and many good men remain poor! We would not however change our virtue againſt their riches, for virtue laſts for ever, and riches change hands every day.

Who would have gueſſed that our Lord Jeſus Chriſt would have been called the Sans-culotte Jeſus, that he would have no other ſurname in the journals, in the tribunals at the Jacobins; and that this name was not given as a ſarcaſm, but a true title of reſpect? A prodigious change then has taken place in the ideas of the people;

the permiſſion of ſaying every thing created a peculiar kind of ſpirit, which, joined to a good portion of ignorance, was only more humorous. The moſt tumultuous commotions were accompanied by a number of ludicrous incidents, and this great drama has been a true tragi-comedy.

But it ſeems as if the evil done to another were a ſort of elaſtic ſpring, which returns to wound the hand by which it has been bent. The more violent the preſſure, the more terrible is the ſtroke. Thus evil and injuſtice have their repriſals; cruelty produces cruelty, and the Mountain, by cutting itſelf in two, has nearly done itſelf juſtice.

CHAP. XVIII.

MASSACRES OF SEPTEMBER.

FUTURE generations will refuſe to believe, that ſuch execrable crimes have ever taken place amongſt a civilized people, in preſence of the legiſlative body, under the eyes and by the will of the depoſitaries of the laws, in a city peopled with eight hundred thouſand inhabitants, who remained motionleſs, and ſtruck with ſtupor, at the ſight of a handful of wretches, hired for the perpetration of crimes.

The number of aſſaſſins did not exceed three hundred; and in this number we muſt comprehend the quidams, who, in the inſide of the priſon, had conſtituted themſelves judges of the priſoners.

The promoters of anarchy, the movers of the people, in ſhort, the accomplices of the crime, never ceaſed exclaiming, that a great conſpiracy would break out in Paris, in the firſt days of September. No one, alas! will now conteſt with them that truth, which the event has juſtified in ſo atrocious and cruel a manner; but in order to know the conſpirators, and of what nature was their conſpiracy, we muſt examine its ſource. In eſtabliſhing a chain of facts, no ſupernatural penetration will be

be neceſſary to convince us, that theſe maſſacres were the work of that devouring faction, which at length attained dominion by robbery and aſſaſſination.

Whatever be the horror with which theſe days of blood and oppreſſion inſpire me, I would continually recall them to the remembrance of the Pariſians, till they have the courage to avenge them. The ſituation of the city ſeeming to exact a more active and extenſive kind of vigilance, the counſel general of the commune created a committee of twelve commiſſaries.

The partizans of the maſſacres undoubtedly will not aſſert, that the diamonds and jewels of the perſons arreſted were ſuſpicious. Nevertheleſs they carefully took poſſeſſion both of perſons and property. This ſingle fact is ſufficient to give the key of the maſſacres. When you aſk the anarchiſts, why the Committee of inſpection cauſed property as well as perſons to be ſwept away, they can give no anſwer.

The depôts made at the Committee of Inſpection, proceeded from the effects taken out of the Tuilleries, and from thoſe who were there arreſted, ſuch as Laporte, and Septeuil, who had abandoned their houſes and their riches at the time of the domiciliary viſits which preceded the maſſacres.

The magazines of the depôt were the halls of the offices of the Committee of Inſpection; it was notorious, that in this office the trunks, boxes, &c. were ſtored. There was moreover in the hall one or two great preſſes, which were filled with objects of great value. On another floor indeed, were placed matters little worthy the attention of theſe men of prey, ſuch as piſtols, ſabres, muſquets, tuck-ſticks, &c. &c.

In this cavern, the maſſacres of September were imagined; in this abominable den ſentence of death was pronounced againſt eight thouſand Frenchmen, impriſoned for the moſt part without any legitimate motive, without denunciation, without any trace of crime, only by the will and pleaſure of the banditti of the Committee of Inſpection.

Some days before the maſſacres, the members of the committee, terrified at this violation of principles, affected by the frightful ſpectacle of a multitude of citizens ſhut

up at the mayoralty, who proteſted againſt their arreſt, and loudly demanded to be made acquainted with the motives; theſe commiſſaries propoſed to employ day and night in interrogating them, in order to ſet at liberty thoſe who were impriſoned without cauſe, and to remand ſuch as were liable to be taken before the tribunals.

The 2d of September, news was brought that the town of Verdun was taken by the Pruſſians, who, added the retailers of this news, had been introduced by the treaſon of the Verdunois, after a feigned reſiſtance. Immediately the alarm-guns were fired, the call to arms was beaten, and the tocſin began to ſound. Municipal officers on horſeback ride to the public ſquares, confirm this news, and make proclamations, in order to excite the citizens to march againſt the enemy.

At the firſt ſtroke of the tocſin, every one enquired why, on the appearance of the leaſt danger, Paris was to be thrown into alarm, and its inhabitants ſtruck with terror, inſtead of having their minds inſpired with that kind of energy which belongs to warriors, and which is the harbinger of victory? Why uſe means which tended rather to enervate their courage? But thoſe who were not in the ſecret of the conſpirators, were ſoon inſtructed by their own experience. Ah! day of diſgrace and mourning! It was at this ſignal that the aſſaſſins were to aſſemble, it was the prelude to the moſt terrible carnage.

The ruffians, marſhalled in bands, marched to the priſons, broke the gates of ſome, made the goalers give up others, and ſeized the victims whom the Committee of Inſpection had huddled together for fifteen days.

Theſe aſſaſſins, armed with ſabres and murderous inſtruments, with arms naked to the elbows, holding in their hands the liſt of proſcription which had been made out ſome days before, called over each priſoner by his name.

Members of the general council, clothed with the three-coloured ſcarf, and other individuals took their ſeats in the hall of the priſon, where was placed a table covered with bottles and glaſſes, around which were grouped the pretended judges, and ſome of the executioners of their ſentences of death. On the middle of the table was placed the regiſter of the priſon.

The aſſaſſins went from one chamber to another, called over each priſoner as his name ſtood on the roll, then led him

him before the tribunal of blood, who commonly aſked him this queſtion: "Who are you?" As ſoon as the priſoner had given in his name, the cannibals in ſcarfs inſpected the regiſter, and after ſome vague and inſignificant interrogatories, delivered him over to the ſatellites of their cruelty, who led him to the gate of the priſon, where ſtood other aſſaſſins, who maſſacred him with a ferocity unparallelled amongſt the moſt barbarous nations.

At the Abbaye priſon, they agreed that each time a priſoner ſhould be led out to the wicket, that pronouncing theſe words,—*To the Force*, ſhould be equivalent to the ſentence of death. Thoſe who performed the ſame functions at the Force, that is, the office of executioners, pronounced ſentence by ordering the priſoners to be ſent to the Abbaye. Thoſe who were acquitted were ſet at liberty, and led to ſome diſtance from the priſon amidſt the cries of Vive la Nation.

The Legiſlative Aſſembly deputed ſome of its members to go to the priſons, and preach the law to the ruffians who were breaking it in ſo atrocious a manner. But of what influence could reaſon or morality have on aſſaſſins thirſting for blood, the greater part of whom were plunged into the moſt diſguſting intoxication! Such meaſures were neceſſarily ineffectual, no harangues were attended to; nothing but force of arms could tame beings of this deſcription, or the aſſembly in a body ought to have gone and formed an inſurmountable rampart around each priſon. The aſſaſſins rejected with menaces every advice and every counſel tending to peace. The Abbé Fauchet, Biſhop of Calvados, a member of the deputation, was threatened, inſulted, and had nearly become himſelf the victim of the murderers. He withdrew, and made a report to the Aſſembly, which was itſelf in a ſtate of ſtupor and degradation, threatened with a total diſſolution by Robeſpierre, who exerciſed an unbounded tyranny over Paris.

If we peruſe the accuſation of the deputy Louvet againſt Robeſpierre, publiſhed in the firſt days of the Convention, in which the conduct of this falſe patriot, with reſpect to the Legiſlative Aſſembly, is laid open to the day, we ſhall there behold that impudent conſpirator attempting to raiſe the dictature on the wrecks of the national repreſentation, nevertheleſs Robeſpierre never ceaſed talking of his civic virtues, and of his diſintereſtedneſs; this wretch left the

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place of public accuſer to the criminal tribunal of Paris, to retire, as he ſaid, from public life. He had printed, that he was no intriguer, that he deſired no p ace, that he would accept none, and all at once he found himſelf nitched in the counſel-general of the commune, from whence he mounted to the capitol.

The prieſts impriſoned at the Carmes were all maſſacred, ſave one; they were forced to walk out one after the other, and often two together. At firſt, the aſſaſſins killed them with muſquets, but on the obſervation of a multitude of women who were preſent, that that kind of death was too noiſy, they made uſe of ſabres and bayonets. Theſe unhappy victims proſtrated themſelves in the midſt of the court; and during a moment of meditation, abandoned by all nature, without aid, without any other conſolation than the teſtimony of their own conſcience, they lifted up their eyes to heaven, and ſeemed to implore the Supreme Being for pardon on their murderers.

Ye partizans of theſe murders! ſavage conſpirators! who have never ceaſed deluding the credulous multitude, will you tell us that it was impoſſible for you to arreſt the arms of the murderers? Will you tell us, that it was not in your power to redreſs them? You declared to the departments by the lying organ of your commiſſaries, that you could not reſtrain the anger of the people. Wretches! You have proſtituted the name of the people, which you have never invoked, but to diſhonour and cover with it your own turpitude and guilt! Was it the people, then, who committed theſe execrable crimes? No, the people mourned in ſilence: it was you, ye ferocious adminiſtrators, who, in league with the counſel-general of the commune, and the mercileſs Danton, prepared and executed every thing. It was ye, who with a ſmall number of confidential accomplices, committed theſe crimes, in order to enrich yourſelves with the bloody ſpoils of your numerous victims! It is you who made Paris the murderous cavern of the rich, and prepared the miſery of the people, by breaking all the ſocial ties, drying up all the canals of circulation, and deſtroying public confidence, ſo neceſſary, ſo indiſpenſible to the proſperity and happineſs of the whole!

If it were not proved that the opprobrium of the firſt days of September belongs to this adminiſtration, I would bring to recollection two facts which cannot be denied, the payment

payment of eight hundred and fifty livres, made by the order of the general counſel, to the wine merchant who furniſhed the aſſaſſins at the Force during their horrible execution; and the circumſtance of the Committee of Inſpection having hired, on the eve of the maſſacre, the carts which were made uſe of to tranſport the dead bodies to the quarries of Charenton.

If the national guard had been called out in the name of the law, which thoſe perfidious and ſanguinary chiefs were induſtrious in rallying, how ſtrong and intrepid would they have proved! The whole world would have riſen in maſs: but were not this national guard, the main body of which has remained pure amidſt every kind of corruption and plunder, afraid of being accuſed of acting without orders? Were they not apprehenſive, that their deſire of puniſhing crimes would be conſtrued into criminal intentions? Such motives reſtrained their zeal, and they remained motionleſs.

I ſaw the ſquare of the French theatre covered with troops, whom the alarm-bell had gathered together. I ſaw them ready to march, and immediately retire to their quarters, becauſe ſome one had come with the traitorous news that it was a falſe alarm, that it was nothing. Heavens! it was nothing. The courts of the Carmes and the Abbey were inundated with blood, and filled with corpſes, and this was nothing.

I ſaw three hundred men armed, performing their exerciſe in the Luxembourg Gardens, two hundred ſteps from the prieſts whom they were maſſacring at the Carmes. Would they have remained immoveable if they had received orders to march againſt the aſſaſſins?

At the gates of the Abbey and the other priſons were deſolated wives calling with ſhrieks on their huſbands, ſeparated for ever from them by their murderers; others endured the torture of ſeeing them maſſacred at their feet. The ſame carnage, the ſame atrocities were repeated at the ſame time in all the priſons in every place where groaned the victims of arbitrary power, theſe cruelties were exerciſed, attended with circumſtances more or leſs tragically remarkable.

At the ſeminary of St. Firmin, the prieſts who were confined, waited peaceably, like the other prieſts impriſoned at the Carmes, till the municipality of Paris had indicated

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the day of their departure, and delivered them paſſports to go out of France, according to the tenor of a decree which enjoined their exile, and granted them three livres a-day for their journey. It is inconteſtible, that it depended only on the conſtituted authorities that this decree ſhould be put in execution before the maſſacres, but the prieſts were reſerved for this day. They were mutilated, and torn limb from limb. At St. Firmin, it was thought a pleaſant amuſement to throw them headlong from the roof to the ground.

At the Saltpêtrière, thoſe monſters murdered thirteen women, after having violated ſeveral.

At the Bicêtre, the keeper ſeeing a horde of theſe aſſaſſins on their march, put himſelf in a poſture of defence. He had pointed two pieces of cannon, and at the moment that he was about to diſcharge them, he received a mortal wound. The aſſaſſins triumphant, left not a ſingle priſoner alive.

At the priſon of the Chatelet, the ſame carnage and the ſame ferocity took place; nothing eſcaped the rage of theſe cannibals; whoever was a priſoner, appeared to them worthy of the ſame treatment.

At the Force they remained five days. Madame, the ci-devant Princeſs of Lamballe was there impriſoned. Her ſincere attachment to the wife of Louis the XVIth was all her crime in the eyes of the multitude. She had acted no part amidſt all our agitations, and nothing could render her ſuſpected to the people, to whom ſhe was known only by her multiplied acts of beneficence. The moſt exaggerated writers, the moſt ferocious declaimers, had never mentioned her in any of their papers.

The 3d of September ſhe was called down to the office at the Force; ſhe appeared before the bloody tribunal compoſed of a few individuals. It ſurely required a kind of ſupernatural courage to ſupport the aſpect of thoſe murderers, covered with blood.

Several voices were heard among the crowd, demanding pardon for Madame de Lamballe. The aſſaſſins ſeemed undecided and ſpared her for a moment, but immediately after ſhe received ſeveral ſtrokes, fell bathed in her blood, and expired.

Her head and her breaſts were inſtantly cut off, her body was opened, her heart was torn out, her head was afterwards

wards ſtuck on a pike, and borne throughout Paris; her body was dragged after it at ſome diſtance. The tygers who had thus mutilated her, amuſed themſelves with the barbarous pleaſure of going to the Temple and ſhewing her head and her heart to Louis the XVIth and his family.

Every thing moſt hideous and moſt deliberately cruel that horror could conceive, was exerciſed on the body of Madame de Lamballe.

I can add no more. This I can atteſt, that every man of humanity in the Convention made the greateſt exertions during three months to ſearch after and proſecute theſe abominable aſſaſſins, and that every motion to this effect was conſtantly rejected by the Montagnards. It was in order to eſcape the vengeance of the law, and from the fear of exemplary puniſhment, that they entered into the conſpiracy of the 31ſt of May, imagining that further murders were the moſt effectual means of waſhing out the traces of their former crimes.

When we reflect, that it was under this bloody planet that the labours of the National Convention began, we ought to reverence the courage of thoſe who accepted this dangerous office. The very great majority were diſpoſed to follow no other path than that of juſtice and virtue. The Revolution was completed, the throne demoliſhed, a ſmall minority hard, arrogant, ignorant, and ferocious, were reſolved to go on revolutionizing. The divinity Marat was placed on the fore-ground, and his apoſtle Robeſpierre, his hands withered and dried with convulſive twitchings, clung to the tribune, where he deſcanted on his virtues, while the partiſans of deſperate demagogy, inſolently aſſumed the title of Republicans, and called the true republicans the founders of the republic, the moſt pure and liberal writers, Federaliſts, a name which they had themſelves invented.

At the bare ſight of theſe new men, who robbed the Revolution of its ſacred character, I publiſhed a prophetic letter, in which I announced at the ſame time their horrible triumph and their tremendous fall. The exaggerated fanatic, the ſophiſtic barbarian ſilenced both the philoſopher and the ſtateſman; and it muſt be owned, that the foreign courts knew well how to chuſe their inſtruments.

CHAP. XIX.

TWENTY-FIRST OF SEPTEMBER, 1792.

LET us turn for a moment to the time when the Convention opened its firſt ſeſſion. The Legiſlative Aſſembly had juſt overturned the throne; but aſtoniſhed, and ſome ſort ſtupified at the great blow which it had ſtruck, felt itſelf unable to ſupport the weight of Empire, and leaving to other hands the painful care of taking advantage of the victory, withdrew, ſurrounded by honourable ruins. The Legiſlative Body had overturned the monarchy, but had not dared to put any thing in its ſtead. In the perſon of the monarch, it attacked every king in the univerſe, but its energy was exhauſted by this ſublime exertion: it held out to France, royalty aboliſhed, but had not the courage to pronounce the word Republic.

The Convention ſignalized the opening of its ſeſſion by this act of courage; and at what a moment! when we were without armies, when the defence of our frontier towns was confided to Royaliſts, and conſequently to traitors; when the people, attached to old prejudices, beheld with ſenſations of diſmay the fall of monarchy, ſo long the object of its worſhip and its affections; when the legions of Pruſſia inundated the plains of Champagne, and might almoſt without obſtacle have traverſed France; when every thing, in ſhort, ſeemed to intimate that the enemy was about to efface by the blood of its authors the daring decree, which transformed into a republic a country invaded and ſubjugated by the ſatellites of kings.

We had to defend our territory, create an army, and raiſe public ſpirit; we were without finances, and were to combat with paper money thoſe who had the treaſures of Mexico. We could only oppoſe a raw and undiciplined militia to the moſt warlike troops in Europe, generals of a day made on the eve of an engagement to face the moſt able tactitians. Thoſe great creations were the work of a moment. The voice of danger was heard: eight hundred thouſand men quit their homes, arm to fly to the frontiers; crowds

crowds of work-ſhops were eſtabliſhed in every corner, they make ſaltpetre, prepare the thunder, they drive back the enemy beyond the frontier, and the French hoiſt the ſtandard of victory in a foreign territory.

Never were ſuch great things performed by ſuch weak means, never was there a ſtate labouring under circumſtances ſo difficult; divided at home, attacked by all Europe, torn by fanaticiſm, and factions, the National Convention triumphed over all theſe united obſtacles, and forced the Engliſh to fly from our ports, which had been won only by perfidy. It repaired the effects of that treaſon, which, driving us back from Flanders opened the gates of the republic to our enemies, and loſt us the fruits of the moſt glorious campaign, and of the moſt ſplendid victories. Our triumphant armies penetrated anew into Brabant, and the Hollanders beheld ſoon after, amidſt the moſt rigorous of winters, heroes who knew how to brave the inclemency of the ſeaſons, and triumph over nature itſelf. The Greeks, that people whom the friends of liberty ever love to cite, becauſe they afford us the nobleſt examples, boaſted in the ſpace of ſeveral ages but of three or four triumphs. The battles of Salamis, of Platea, of Marathon, inſpire the remembrance of what glorious efforts the human mind is capable, warmed with the love of its country, and the enthuſiaſm of independence. But the French people performed more in three years than that people, ſo juſtly celebrated, atchieved in three ages. The Rhine and the Scheldt were almoſt at the ſame moment the theatres of our courage. The Greeks had to combat the effeminated people of Aſia, men enervated by the mildneſs of the climate and the luxuries of life; and we, we have conquered the warriors of the north, ſtrengthened by exerciſe, labours, and the ſevereſt diſcipline.

When Fame everywhere publiſhed our triumphs, what could the univerſe think of that government which had created an army of heroes, and organized victory in twenty different places? Was not the Convention conſidered as an aſſembly of men united in the ſame ſentiments, warmed by the moſt ardent patriotiſm, ſtrangers to every faction and every private intereſt? an aſſembly, of whom it might be aſſerted what the miniſter of Pyrrhus ſaid of the Senate of Rome. Alas! thoſe men who made Europe tremble, who abroad impreſſed ideas of greatneſs and ſublimity, exhibited

hibited to their fellow-citizens the picture of the moſt contemptible paſſions. At a diſtance, it was the ſplendour of Olympus and the majeſty of the gods; near, it was the melancholy ſpectacle of a few frivolous virtues, little conteſts of ſelf-love, and the ſhameful ſtruggles of hatred and revenge. We recollect what was the ſurprize of the ambaſſadors whom Theodoric the Second ſent to Attila. After the terror which his name had inſpired, they expected to ſee this monarch ſurrounded with all the luxury of Aſiatic greatneſs, they beheld, on the contrary, a man of ſhort ſtature, and whoſe outward form diſcovered nothing elevated. "What!" exclaimed they, "Is this the conqueror of nations! Is this he whom we fear, admire, and who fills the "world with the ſound of his name! A foreigner, in ſeeing our National Aſſembly, would have conceived the ſame aſtoniſhment. In the ſpace of three years, it preſented the image of the moſt diſgraceful puſillanimity, and moſt devoted courage. Sometimes it brought to our recollection the Senate of Tiberius and Domitian, and at other times we ſaw it diſplay the great character, the heroic firmneſs of the Senate of Rome on the ſack of the city by the Gauls. Amongſt its members, were ſome to be execrated by the remoteſt poſterity, and others who would have honoured Athens and Sparta at the moſt glorious periods. The Convention was divided into two factions, one made up of energetic, violent men, who were reſolved to have liberty at any price. The moſt terrible meaſures did not affright them; they would have ſacrificed without remorſe the two-thirds of the preſent generation, if they had thought that ſacrifice neceſſary. Convinced of the perverſity of the human heart, they were perſuaded that their fellow-citizens were not capable of making this ſacrifice to the public good, not only of the leaſt part of their fortune, but even of the diſtinctions of pride and illuſions of vanity; experience has but too well juſtified their ſuſpicions, it has but too well taught us that miſtruſt is the beginning of wiſdom. Theſe ardent and impetuous revolutioniſts deſpiſed as puſillanimous the mild and humane conceptions of philoſophy, they thought, that in order to eſtabliſh a new order of things, it was indiſpenſable to proſcribe or ſtrike without mercy at every thing which held to the old. At the head of the other party were men who had borrowed from the ſtudy of ſcience, and the practice of literature, thoſe mild diſpoſitions which

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are valuable in ordinary times, but little fitted to weather or maſter the ſtorms of a revolution. They thought alſo too favourably of their contemporaries: they believed that our misfortunes were more the effect of errors than the reſult of depravity; and that to make men in love with virtue, it was ſufficient to preſent it to their view.

A wide interval exiſts between the ſtudy of books and the commerce of life. The philoſopher, in his retreat, creates to himſelf an imaginary world, which no more reſembles the real world than Elyſium reſembles Tartarus. Theſe of whom we ſpeak, wiſhed for a republican government, but they ſhuddered at the means made uſe of by their opponents for obtaining it; they wiſhed it with as few calamities as poſſible; they did not believe that it was neceſſary to ſacrifice human victims on the Altar of Liberty; they had given the people the firſt impulſion, and imagined that they could direct and ſtop them at their pleaſure; they did not reflect, that it was much more eaſy to raiſe the paſſions than reſtrain them, to excite inſurrections than to eſtabliſh order, and that it was not impoſſible to ſay to a great nation, after having employed every means of inciting it, as the Eternal ſays to the waves of the ſea, thus far ſhall you go, and no farther—*Uſque huc, et non procedes amplius.* If theſe men could have governed events, the paſſage from deſpotiſm to liberty would not have been marked either by that afflictive glare of lightning, or by the ſight of ſo many devaſtations. In finiſhing their revolutionary career, they might have applauded themſelves like Pericles at the cloſe of his life, that he had made no perſon wear mourning. But they could neither ſtop the effuſion of blood, nor even ſave their own heads.

Between theſe two parties was a crowd, without energy of mind, and ever ready to range themſelves under the banner of the triumphant party. Blood flowed like the waters of a torrent, they ſighed in ſecret, but this was all they were capable of doing. Their ſons, their fathers, their brothers, might have been ſacrificed before their eyes, and they would have hid themſelves, leſt their tears ſhould betray their grief, and awaken the ſuſpicions of the tyrant. A few others, ambitious and ferocious, ſaw nothing in the Revolution but means of fortune or celebrity. Reputation has charms which ſeduce all mankind, but moſt men entertain very falſe ideas on that ſubject. They wiſh for nothing but

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to be ſpoken of, and they would purchaſe fame at any price. Unable to become illuſtrious, they endeavour to make themſelves notorious. The annals of the world tranſmit to us alike the names of the deſtroyers and founders of empires. We read of Gengis-kan as well as Romulus. There were alſo a few madmen in this collection, who ſeemed to have impoſed on themſelves a kind of obligation to violate every rule of decency, and whoſe extravagant cyniciſm would have excited only pity, if it had not been the maſk of the hypocrite. But a new Socrates would eaſily have diſtinguiſhed theſe new Antiſthines through the holes in their cloaks. They nevertheleſs had their proſelytes. Contempt of all form, vulgarity of language and demeanour, were under their auſpices the ſigns of patriotiſm. Politeneſs, urbanity, and reſpect, were baniſhed as remnants of ſlavery, and in a ſhort time we ſhould not have yielded in barbariſm to the Caffres or the Negroes of Guinea. Amidſt theſe philoſophical patriots and ſanguinary republicans, theſe ambitious dwarfs and theſe extravagant cynicks, aroſe one man, who, with the narroweſt mind and moſt limited underſtanding, ſucceeded in eſtabliſhing the moſt horrible and moſt inconceivable deſpotiſm that has ever exiſted. He had neither thoſe external advantages which captivate the vulgar, nor thoſe brilliant qualities which command even the admiration of the wiſe; with thoſe little plans of hypocriſy, and thoſe little tricks which a great character diſdains, he became the idol of the multitude, incapable of diſcerning virtue, and eſtimating true merit. The ſentiment of his mediocrity made him the enemy of every man of ſuperior talents. Genius, ability, knowledge, were ſo many titles of proſcription in the eyes of this new Omar, under whoſe ſavage domination we witneſſed the deſtruction of the greater part of thoſe men who did honour to their country, and whom foreigners would have envied us. The part which this tribune acted amongſt us is an eternal ſubject of opprobrium for France. The yoke is much leſs diſgraceful, when thoſe who impoſe it have a decided ſuperiority of underſtanding over us, which it is almoſt impoſſible to reſiſt; it has been thought, that it was neceſſary to have great qualities, in order to commit great crimes. The ſcourges of nations have always preſented themſelves to our eyes under ſtriking colours. Nevertheleſs, in the moral, as in the phyſical world, the malevolent qualities are not always the attribute

tribute of ſtrength. The ſerpent, which creeps under the graſs, is more dangerous than the tyger who diſplays terrific majeſty. We ſhould have many reproaches to make to nature, if ſuperior talents always, or even often, accompanied perverſeneſs. This man, to whom poſterity will aſſign the rank which he ought to hold, and will certainly never place amongſt thoſe whoſe ſplendid vices excite at once horror and admiration, made a complete trial of our cowardice. During the ſpace of two years, every thing gave way to his atrocious will, and he might have continued his ſavage domination much longer, if he had not imprudently marked out his victims before he ſacrificed them. He periſhed: fear accompliſhed what patriotiſm ought to have effected, he periſhed, and nothing remains of him but the remembrance of his crimes, and of the humiliation with which he has covered his country.

Robeſpierre has left us no marked feature to record. Every thing about him bore the ſtamp of puſillanimity, of a dark, diſtruſting ſoul, barbarous conceptions, and inſane projects. It will not be forgotten, that he had the mania of wiſhing to create a new religion, and exerciſe its ridiculous functions. This burleſque ſcene, which he deſcribed to us as the happieſt day of his life, did not long leave him very pleaſant recollections. He felt, in dying, the juſtneſs of the application of the title of Cromwell, a much greater multitude flocked around his ſcaffold than had crowded to the altar, when he erected himſelf into the pontiff of the Supreme Being. But it was not ſufficient to have overthrown this ſavage tyrant, it was neceſſary to cruſh the faction that had clung around him, to reſtrain the herd which they gained over by their corruption and their flatteries, and wreſt from their hands the power which they had exerciſed as tribunes under him. The means employed were not, as experience has proved, calculated according to the rules of ſound policy. In order to cruſh demagogical fury, a fatal aſcendancy was given to the enemies of the republic. Thoſe who defended the Convention in the days of Praireal, thought they had laboured for the re-eſtabliſhment of the throne; they hoped, that by cruſhing the people, they ſhould have been able to cruſh the Convention itſelf.

We ſoon beheld a cowardly and effeminate ſet of young men deſerting the frontiers, haſtening to oppreſs, nay, aſſaſſinate the patriots, the eldeſt friends of liberty; theſe

vile

vile Sybarites, on whom the name alone of republic ſtruck terror, effaced and every where proſcribed the ſigns and emblems of independence. To the ſongs of victory they ſubſtituted the atrocious cries of vengeance; they prowled every where for victims, and thirſted to make a hecatomb of the whole maſs of republicans. Such, at leaſt, was the horrible wiſh which they did not affect to conceal at the theatres, and in every public place. The whole of the ſouth was the ſcene of the moſt dreadful maſſacres. They readily conceived, that after ſacrificing every patriot, the re-eſtabliſhment of the throne would not be difficult. In ſhort, they believed, that the moment was come, and the conſpiracy of the 13th Vendemiaire unmaſked this faction, which had been too much reſpected, and in whoſe hands arms had been indiſcreetly placed. The Convention terminated its career by the moſt important of victories. It created liberty at the opening of its ſeſſion, and did not break up without having ſaved it. This is what it can oppoſe to its enemies and its gain-ſayers.

Prejudice and animoſity may blind its contemporaries, but poſterity will do it juſtice. It will be felt, that it was not poſſible to make a Revolution which gave a ſhock to ſo many paſſions and ſo many prejudices, without commotions. It is not calm and reflective wiſdom which ſits amidſt political tempeſts, but enthuſiaſm, ſtrong paſſions, and even fanaticiſm, that ride the whirlwind. The philoſopher mourns in ſilence from amidſt his retreat over human calamities, and indicates the means by which they may be remedied; but ambitious men, greedy of titles or wealth, cannot diveſt themſelves, at the voice of the ſage, of thoſe riches or diſtinctions which they have uſurped. It is not ſufficient that there are philanthropiſts who write, there muſt alſo be ardent ſpirits who are capable of acting. Private vices often aſſume, indeed, the place of public intereſt; but wherever there are men, we ſhall ever behold the weakneſs of their nature imprinted on their works, and we never ought to indulge the flattering hope that the world will ever be governed by celeſtial intelligences.

Our Revolution has undoubtedly been the cauſe of very great evils, but the paſt is no longer in our power, let us labour for the future, and take advantage of our faults. Adverſity ought to be a faithful ſource of inſtruction to nations as well as to individuals. We have paſſed through

every

every trial, we have preſented the picture of every extravagance, and of every kind of folly; but theſe afflictive ſcenes have been compenſated by acts which are fitted to do honour to human nature. No people have carried their enthuſiaſm for liberty further, or given more proofs of courage and of devotedneſs; we ſhould have done greater things if we had known how to take advantage of our impetuous and impaſſioned character. Though we have been badly directed, we have reſiſted all Europe; we have overthrown every faction; and, in ſpite of the inconſtancy and the lightneſs with which we have been reproached, have ſhewn ourſelves firm and obſtinate in the defence of our rights. It is now time to ſtop, longer ſtorms would make us loſe the fruit of our labours. It is time to preſent to Europe the ſpectacle of a great republic, formed amidſt tempeſts, which had diſplayed at its birth the greateſt vigour, and which promiſes to reach the higheſt deſtinies.

CHAP. XX.

BONNET-ROUGE.

The ſtandard of Jacobin perfection! This ridiculous dreſs was adopted by a fooliſh kind of a fellow, a repreſentative of the people, who wore it conſtantly on his head. He attempted to ſpeak one day at the tribune without taking off his cap. The *coté droit* was angry, upon which he took his red cap, and placed it on the buſt of Marat: this *tour d'eſprit* had been whiſpered to him by ſome by-ſtander.

The aſſaſſins, who, after having committed their atrocious deeds under the name of patriots in 1793, continued their crimes after Thermidor under the banners of ex-royalty, were deſirous of making the *bonnet-rouge* the French headdreſs; no objection was made to the cap, as the enſign of liberty, but a very ſtrong one to its colour, the emblem of blood. The cap was hoiſted at every theatre, and covered every head in the revolutionary committees. Under the influence of this red cap, the extravagant conſtitution of 1793 was compoſed. It was the ſignal of anarchy, the helmet of Henriot, the diadem of Chaumette. The Montagnard

party, without abſolutely admitting, or rejecting it, were pleaſed at ſeeing it worn by their executioners, as an ornament which portended nothing gay.

The revolutionary women, known by the name of furies of the guillotine, paraded through Paris dreſſed in this cap, and preſented an addreſs to offer to mount guard, to ſerve the artillery while their huſbands went to fight the enemies of the republic. This extravagance was applauded with enthuſiaſm by all the wearers of red caps.

Chabot, that odious Capuchin, who came one day to the Convention in the filthy dreſs of the Sans-culottes, his breaſt uncovered, his legs naked, in wooden ſhoes, held the red cap ſhamelefsly in his hand. It was under his auſpices that the Commune demanded the abrogation of the martial law, in order to ſubſtitute a ſyſtem of aſſaſſination, which was to mow down without diſtinction the poor and the rich, all who adhered to the principles of juſtice and virtue, and thereby realiſe the project of the famous Marat, in cutting off two hundred and fifty thouſand heads.

This *bonnet-rouge* was made a kind of banner againſt the Federaliſts. Federaliſm was a fable invented for the purpoſe of making the impriſoned deputies reſponſible for all the misfortunes of which news arrived every inſtant at the Convention. A multitude of ſections and of communes around Paris marched in proceſſion through the hall of the Convention, drums beating, and crying out, *Vivent les Sans-culottes! Vive le bonnet-rouge!* It was after theſe vociferations, that the Montagnard party decreed that all the arreſted deputies ſhould be transferred into a national houſe, from whence they only came out to go to the ſcaffold.

A member of the General Revolutionary Council uſed to ſleep in his red cap, and inſulted every one who did not wear it. He was called James Roux, an apoſtate prieſt, who charged himſelf with conducting Louis the XVIth to puniſhment, inſtead of the executioner, who was ſatisfied to wait for his victim at the ſcaffold. He was ſtill more ferocious and more incendiary than his colleagues, ſo much that he even terrified them. He diſhonoured the *bonnet-rouge*; by degrees the moſt exaggerated bluſhed at this emblem; it did not diſappear altogether, but remained mixt with the three colours. We ſee it ſtill at many of the theatres.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE AT THE ÉVÊCHÉ.

If we could for a moment doubt of the active part which foreigners have taken in our affairs, in subsidizing several chiefs of the Jacobins, and forcing the rest into crimes, we have only to throw our eyes on the Central Committee of the Evêché, which was formed all at once as by enchantment, which declared itself invested with illimited powers by all the sections of Paris, which declared the city in a state of insurrection, and ordered the barriers to be shut.

The greater part of the members of the committee were not Frenchmen; amongst them was one Gusman, a Spaniard, from whom I gained many confessions at the time of my captivity, and who so far interested himself in my fate, that he wished to save me, in separating me from my colleagues, which I constantly refused.

The Swiss Paché, the Brabanter Duboisson, the Neufchatelois Marat, the ex-capuchin Chabot, brother-in law to two Austrians, such were the persons who named Henriot temporary commander of the armed force, and who gave forty sols a day to such Sans-culottes as would remain under arms. They filled also the galleries of the Convention with their violent agents. They broke the chains of that anarchy by which they were at length devoured; and what is most incredible is, that in striking these blows, in dissolving the conventional union, they wished that this dissolution should have the air of coming from the Convention itself.

The alarm-bell was in the hands of the committee. Barrère flattered it with his vile falsehoods, Robespierre considered it as his pedestal, and we, honest and enlightened men, it was in vain for us to say to the Convention and the Mountain, "It is your heads they are looking after; do not you see "the ferocious Henriot, he reflects the conspiracies of the "foreign cabinets; he holds the lighted match in his hand, "with which he is going to fire the cannon against the na"tional palace. Herauld de Séchelles is a traitor, a perfi"dious wretch, who is in league with him." The Jacobins, blinded by the hatred and ferocity of their character, preferred the despotism of Henriot, his hat on his head, and

inſolence on his brow, to the virtues of Vergniaud, of Genſonné, of Barbaroux, of Briſſot; and the ſervile inſtrument of the cruelties of Robeſpierre, and Couthon, all made the Montagnards the obſequious ſatellites of Henriot, exclaiming that the ſovereign people were in inſurrection.

The Mountain therefore approved the conduct of the commune, and humbled by the moſt inſolent audacioufneſs, itſelf ſanctioned the violence of a few obſcure demagogues, and made way for that deluge of evils with which France was about to be overwhelmed.

Where then was that republican virtue which conſiſted only in murdering republican colleagues, in creating the words of federaliſm and federaliſts, which they taught the *tricotenſes*, ſiſters to the furies of the guillotine, in propagating thoſe magical and ſanguinary expreſſions of which the wretches who uſed them were not the dupes, and with which they would have thruſt the head of every impriſoned deputy under the axe of decemviral tyranny? And let it not be ſaid that the day of the ninth of Thermidor ſaved the republican deputies. The ſeventy-three members, who alone had done their duty and proteſted againſt that anarchy, languiſhed ſtill in priſon for more than four months. And the Pariſians, who hated every thing that adhered to the republic, did not dare to deliver them; the whole of the Convention bending under rhe yoke of ſhame and infamy, was forced to recall them into the ſenate, if I may uſe the expreſſion, in ſpite of itſelf.

Thy poignard, oh, Tallien! thou reſervedſt for thy executioner, but thou couldſt not arm thyſelf with it for the true republicans! thou haſt ſaved thy own head without ſaving the lives of others! What imported it to thee, that upright deputies groaned in dungeons! After the criminal indifference with which the republican party was conſtantly attacked or menaced, let no one be aſtoniſhed at the days of Germinal, Prairéal, and Vendémiaire; theſe days would not have taken place, if the victorious party of the tenth of Auguſt had performed what juſtice and the love of the republic equally enjoined; but hard and frigid egotiſm aſſimilated thoſe repreſentatives who had not been in peril, to thoſe cowards who, ſaved from a common danger, abandon their neighbours, becauſe it would coſt them a ſlight effort to cruſh a band of robbers.

Tallien! thou raiſedſt thyſelf as a cowardly ſluggard riſes at length when the fire reaches the mattraſs of his bed; thou haſt

haſt indeed acted a part in the tragedy which finiſhed the reign of Robeſpierre, but thou wert not the author of it; and decemviral tyranny and the Montagnards ſtrove at that very period to renew thoſe ſcenes of horror.

CHAP. XXII.

THE MEMORABLE WEEK.

THIS is the name given to that ſhort ſpace of time which was marked by events, ſuch as have never been ſeen amongſt any people in any country. The impriſonment of the eleven French guards, who from their patriotic refuſal to fire on the people, had incurred the diſgrace of the court, induced the people to arm. The officers of the regiment of guards ſhook with rage, when they ſaw thoſe brave ſoldiers lay down their arms. The grateful people forced the priſon of the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Cres; and all the priſoners were ſet at liberty. The buſt of the Duke of Orleans was carried in triumph, and we do not conceive even yet what was the plan or view of this prince; he probably had none, or perhaps we ought to conſider him as the mereſt automaton that has ever figured in hiſtory. After having been the puppet of the foreign cabinets, he became the inſtrument of every faction. One would have thought that it was neceſſary to commit ſome act of violence on his perſon, and carry him ſeated to the throne, in order that it might be ſaid, that he had aſcended it in ſpite of himſelf. The worn-out ſtate of his body, no doubt, influenced his mind, ſince he manifeſted at the ſame time ſo much credulity and careleſſneſs, ſuffering a faction to act under his name, to which perhaps he did not belong, and which, changing its own principles, and eſpecially divided with reſpect to its members, did not fail to cut off the head of a chief ſo inert, who had expended treaſures through avarice, and conſidered the diadem as a farm which might be purchaſed with money.

On Sunday, the twelfth day of July, the courtiers walked with their heads erect in the gallery of Verſailles, they ſmiled with joy at the idea alone of the approaching deſtruction of the capital; the Sunday following they were humbled,

humbled, and whiſpered to each other. The king had taken the national cockade, had come to Paris, had paſſed under the ſpear of ſteel, that is to ſay, under thirty thouſand pikes or ſwords held acroſs for the length of eight hundred paces. The courtiers were confounded at theſe rapid events, and if we had kept the king at Paris, demoliſhed and razed the chateau of Verſailles, as I propoſed, never would criminal hope have entered into ſo many terrified hearts, who recovered from the ſhock by degrees, and who regarded the Revolution as a torrent which had already ceaſed to flow.

The chateau of Verſailles remaining ſtanding, gave courage to all the ſlaves of the court, and increaſed their perfidy; and as the people are greatly affected by external ſigns, if the habitation of the kings had been deſtroyed, as political foreſight enjoined, the monarch and his court would have ſaid that the inſurrection was ſerious and deciſive; they would have acted accordingly, and all the blood which has been ſpilt would have remained in the veins of the generous French.

My propoſition was rejected, becauſe it was ſaid, that I had made this motion only to accompliſh a kind of prophecy which I had made reſpecting the caſtle of Verſailles when I repreſented in a dream, the ſhade of Lewis the XIVth watering, with the tears of repentance, the laſt half-broken column of his proud and expenſive monument. I will venture to ſay, that this palace has conſtantly fed the hopes of the coaleſced powers, hearing that it was carefully kept up and preſerved in all its former ſplendour. The princes had made the multitude believe, that the king was only gone into the country on a hunting party.

We ought to have ſtruck the minds of the people by this mighty deſtruction, have ſcattered at a diſtance the materials of this ſuperb palace, and have built a city with them; and as a bird of prey, which, after loſing its neſt, finds nothing to ſeize on with its dreadful claws, the court would have ſaid, We are quite ſubdued, Verſailles is no more!

Religion itſelf, when it has no temple, wanders about vagrant and deſolate; what would have been the caſe with royalty, when torn from its baſe, inſulated, circumſcribed? It would have been forced to have taken reſt on a pavement which was no longer marble, and under roofs which diſplayed neither ſhow nor magnificence.

The chateau of Verſailles was the inveſtiture of a great king, of a king proud and powerful; there ought to be no more

more kings proud or powerful; it would have been wiſe therefore, in ſuch ſingular circumſtances, to have heard the voice of meditation, penetrated with the ſtrong conviction of the real danger of leaving a chateau ſtanding, the centre of every political operation, the name of which, both far and near, excited ideas altogether diſcordant with an order of things ſo new, and which became neceſſarily invincibly commanding, or of no importance.

It was the impetuous vehemence of the people which produced all theſe mighty occurrences; amongſt the wounded were many of ſeventy years old, and children of twelve. In two days time the city had aſſumed all the air of an immenſe garriſoned town. We only touched the walls and they fell down. Great pieces of artillery were borne away from the Invalids as by enchantment; and, without having been taught, every one knew how to exerciſe and handle arms.

CHAP. XXIII.

NATIONAL GUARD.

This creation was a miracle, and is a proof that men effect always more by their will than by their underſtanding; and that in great revolutions, it is not reflection that predominates, but energy.

Had all the kings of France, one after the other, undertaken the aſtoniſhing creation of this national guard, not only would they have failed in their projects, but they would infallibly have periſhed in the attempt. It was the burſt of a great people, who were reſolved to be no longer the ſubjects of arbitrary power. The old regime was aboliſhed from that very day; and it appeared evident to every reflecting mind, that royalty could no longer amalgate itſelf with a dozen capitals, ſuddenly inflamed with the ſame fire of liberty, and ready to ſhed their blood to repel and cruſh for ever that inſupportable oppreſſion, which had made them groan for ſo many ages.

That courage was the prelude to the victories which in Germany, and eſpecially in Italy, have decided that the French

French nation was made to govern itſelf. Had we been governed by an Henry the Fourth, Lewis the Fourteenth, and Charlemagne, the exploſion once having taken place, it was in the power neither of the valour nor the genius of theſe princes to have ſtopped its violence or degraded its majeſty.

The royal authority was truly vilified by the hiſtory of the necklace; but here the monarch was ſubdued in the ſame manner as if Charles the Ninth had been arreſted when ready to fire on his ſubjects. Every Pariſian ſaw the blunderbuſs cocked at Verſailles. The general cry, and it muſt have been heard to feel what it was, called for the overthrow of the throne; it was impoſſible for the greateſt poltroon not to join in the terrible cry; all enliſted, even the poet, and the queſtion that day was the giving up the king, as in religious revolutions a part of Europe had given up the pope.

If it was with the eſtabliſhment of permanent armies that ſervitude began, the neceſſity of re-creating a citizen militia was readily felt, in order to prevent the princes from hereafter coming to triumph by force. But what is inconceivable is, that the National Guard was the work of the twinkling of an eye; there was neither plan, project, nor determination. We cried out, "Every Pariſian is a ſoldier," and France repeated, "Every Frenchman will take arms."

The enemy of liberty ſoon corrupted this inſtitution with uniforms, caps, and epaulets, and eſtabliſhed thoſe diſtinctions for ever dear to hirelings, who fly under the command of a ſingle individual to fight againſt the country. They wiſhed to ſeparate the National Guard from the Nation itſelf, and the project of La Fayette ſeemed to be that of putting it immediately under the orders of a commander tacitly devoted to the king. But every deſpot is the eternal enemy of the liberty of the people, and the National Guard was armed only for the defence of the national ſovereignty.

Theſe external ornaments inſpired ſome pride, and gave a tone of arrogance to a few ſilly individuals; but they bound the wealthy citizen to the claſs of the poor, and the moſt ludicrous vanity became the inſtrument, without knowing it, of the ſpirit of a free people.

The lion is terrible and cowardly at the ſame time; if he miſſes the prey upon which he leaps, he walks off aſhamed, and never attacks in front; he reſembles the deſpot; Lewis the XVIth was like the lion.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

SECURITY.

WHILE the Pruſſians were in Champagne, and when Dumourier had flattered himſelf that he could penetrate as far as Paris, with the deſign of depoſing the Convention, one might have concluded that theſe things would have excited a general alarm. On the contrary, the theatres were as brilliant as ever, and the coffee-houſes filled as uſual with newſmongers. The haughty menaces of the enemy never reached our ears, nor did we form the leaſt idea of their ſanguinary hopes.

The capital, whether from its maſs, or by a conſciouſneſs of its force, has always thought itſelf inaſſailable, ſheltered from the fortune of war, and fitted to ſtrike terror into its enemies. They laughed at the idea of a plan of defence, as a thing abſolutely uſeleſs, as no one would ever venture to attack the great city.

This ſtoiciſm was one of the greateſt ramparts of liberty. Was it the effect of ignorance, or from having loſt in a calm of more than an hundred and fifty years, all idea of war?

The people were never greatly intimidated, neither by the report of the body-guards, in which Antoinette was painted under the name of the tygreſs of Germany, holding the Dauphin in her arms, and inſtigating to hoſtilities; nor by the flight of the king, which ſeemed a diſſolution of the government, nor by the taking of Verdun, nor by the manifeſtoes of all the kings of Europe. It was impoſſible to introduce the terror of an enemy amongſt them, and the people never would have known what terror was, but for the decemviral tyranny, which did more harm to liberty and the country than all the armies of Pitt and Cobourg.

Theſe two names, from the habit of repeating them, became terms of ridicule; we muſt have been witneſſes of this impoſſibility to have believed it. Whilſt through all Europe it was ſaid, "It is all over with Paris: were it the loweſt of "the Bourbons, they would put him on the throne," the people who had carried off the cannon from the Invalids, and forty thouſand muſquets in three hours' time, neither

conceived

conceived nor imagined the poſſibility of danger. They ſet themſelves to adore Marat, to exalt Robeſpierre, to believe in Chaumette; and the Dumouriers, the Cuſtines, the Dampierres, the Bournonvilles, the Kellermanns, whether they were traitors, or faithful to the public cauſe, inſpired neither fear nor inquietude; they ſaw with *ſang froid* the execution of a revolutionary tribunal, and ſtrong in the call upon the people for three hundred thouſand men neceſſary to complete the armies of the republic; they continued to go quietly to the opera, and the curtain roſe exactly at the ſame hour, whether they cut off ſixty heads, or only thirty.

CHAP. XXV.

COMMUNE OF PARIS.

It is difficult to explain how that tremendous authority of Commune of Paris came to be formed, which was ſo often denounced and attacked by the Gironde; a flock of women, forming a private aſſociation, which they entitled Fraternal Society, paraded throughout the ſtreets with a banner at their head, inviting the people to go with them to the Abbey-priſon, and releaſe *their upright magiſtrate*. When Hebert was arreſted, the Commune became a power which erected itſelf on a ſudden. The Jacobins made a National Aſſembly of it, and it was in vain to bring any evidence of this act of treachery and treaſon, the Sicaires ſitting at the Hotel de Ville, having on their ſide the coryphees of the party, in oppoſition to the Gironde party, ſaid to the Pariſians, "Kill, my friends, kill, impriſon, for Collot d'Herbois is "reſolved to fire the alarm-guns, and veil the ſtatue of Li-"berty." We ſaw the Pariſians ſupporting this infernal aſſembly, this cavern of anarchiſts and robbers become the defenders of all ſuch as were unwilling to render an account of the riches which fell under their gripe on the ſecond of September, and it was neceſſary, in order to effect the total diſſolution of the national repreſentation, to annihilate the Gironde.

The

The ſpirit of Paris was at that time to render the Commune independent of every other kind of power, to make it the centre of dominion, and the ſovereign of the republic; this idea blinded the Pariſians. The maſs of the populace took the aſcendancy, and put itſelf in a ſtate of vigilance; Chaumette became their king; and this little man, who had been a *cabin boy*, and afterwards *a man of letters*, who wrote me three epiſtles to obtain the place of ſchoolmaſter, and was rejected as a hog of the monkiſh ſtye, now rivalled Robeſpierre, and would have overthrown him, but for a violent meaſure which he ventured to take, and which overſet himſelf. The Spaniard Guſman was his miniſter, and he owned to me in the priſon of the Force, and before witneſſes, that the inſurrection of the 31ſt of May, and the following days had been directed by the commune againſt the whole of the national repreſentation, and that it was their project to have ſwept away at the ſame time the chiefs of the Jacobins, Robeſpierre, Marat, and the Girondiſts. The commune had intended to uſurp all authority.

CHAP. XXVI.

SECTIONS.

History will be embarraſſed to deſcribe the inſolent imprecations of a crowd of energumenes, who, in the ſections, were loud in their cries for diſorder and extermination; they formed the counſel of the commune, in which every thing which extravagance or depravity could imagine moſt vile and moſt atrocious, was uttered every day againſt ſuch of the citizens of Paris as had any degree of affluence. They ſometimes threw chairs at each others' heads, but never came to a pitched battle. Theſe wretches, after a ſhort diſcuſſion, united their forces to make the commune triumph over the Convention; all their cabals tended to perpetuate their revolutionary atrocities. Petitions were preſented from theſe cabals, ſo abſurd, and at the ſame time ſo ſeditious, that Iſnard, Preſident of the Convention, wearied and haraſſed with the clamours of theſe Sections, declared

declared in the name of France, " that if ever any attempt " was made on the inviolability of the Convention, amidſt " the citizens of Paris, the traveller would come ſome day " to ſeek on the borders of the Seine, the place where the " city had once ſtood." The cry which the whole band of the conſpirators raiſed at this energetic expreſſion is not to be deſcribed; nothing was heard in Paris but theſe words: " The National Convention is going to deſtroy the capital." The Jacobins ſeemed to ſhare the fury of the ſectionaries. Hebert became an ſuper-excellent patriot, an upright magiſtrate, and Marat's crown of glory ſhone with redoubled luſtre. The Commiſſion of Twelve was diſſolved, and this diſſolution became the ſignal of complete anarchy. The Miniſter for home affairs, Garat, ranged himſelf on the ſide of theſe villains, affirmed that every thing was in a ſtate of tranquillity, and that no conſpiracy exiſted, while all their poignards were ſharpened! Hebert, one of the chiefs, had been ſet at liberty: this was a real triumph for this ſeditious aſſembly, and the certain preſage of the death or proſcription of their enemies. On his arrival, the populace covered him with crowns and civic palms, which he modeſtly placed on the buſts of Jean Jacques Rouſſeau and Brutus, which ſtood in this temple of impure demagogy. Thus, for having arreſted three or four turbulent conſpirators, the Commiſſion of Twelve was loaded with opprobrium, the greater part of its members were dragged to the ſcaffold, and others eſcaped death only by hiding themſelves in caverns and woods, or flying into foreign countries. The Revolution of the 31ſt of May was made to avenge a horde of aſſaſſins.

Amongſt the audacious commiſſaries of ſections, we conſtantly found three or four foreigners, and as many ſwindlers, always ready with motions to declare Paris in a ſtate of inſurrection againſt tyranny. Theſe commiſſaries, even till the 11th Vendemiaire, declared that the people were wearied with the ſlavery under which they were held, and that they were commiſſioned to manifeſt their ſovereign will.

Repreſent to yourſelves at theſe different epochas the citizens affrighted, when they heard the drum beat to arms, and the alarm-bell ringing, getting up, and running out to know what the tumult meant, learning nothing, marching in arms from different quarters, ſurrounding the Convention with thirty or forty thouſand men, ignorant for the moſt part why they were aſſembled together.

We

We have ſeen the whole city of Paris under arms, without knowing for what reaſon; men in municipal ſcarfs running through the ſuburbs, and inviting them to march in the name of the ſovereign people. A Henriot ordered the cannon to be dragged from all points, and towards all points, the cannons were dragged forwards, then backwards, then dragged out again the next day, after which the Mountain-party, bellowing and ſhouting, decreed that the Sections of Paris had deſerved well of the country.

The tranſactions of that day was a wretched kind of force, but proved a fruitleſs ſcene of moſt terrible calamities to the whole of France.

The inhabitants of a city ſo immenſe as Paris called to arms, furniſhed the commune with the means of invading every authority. After having made the attempt, it aſſumed, to the great aſtoniſhment of all, a formidable power: the Montagnards then became the adherents of the council of the commune, as they had become Jacobins. They entered the Convention only to betray and deſtroy it, and what was ſtill worſe, to defame it; for they had forced the Convention itſelf to make the eulogium of the day of the 31ſt of May, ſo that the departments, continually deceived, were perfectly ignorant of what was paſſing at Paris. The Commune of Paris was the authority which made and executed the laws.

I have ſeen the precincts of the Convention ſix times inveſted by the military force. I have ſeen the volunteers deſtined for Vendée, who were brought back expreſsly for this expedition, turn their arms againſt the repreſentatives of the people; and the citizens of Paris, who came to defend them, placed in the rear, abſolutely ignorant of what was paſſing in the interior of the hall or around it, and on the point of being maſſacred themſelves if they were not ready to commit a maſſacre.

From the night of the 10th of March, 1793, to the 13th of Vendemiaire, it was openly declared, that to reſtore perfect order, a certain number of deputies' heads muſt be cut off, and carried in triumph through the ſtreets. As a preliminary to theſe aſſaſſinations, the ſeditious threw out the moſt atrocious calumnies againſt the national repreſentation; the Fauxbourgs turned out armies, and what was moſt painful to the mind, was the utter ignorance which prevailed concerning the diſpoſitions and the ſentiments of theſe hordes ſuddenly armed, and ſilently menacing.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

DISTRICT OF THE CORDELIERS.

It was in the Diſtrict of the Cordeliers, that Danton, loaded with debt, and under ſentence of arreſt, ſowed, foſtered, and raiſed the abundant harveſt of revolutionary crimes. His worthy colleague, Marat, had two or three ſentences of arreſt againſt him iſſued by the Chatelet. The firſt act of demagogy, which opened the door to every other was that which Danton directed, by arming the whole diſtrict to defend the perſon of Marat. Without the prudence of La Fayette, who was willing to huſh the matter, civil war would have been declared. From that day, the anarchiſts gained the aſcendancy, and it was this Danton who was Miniſter of Juſtice! He had partiſans, who were attached to him becauſe he was, as they ſaid, leſs ſanguinary than Robeſpierre: this was his whole eulogium. Nature had formed him to be an haranguer of the mob, to thunder from a bench in a croſs road. He was endowed with the eloquence of a porter, and poſſeſſed the logic of a robber. This hackney attorney was deputy of Paris. The 31ſt of May he prowled radiant with joy around the Convention. I met him, and ſaid to him, "You are ruining the republic "and France." He called me ironically *the enragé*. I anſwered him, "I am ſufficiently acquainted with hiſtory to know that you are ignorant of what you are doing." I ſaid almoſt as much to the Miniſter Garat, who was become, from weakneſs or fear, the adherent of the diſorganizing party, whilſt he made war on the Gironde, where exiſted virtues, talents, eloquence, but not enough of that energy neceſſary to exert againſt daring men ever ready for the commiſſion of crimes.

When we reflect that the furious Jacobins, not thinking themſelves ſufficiently perfect, went to form themſelves at the diſtrict of the Cordeliers, that Chaumette, Hebert, Chabot, Bazire, Fabre d'Eglantine, became the valets of Danton, as Couthon and St. Juſt were thoſe of Robeſpierre, we know not whether moſt to wonder at, the inſolence of ſome, or the ſtupidity of others.

During

During that long reign of crime and folly, Paris was aſleep, and ſuffered itſelf to fall into the abyſs of the moſt diſguſting Jacobiniſm. The diſtrict of the Cordeliers gained the aſcendancy in ferocious ſtupidity. The Carriers, the Lebons, the Collot d'Herbois ſurpaſſed the demagogical Jacobins in ignorance and cruelty. Herault de Sechelles who was Preſident of the Convention on the day when it was beſieged by the commune and its ſatellites, ſeconded by heads revolutionarily exaggerated, was in intelligence with Henriot ſo far as to parade his colleagues around the garden of the Tuilleries, as if to preſent a fairer mark to the deſtroyers of the ſound part of the Convention; and when it was ſaved by one of thoſe miracles which have ſince been renewed, he led them back to the place of their ſittings, in conſecrating this cheriſhed legend of Montaigne, "the "force of reaſon and the force of the people are the ſame "thing." The diſtrict of the Cordeliers formed the decree of the conſtitution of 1793, that anarchical code ſo dear to all the accomplices of Danton. Thus all the Cordeliers, ſtill greater anarchiſts than the Jacobins, were averſe to ſee any term to the revolutionary commotion, but were deſirous of communicating it to the following as well as to the preſent generation.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE HAND OF BRONZE.

THIS hand extended like that of a Roman Emperor, and which figured in a public ſquare, the hand of the ſtatue of Louis the XVth. Where can it be found at preſent? O ſtrangeneſs of deſtiny, or rather decree of eternal juſtice! It is the priſoner La Tude, detained thirty-five years in ſtate priſons, who is now in poſſeſſion of this hand of bronze, the original of which had ſigned the order of his long captivity.

There is nothing more aſtoniſhing than the famous ladder which formed his eſcape from his priſons of the Baſtille. To make a ladder more than three hundred feet in length, to deſcend it from a height of more than two hundred

hundred feet acroſs walls of fifteen feet thick, to eſcape, be re-taken, and be again delivered by the miracle of the 14th of July! If every man has not his deſtiny, how explain the patience, the courage, the good fortune of Henry Maſſéres de la Tude? The foot of this ſame equeſtrian ſtatue is depoſited in the muſeum of French monuments—this is all that remains of three dynaſties!

The day that theſe ſtatues of kings were thrown down, I beheld the multitude in a ſingular kind of aſtoniſhment at finding that all theſe bronzes were not maſſive, and that the flanks of the horſe were ſcarcely thicker than a piece of three livres, as they had promiſed themſelves an almoſt infinite coinage of ſix liard-pieces, they felt ſome diſpleaſure at being diſappointed. "What," ſaid they, "was it ſo "hollow?"—Yes, every thing was hollow, both *power and ſtatue!*

CHAP. XXXIX.

FUNERAL OF MICHAEL LEPELLETIER.

He had conſcientiouſly voted the death of the king; and an ancient body-guard, who had been looking for the Duke of Orleans, with the intention of ſtabbing him, and making him ſerve as a companion to the great victim, not finding him, entered an eating-houſe, and hearing that there was a repreſentative preſent who had alſo voted the death of the king, he ſuffered for the Duke of Orleans. The body-guard drew out from beneath his cloak a large claſp knife, with which he opened his ſide, and after the blow made his eſcape. It may perhaps be known at ſome future day what prepared and determined this ſtrange aſſaſſination. The man, as he was expiring, was ſaid to have uttered certain words which in fact he never pronounced.

A funeral pomp was ordered in honour of Michael Lepelletier. This ceremony wore a character extremely remarkable. They placed the corpſe on the ruined baſe of the equeſtrian ſtatue of Louis XIVth in the Place Vendome. His funeral oration was there pronounced by a voice which

was

was heard on every roof. It was very cold weather. The body of Lepelletier, naked, livid, and bloody, diſcloſing the large wound which it had received, was borne on a kind of litter, and paraded ſlowly by a very long circuit, attended by the Convention as well as by the Jacobin Society. Theſe laſt had their banner, and by its ſide another of their own invention, which had for its flag the ſhirt, the waiſtcoat, and above all, the breeches of Lepelletier, ſtill dropping with blood. Every one might ſee the dead man, who, having been the judge of Louis the XVIth, preceded him to the tomb.

It was a ſpectacle fitted to produce ſtrong impreſſions, and what was hideous in the ceremony itſelf, diſappeared before the terrible images which it preſented to the imagination. The brother of the perſon aſſaſſinated led the march. Several Montagnards, identifying themſelves with him whom they were conducting to the Pantheon, exclaimed, "This will be our lot: this is what we ſhall gain "by founding a republic." They ſpoke of an unhappy orphan, who was heireſs to a fortune of four or five hundred thouſand livres a year. Funeral eulogiums were profuſely ſcattered over Michael Lepelletier. All the women had frightful dreams after this ceremony, and never was a dead man ſaluted with ſo many looks, or attended with ſo many reflections.

The daughter of Michael Lepelletier became the adopted child of the nation, and it is on her account that a law of the Roman republic forms part of the code of the French republic.

Under pretence of ſearching for the garde du corps, Paris, the Palais-Royal was ſurrounded ſome days after by ten thouſand men. No perſon there could go out without paſſing in review before the guard, and exhibiting a card of ſurety to an officer of the police. This perſecution of a kind hitherto unknown having ſucceeded pretty well, was repeated ſo often, that the Pariſians conſidered it afterwards only as a kind of amuſement.

At preſent, we regard as a fable all that has been ſaid with reſpect to the arreſt and the pretended death of the aſſaſſin of Lepelletier.

CHAP. XXX.

DOME OF THE PANTHEON.

At the name alone of the pyramids of Egypt, of the Temple of Minerva at Athens, of the Coliſeum of the Amphitheatre at Rome, of the ſquared houſe at Niſmes, of theſe magnificent and ruined aqueducts, of theſe ſuperb roads now broken up, attention is awakened, imagination tranſports us back to thoſe times in which they were conſtructed, and modern edifices ſink into nothing. Why are ancient monuments, whoſe broken columns are ſcattered up and down, more intereſting to the eye of imagination than when they ſubſiſted in all their freſhneſs? Why do the ruins which ſurround them ſeem to impreſs us with a more ſtriking character of majeſty? It is thus, without doubt, and I aſk pardon of architecture and the ſhade of Soufflot—it is in this manner that the dome of the Pantheon will, when crumbled into ruins, be far more picturesque than the Pantheon in its preſent ſtate. The amateurs will ſhudder at my aſſertion, and will cry out Vandaliſm. The philoſopher will underſtand and appreciate it.

But after all theſe pyramids, theſe antique temples, that St. Peter of Rome, that St. Paul of London—What were they but monuments of human weakneſs? What are the loftieſt domes, the moſt elevated vaults, to the eyes of the obſerver who has paſſed under the arched rocks of the Alps, who has contemplated with reſpectful aſtoniſhment thoſe rocks, now piled majeſtically on each other, now placed irregularly by the hand of nature? And what is the interior of thoſe edifices ſo vaunted, by the ſide of thoſe tremendous caverns which have been dug by rivers in the ſides of mountains, and whoſe entrance, in ſpite of my ardent curioſity, is interdicted me by a ſentiment of terror?

Poor little Pantheon by the ſide of Mount St. Gothard! Since I have heard of its ſtate of decay, I wiſhed to make it a viſit. I threw myſelf into the ſtair-caſe of the edifice acroſs the ladders, the duſt of plaiſter, hammers, long ſaws, and moving ſcaffolds, ſuſpended by whitened ropes.

The

The voice of the workmen echoed along the roofs; the leaſt ſound was reverberated, the leaſt motion which I heard around me, ſeemed to thunder the approaching fall of the edifice, and for once I figured myſelf buried in the Pantheon without trial or ſentence. The prediction of Patte would then have been fulfilled, and the Greek, Egyptian, and Roman, would laugh at the French architects. Reſuming immediately the attitude and courage of an obſerver, I mounted, deſcended, examined, and this enormous maſs reſting on ſlight ſupporters which menaced ruin, brought to my recollection the dome of St. Peter, and led me to ſmile at that hazardous daring art which erects cupolas with ſo much difficulty and expence, and ſo little ſecurity. I compared thoſe two monuments, of which one already ancient is ſtill ſolid, and the other, which is not yet finiſhed, is threatened with approaching ruin. In ſhort, when we contemplate the Pantheon at which men have laboured during half a century, and which, after having waſted the lives of ſuch multitudes, is ſtill imperfect, and without a poſſibility of lodging any—we ſee, methinks, a houſe of cards, which grown-up children are conſtructing, to be thrown down by the firſt blaſt, and which will perhaps be finer than ever on account of its fall. O weakneſs of man! He delights himſelf in magnificent and uſeleſs labours! he is the architect of ruins!

A tribe of phyſicians ſitting by the bedſide of a patient, aſſert, it is the kidney, the liver, the ſtomach, the lungs, which are affected; ſo the architects exclaim, The evil is here.—No; it is there—the legs are good, but the vertebræ are decayed. Every one protrudes his project as the infallible remedy, without which the deſtruction of the dome becomes general, the fall certain, and conſequently that of all the reſt of the monument.

In going out of the dome, I felt the ſame pleaſure as ſailors and warriors feel after ſtorms and battles, that of finding myſelf alive. And why did I go to inſpect the edifice? Why? Becauſe I was told there was danger. Singular caprice of the human imagination! The life of a ſailor is more tumultuous than ours, and is therefore agreeable to a ſeaman. An uniform life is an unhappy one. Toſſed up and down by revolutionary tempeſts for a long time under the axe of the executioner, my life was full and laborious; I felt more the value of my exiſtence.

After theſe ſcenes of agitation, having landed from the veſſel, which, borne on the ſtormy waves, threatened every day to make ſhipwreck againſt ſurrounding rocks, I am afraid of growing liſtleſs, if I do not go now and then in ſearch of dangers under the tottering dome of the Pantheon.

CHAP. XXXI.

THE KING OF MACOCO.

The Paris of Robeſpierre was no longer that of Louis the XIVth, Louis the XVth, or even of Louis the XVIth.

At the palace of the negro King of Macoco, they kill every day two hundred men for the mouth of the ſovereign. Amongſt us, a civilized people, men were killed only for an opinion.

The archbiſhop had fallen from the top of his cathedral, the noble from the top of his fortreſs, the king from the pinnacle of his throne, the academician from his two-armed chair. La Harpe, who was not much hurt, cried an hundred times louder than the reſt, but he made all this noiſe only after the fall of the decemviral tyranny. To hear his long and wailing lamentations, one would think that he alone had been in priſon.

A priſoner, of as much importance as himſelf, ſaid, "I "ſhall not complain; I will live; it is agreeable to me to "live, that I may leave my innocence time to unveil itſelf; "but I ſhould have had the courage to live, though branded "with diſgrace, becauſe my honour did not depend on the "vain caprice of tyrants, becauſe I ſhould have made my "misfortunes uſeful by ſtudying the hearts of the men "who had cauſed them, and that tranquil in virtue, I ſhould "have oppoſed my conſcience to the clamours of a deluded "multitude."

CHAP. XXXII.

THE INSURRECTION.

La Marquiſe—(Ringing.)

Tingle! Tingle!

Marton.

Madame calls!

La Marquiſe.

Allons, Marton! I am going to riſe.

Marton.

Yes, I am coming.

La Marquiſe.

What is the news, my dear?

Marton.

Madam, an inſurrection is announced for this morning.

La Marquiſe.

What a tale! they ſaid it was over.

Marton.

They talk of carnage, of deſtruction, and of rape, which is ſtill more.

La Marquiſe.

Still worſe, Marton, that is as you think; for in ſhort if we muſt—

Marton.

Alas! I hear every where that the wretches will maſſacre the women, and thoſe, they tell me, who ſhall be to their taſte, unfortunate objects of their infamous deſigns.

La Marquiſe—(Very briſkly.)

I ſhall die! make haſte and dreſs me then—ſince they inſult us, and kill us. Allons, Marton! my rouge.—O heavens! Yellow—out of ſpirits—I am frightful—they will kill me!

CHAP. XXXIII.

UNCLOISTERED NUNS.

A young and pretty nun coming out of her convent, by virtue of the decree of the National Aſſembly, and going into

into a hackney coach, ſaid to herſelf; "If we are not en-
"joined to unite ourſelves to other religious houſes, like the
"monks our brethren, at leaſt that is not forbidden us—
"Go on, coachman, to the Carmes of the Place-Mau-
"bert."

No re-entrance for profeſſed ſiſters who have gone out, and whom repentance or neceſſity might bring back to the ſheep-fold; ſuch is the ſupreme and irrevocable decree ſigned by the Sempiternelles, and underneath by the *ſeurs converſes*.

How many tears did this ſentence coſt the young mother St. Agatha, who unhappily had been more in a hurry to enjoy her liberty than her penſion! Without fortune, without friends, without any other relations than a very pious aunt, who had promiſed to receive her, and who had diſavowed her; what will become of her? What has happened to many others in ſimilar ſituations? No, ſhe has been ſaved, and there ſhe is who, in full poſſeſſion of her virtue and honour, paſſed from the convent into one of our corps-de-garde. Do not be alarmed, the only queſtion was about a diſtrict where ſhe could be courteouſly received, and in which, in ſpite of the anathema of her mild ſiſterhood, ſhe is reſpectfully lodged, fed, and clothed. It is pretended, even that our grenadiers forbore ſwearing in her preſence.

When the decree which was to uncloiſter the monks began to be talked about, ſix nuns of the Ave-Maria were condemned to eat their rice with an ear-picker, for having chatted a little freely on the poſſibility of the ſuppreſſion of the monaſtic orders.

CHAP. XXXIV.

DAYS OF THE 21th OF JUNE AND 10th OF AUGUST 1792.

When the artful La Fayette favoured the flight of Louis XVIth, and expoſed him on his return to Paris to the hiſſes of an indignant people, it was becauſe he had founded on that bold ſtroke the project of a republic. The events

events which followed this ſhameful flight confirm the aſſertion. From that period, indeed, the Orleans faction demanded with loud cries the dethronement of the king, and giving full wing to the licence of the preſs, the king of the French was ſpoken of under no other title than that of a ſtupid hog.

The people, deluded by the ſeditious writings and diſcourſes which were paid for by the leaders of this ſame faction, aſhamed of doing obedience to a degraded chief, plunged in the mire, conſidered him merely as a piece of mechaniſm uſeleſs in carrying on the government, eſpecially ſince there exiſted a National Aſſembly.

It was under theſe circumſtances that the firſt conſtitution made its appearance. The king, then a priſoner, and to whom it reſtored a part of his primitive authority, accepted it. But ſtill miſtruſting his ſtrength under this powerful buckler, he ſurrounded himſelf only with nobles who were conſpirators, and prieſts who were fanatics, who formed that obſtinate party of oppoſition, the end of which was to palſy the will of the nation, and ſuffer the new laws to expire on paper.

This inſolent reſiſtance, this continued contempt of the rights of a people enthuſiaſtic for liberty, France, ſurrounded on all ſides by foreign troops, the ſcene of poignards, with vipers' tongues at the chateau of the Tuilleries, the conſtitutional oaths abjured by the prieſts, the perfidious ſuggeſtions of the Biſhops to deter the king from receiving the paſcal communion from the hands of a conſtitutional prieſt, the indignation of his ſubjects, witneſſes of all theſe atrocities, ſuch were the principal cauſes which precipitated the tempeſt on his head, and on thoſe of his fallacious adviſers.

The chiefs of the turbulent party, amongſt whom were Marat and Freron, took advantage of theſe firſt crimes and infractions of the law, to encourage the conſpirators in their projects. By means of their periodical incendiary papers, they forged quarrels between the citizens and the new ſatellites of the king; a dexterous mode, by which they provoked the diſmiſſion of his guard, and gave him without defence to the inſults of the populace.

The Tuilleries from that time became the chief place of rendezvous of the murdering apprentices, where they went to ſtudy under the direction of the Duke of Orleans, the parts of his great tragedy.

On

On the other ſide, the crow of the cock, a royaliſt placard of the deputy André, made every head giddy. The multitude ſaw juſtice and reaſon in the maxims only of Drawcanſir Marat.

Hence took place quarrels about opinions, diviſions among old friends, diſcord hovered over Paris and the provinces, every day there were diſorders to repreſs, crimes to puniſh; every day the prieſt was inſulted at the altar; the tie of religion was broken, terror and miſtruſt inſenſibly gained poſſeſſion of every mind. The creation of paper-money increaſed the alarm, fortified the hope of the execrable authors of the treaty of famine, ſince executed, and prolonged with equal cunning and barbarity.

CHAP. XXXV.

DAY OF THE 21ſt OF JUNE 1792.

At length came the 21ſt of June 1792. The 20th of June 1791, the Pariſian was calm and magnanimous; how different from himſelf at this fourth epocha of the Revolution!

As terrible as on the day when they marched under the command of La Fayette to ſeek the king at Verſailles, they marched under the banners of the Fauxbourgs to the Chateau of the Tuilleries. The threatening diverſity of their arms marked the turn of each character, and its barbarous induſtry. One might have imagined, that there had been a king for each individual to poignard, to ſtab, to rip open, to cut in pieces.

In a moment, the parterre was inveſted and ſcaled, pieces of cannon were placed againſt the doors of the veſtibules. Thieves mounted on the parapets, glided in at the windows, and whatever retarded the impetuoſity of the aſſailants was broken into ſhivers. The collection of the edicts and decrees of the council, ſcattered about by ſacrilegious hands, were ſeen flying from the top of the northern pavilion, and falling on the terrace.

The

The principal conſpirators had got as far as the chambers of the king. At the ſight of the monarch, ſeated by the ſide of his wife and children, they ſtood ſtupified. Indeed, it muſt be acknowledged that Louis diſcovered great intrepidity on this occaſion, having only his heart, as his ſhield, againſt two hundred thouſand bayonets.

Their ſtupefaction ſoon changed itſelf into ironical inſolence. One of them coiffed Capet with the bonnet-rouge, and offered him a bottle of wine which belonged to the aſſailants. The king drank and ſhook hands with the Sans-culottes.

The popular battalions, in deſpair at this laughable denouément, and judging that the ſtroke had failed, diſbanded: they left the garden with the coal-heavers, who had no other arms than ſticks, and for a flag, a coal-ſack tied to the end of a pole. They made way for the regiment of Flanders, and the grenadiers of the Pariſian Guard, who ranged themſelves in line of battle on the whole length of the terrace.

Meanwhile, the king once more eſcaped the dagger, but trembling for his days, ſhut himſelf up in his chateau, and ordered the entrance into the Tuilleries to be cloſed every morning againſt the public.

CHAP. XXXVI.

PLAN OF THE NOBLES AND EMIGRANTS TO OVERTURN THE CONSTITUTION OF 1791.

During this captivity, the Ariſtocrats laboured with zeal in organizing in the South the coalition of the faithful ſubjects of Jalé's, in order to oppoſe a formidable front to the exertions of the Jacobins of Orleans Egalité, to annul the oath of the clergy, to maintain in its integrity the catholic worſhip, and exterminate without pity from the ſoil of the country the founders of liberty.

What ſeconded moſt effectually this bold project, was the plan propoſed ſeveral months before, and immediately put into execution, of engaging mercenary writers, opening correſpondence

correſpondence in the provinces; intelligent men were placed in the offices of the aſſembly for the ſecret communication of pieces, and ſpies at the clubs of the Jacobins, in the ſociety of the Cordeliers, in each ſection of the orators and of the *applauders* poſted near them, motion-mongers paraded the Tuilleries and the Palais-Royal, and viſited the coffee-houſes, the work-yards, the theatre, and the *guinguettes*. Two hundred thouſand livers were conſecrated to the payment of the wages of theſe different actors.

But it was preciſely this plan which accelerated the fall of the throne. The inſidious manœuvres of the Royaliſts were counteracted by the foreſight of the friends of liberty. If Capet had his writers, his obſervers, his ſpies, the patriots had alſo theirs, who poſſeſſed far more addreſs. With the aid of the faction they drew on the great maſs of the citizens, who wiſhed for nothing but tranquillity and the ſtrict obſervance of the laws.

CHAP. XXXVII.

FIRST SYMPTOMS OF THE DAY OF THE 10th OF AUGUST.

THE tempeſt rolled at a diſtance in hollow murmurs. The inhabitants of the Fauxbourgs made up a formidable corporation under the name of the ſans-culottes, which had been given them as a mark of deriſion by Lacueil, and which they afterwards preſerved as a title of glory, even the women became orators in the groupes which were continually renewed. The name of tyrant had taken place of that of king. The nobles were called Ariſtocrats, and the prieſts *Callotins*. The terrace of the Tuilleries was the only paſſage left for the public to go to the ſittings of the Aſſembly. The people, to prevent ſullying the feet of freemen with the duſt of the garden of an execrable deſpot, fixed themſelves with a three-coloured ribband the line of demarcation, which was ſcrupulouſly obſerved. The other part, which formed the royal walk, was called the Black Foreſt. Public indignation was at the higheſt pitch.

At

At length arrived the evening of that day which was to produce ſo many crimes, ſo many perfidies. The Marſeillais, from their entrance into Paris, had begun the courſe of their aſſaſſinations. Nothing equalled the audacity of their chiefs, and the patriots applauded themſelves in ſeeing them in the foremoſt ranks.

The 10th of Auguſt, after four in the morning, they aſſembled in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, to the number of two or three thouſand, in order to go and beſiege the chateau. This terrible catchword was immediately communicated to all the aſſembled Sections. The ſame evening a perſon ran along the terrace of the Tuilleries with a flag, on which were written theſe words. "Friends! to-morrow "the throne will be overturned, to-morrow we ſhall be free." The expectation of ſome ſiniſter event was viſible in every countenance. This expectation was ſoon confirmed. At eleven at night the alarm-bell rung, and the drum beat to arms. The attack was to begin at two in the morning. A number of individuals, who in the evening beſieged the furriers' ſhops to have grenadiers' caps, flocked to the chateau to augment the *elite* of the Royaliſts, ſome in uniform, ſome in coloured clothes, all were introduced by favour of a conſigne, ordering a free entrance to all bearers of a blue card with theſe words in black letters, *Entry to the apartments*. The Etat-major had particularly deſcribed one individual, who was to preſent himſelf and gain admittance to aſſaſſinate the king, but he never came.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE 10th OF AUGUST 1792.

THE king did not retire to reſt, and the number of his defenders ſo increaſed till near four in the morning, that it was ſcarcely poſſible for him to get to his cabinet. It was three when the people began to make their appearance. Detachments of battalions, preceded by their cannon, ſpread themſelves about in the courts of the garden and the chateau. At four, they conſiſted of upwards of ſix thouſand men.

Detachments

Detachments of the National Guard, and of the Swiſs, were poſted at the right and left of the ſtair-caſe which led from the chapel to the king's apartment. The danger then becoming more and more menacing, it was already propoſed, as a means of conciliation, to conduct the royal family to the Aſſembly. There was ſome queſtion of a petition tending to obtain the ſending back the Marſeillais and Bretons who were in the capital. At theſe propoſitions were heard cries of *Vive le Roi.*

Soon after Capet, ſurrounded by a crowd of general officers, courtiers, and grenadiers, deſcended, in order to review the different detachments, who, as he paſſed along, made the court reſound with the cries of *Vive la Nation!* while the royaliſts cryed, *Vive le Roi!* It was ſoon perceived, however, that the troops were diſcontented, for he had ſcarcely returned to the chateau, before a part of theſe very troops which he had paſſed in review, drew off; at ſix o'clock, there did not remain above two thouſand men.

Meanwhile the Pariſians, and the people from the Faux-bourgs, armed with pikes, crowded the ſtreets, traverſing the bridges in long columns, in ſpite of the cannon which barred them; and advancing with giant-ſteps towards the Tuilleries, the air reſounded with the cries of fury, mingled with the tinkling of the tocſin.

Before ſeven, they were with the Marſeillais in battle array on the Place of the Carrouſel before the chateau. In this interval, the Swiſs officers dealt out brandy themſelves to the ſoldiers of their reſpective corps. A general officer offered the liquor alſo to the volunteers of the National Guard. Soon after, a voice having given the command *by flanks to the right, by columns to the left*, a legion of courtiers ſuddenly diſplayed their poignards, ſabres, and piſtols, and marching through the midſt of the volunteers, went and ranged themſelves in order of battle in the king's cabinet. It was in this hoſtile ſituation that he was ſent for by the National Aſſembly. A part of this armed legion, and a detachment of the battalion of St. Thomas, who had nearly ſhared the fate of the Swiſs, protected his paſſage amidſt crowds of enraged people, whom the inſinuating power of ſpeech alone calmed for a moment.

At the ſight of the Swiſs, the people were indignant, and uttered vollies of execrations, it was at that moment that a private citizen throwing himſelf in the way of the king, and

and taking hold of his hand, ſaid to him, " It is not an aſſaſ-
" ſin who is ſpeaking to thee, it is an honeſt man, who will
" conduct thee to the National Aſſembly; but as for thy
" wife, ſhe ſhall not enter, ſhe is an ſ—g—, the cauſe of
" all the misfortunes of France." The king, with an im-
preſſive look, preſſed this man's hand, and at the ſame mo-
ment the Deputy Rœderer, who was by the ſide of Capet,
left him to aſcend the ſteps of the hall, and then proclaimed
the decree of the Aſſembly, which called into the place of
its ſittings the king and the royal family.

At the voice of Rœderer, the people were again huſhed,
and Louis and his wife entered the Aſſembly. Great God!
this calm was the interval of the terrible ſilence between the
lightning and the thunder, leaving after its fall the dreadful
marks of its fury!

A diſcharge of muſquetry was immediately heard, which
was anſwered by another. Torrents of ſmoke rolled in the
air, and darkened the day, the great ſtair-caſe was filled
with the dead and the dying.

It was in this fatal moment that the Swiſs, feigning a re-
conciliation, threw cartridges from the windows, and made
the air reſound with the cries of *Vive la Nation!* The Mar-
ſellais and the volunteers of the National Guard, perſuaded
that the Swiſs had ſurrendered to the wiſh of the people,
preſented themſelves in crowds to the great ſtair-caſe of the
apartments, and ſuddenly the traitors fired a volley on them
from the whole line. Three ſucceeding diſcharges filled the
ſteps of this fatal ſtair-caſe, where death ſeemed to wait his
victims bathed in ſtreams of blood.

The engagement now became general: eleven cannon-
ſhot, ſtill viſible, were fired at the front of the Tuilleries
oppoſite to the Carrouſel. A ball ſtruck the edge of the
king's window. The people, amidſt the tranſports of their
indignation, preſerved an admirable preſence of mind.
They fought and defended themſelves heroically: they ſeem-
ed deſirous of reducing the chateau to aſhes, and the tyrants
who were aſſaſſinating them.

The flames had already conſumed the houſe of the field-
officers of the Swiſs and thoſe around it. The aſſailants gain
poſſeſſion of the avenue of the chateau. The raſh Swiſs
turn pale at the ſight of an hundred thouſand pikes and bay-
onets, but ſtill reſiſt. What cries of pain, of rage, what
hideous ſhrieks from men falling under their arms, and
yelling

yelling out the frightful groans of death! Here heads fly through the windows, there whole bodies were hurled from the tops of the galleries. They tear in pieces and ſcatter through the air all the mattraſſes and camp-beds of the ſatellites of the king. The ſcattered wool falls in fleeces like a ſhower of ſnow.

But now this ſame people, forgetful of their magnanimity, are about to diſhonour their victory. Inebriated with blood and carnage, they intoxicated themſelves in the cellars. Their cruelty takes a ſavage aſpect. All their hideous vices are going to be diſplayed.

The Swiſs, every where routed, are purſued in all directions. In vain theſe poor wretches give up their arms, and aſk on their knees for life. The drunken conqueror is deaf to their prayers. They are mercileſsly maſſacred, pierced with pikes and bayonets. Their limbs ſcattered in different places, ſeem re-animated for new puniſhments. What do I ſay? My trembling pen fears to write it. Women, real furies, dared feaſt their eyes in ſeeing their dead bodies broiling in the flames of burning houſes, and looked with tearleſs cheeks on their ſmoaking entrails.

Robbers alſo mingled themſelves with the conquerors. Tormented by hunger, after having appeaſed their burning thirſt, they penetrated into the kitchens. O exceſs of barbarity! an unfortunate helper, who had not had time to make his eſcape, was thruſt by theſe tygers into a cauldron, and in this ſituation expoſed to the burning fire of the ſtove. Then throwing themſelves on the eatables, every man ſeized what came to his hands. One carries off a ſpit with fowls, another a turbot, a third, a carp from the Rhine, equal to himſelf in length.

Loaded with theſe ſpoils, the plunderers imprudently reappear in the court, and march off with the Marſeillais and the volunteers, each of whom carried as trophies the arms of the conquered Swiſs, and the bloody ſhreds of their uniforms.

The battle gained, the chateau becomes completely the prey of all the robbers who had flocked from the different departments. While the patriots, the men of true courage, who came to overturn the throne, and eſtabliſh the foundations of liberty on its ruins, were returning to their homes, ſinging the ſongs of victory, and attending religiouſly the bodies of their companions in arms, dead on the field of honour,

honour, monſters in human ſhape aſſembled in hundreds under the veſtibule of the ſouthern ſtair-caſe, and danced amidſt floods of blood and wine. An executioner played on the fiddle by the ſide of the corpſes; and robbers, with their pockets full of gold, hung up other robbers by the baniſters.

Thouſands of individuals, men as well as women, more menacing, more hideous one than the other, in their bloody rags, filled the apartments. The glaſſes ſhivered under the ſtrokes of the bayonets, by which they were demoliſhed. They enter the bed-chamber of the Queen. Shameleſs intoxication makes it the theatre of the moſt infamous obſcenities. The boudoir of the modern Meſſalina becomes likewiſe the rendezvous of the vileſt proſtitutes. Here lay wretches inebriated in the boſom of their miſtreſſes; there thieves, aſleep amidſt the heaped-up pillage.

The burning of the palace of Priam did not preſent ſo hideous a ſpectacle. The ſtair-caſes reſounded under the precipitated ſteps of pick-pockets and ſharpers, running up and down, croſſing, joſtling each other, running along the corridors, and gliding into every chamber. They had already broken open the treaſures of the King, of the Queen, of Madame Elizabeth, and the ladies of the court. Aſſignats, gold, ſilver, watches, jewels, diamonds, trinkets, all theſe objects of value formed part of the ſpoils.

Day-workmen paraded impudently the galleries with watches and chains of brilliants. Others, thieves by profeſſion, ſtripped off the lace from the clothes of the attendants at the chateau, took poſſeſſion of the wardrobe, pillaged the ſilks, the linen, the plate, the liqueurs, the bougies, the books from the library. In a word, every moveable which they could clandeſtinely carry off: they broke china vaſes of the greateſt value, in order to get the handles.

While they were perpetrating theſe acts of violence, the heroes in chief ſent oſtentatiouſly by their helpers the great ſilver candleſticks of the chapel, with plates of ſilver, and a purſe of an hundred louis, in order that no ſuſpicion might be entertained that any robberies had gone forwards.

On the whole, this day preſented the finiſhed picture of the deſtruction of the throne of the laſt King of the French; and if we may compare ſmall things with great, a young chimney-ſweeper, who ſtood on the top of the organ of the church, blowing in a pipe the *dies iræ*, might have been called the angel-trumpet of the judgment.

After

After a tempeſt, we go to look at the devaſtation it has made. When reflection takes place of the firſt impreſſions of terror, how do we ſigh over the aſpect of deſolated nature!

Figure to yourſelves the crowd of peaceable citizens whom curioſity had led to the Tuilleries, to aſſure themſelves if the chateau was yet ſtanding! wandering ſlowly along, ſtruck with melancholy ſtupor, the terrace ſtrewed with wrecks of the battle. They did not ſhed tears, they ſeemed petrified, annihilated, and drew back with horror at each ſtep, at the ſight of thoſe bloody corpſes, mutilated, flaſhed, embowelled, and in whoſe face indignation ſat ſtrongly delineated.

Others more ſtoical, obſerved the ſwarms of flies greedy of blood, whom the heat had drawn into theſe gaping wounds, and their eyes ſtarting from their orbs.

Meanwhile the populace, wearied with carnage, bending under the weight of their ſpoils, diſappeared with the ſun, and went to reſt. If the next day they had reſumed their reaſon, they ought alſo to have felt their puniſhment in the rendings of remorſe.

On this day, anarchy made the firſt eſſay of its hideous omnipotence, and preluded the maſſacres of September. The Legiſlative Aſſembly might have covered itſelf with immortal glory, and have deſerved the title of founder of republican liberty; but it diſplayed, on the contrary, at this period of ſo ſplendid a triumph, neither wiſdom, dignity, nor courage. It could reſtrain neither aſſaſſins, robbers, nor deſtroyers; powerleſs to imitate that Being, who in the tempeſt, ſtretching out majeſtically his hand, commanded the waves of the ſea to be ſtayed, they ſuffered every abuſe of the victory to be committed by wretches, who, in the phrenzy of intoxication, imagined themſelves to be the head, the heart, and the arm of all France.

CHAP. XXXIX.

GREGOIRE.

The National Convention replaced the Legiſlative Aſſembly the 21ſt of September 1792. Like the ſovereign it repreſented, its firſt ſteps were thoſe of a giant, and its firſt words

words claps of thunder. After having conſecrated the ſovereignty of the people, by a decree declaring, that no conſtitution ſhould take place till it was accepted by the people, and put the ſecurity of perſons and property under the ſafeguard of the nation, it was expedient to give the laſt blow to the hydra whoſe renovated head continually threatened liberty. The laſt of the French kings no longer exiſted, but royalty was ſtill alive. A Member aroſe, and ſaid, "There is one diſcuſſion which we ought not to defer an "inſtant without being faithleſs to the nation; it is the "ſolemn abolition of royalty." The diſcuſſion of the queſtion was called for. "What need we of diſcuſſion," exclaimed Gregoire, "when all are agreed. Kings are, in "the moral economy of the world, what monſters are in "the natural, and courts are the repoſitories of crimes, "and the dens of tyrants. The hiſtory of kings is the martyrology of nations; when we are penetrated with theſe "truths, what need have we of diſcuſſion?" *The queſtion!* exclaimed the whole Aſſembly, *The queſtion!* All the members roſe as if ſpontaneouſly. A ſolemn ſilence enſued, and on the propoſition of Gregoire, the National Aſſembly decreed, that *Royalty is aboliſhed in France.* At theſe words, the ſanctuary of the laws reſounded with *Vive la Nation! Vive la Liberté!* Amidſt theſe acclamations the republic was proclaimed. The ſeal of the ſtate was henceforth to be a faſces crowned with the cap of liberty, with theſe words for the exergue, *French Republic.* All acts were to be dated from *the Firſt Year of the French Republic.*

Scarcely had royalty been aboliſhed, when we ſaw a dictatorſhip erected on its ruins. Among the madmen who dared aſpire to this ſupreme rank, we muſt name, Whom? *Marat!* He appeared at the tribune, and taking a piſtol from his pocket, as formerly our Capuchins in the pulpit drew out a little *bon dieu* from their ſleeve, exclaimed in the ſtyle of an Italian Ponchinelle, "I fear nothing under "heaven!" (he, Marat! who had hid himſelf in a cellar to withdraw himſelf from the purſuit of La Fayette!) "I fear "nothing under heaven! but if a decree is paſſed againſt "me by the Aſſembly, I will blow out my brains before "you." Then putting up his inſtrument of death, which probably contained nothing but powder, he added, "But "no, I will remain in the midſt of you to brave your fury." Some one ſaid to him, on the breaking up of the ſitting,

" Take care, Marat, that you do not loſe, from too much
" day-light when you act your part of deputy, that ſort of
" ſucceſs which you owe perhaps only to the darkneſs of
" your cellar where you lay hidden on account of your
" journal. Marat! mountebanks are no longer in faſhion:
" Throw by your cups and balls!"

CHAP. XL.

BAILLY AND A FEW OTHER PORTRAITS.

FROM what ſtrange mixture of vanity and philoſophy, of wit and good-nature, of ſimplicity and knowledge, was the firſt aſtronomer of his age, and one of its moſt upright citizens, drawn into this whirlpool of a revolution which covered him with glory, and ſent him to the ſcaffold? His reputation, ſtill more than his talents, had ſucceſſively placed him in the electoral body, in the States General, in the preſident's chair, and at the head of the firſt commune of France; if King Bailly, as the court called him, in imitation of Louis the XVIth, had diſcovered ſo much energy in the ſitting at the Tennis Court, how came he ſo flexible as to be cited for the delicate turn of his compliments? What ſort of weakneſs led him to ſuffer a few miſerable intriguers to form around him a kind of court? Could this moſt humane of mankind have foreſeen that his mildneſs would accuſtom the people whom he flattered, to complain of his effeminacy, to aſk even himſelf ſome day for his own head, when the pomp of mayor ſhould have left the honeſt man at the diſcretion of his vile courtiers, when from his weakneſs he ſhould have ſuffered every thing to be diſorganized by the factious? Thus the probity and good-nature of too ſcientific a man, too philoſophical, and too feeling, perhaps, to occupy the firſt places amidſt the ſtorms of a revolution, were the firſt cauſes of ſo many atrocious crimes, the leaſt noticed of which has been his own ruin.

What a ſcene of agony was his death! and what courage, what greatneſs of ſoul in his laſt moments! Was he an ordinary man, who, when dragged from the tribunal to the Champ

Champ de Mars, his body covered with mud, and his face burnt with the ſhreds of the fatal red flag, looked with calmneſs on the change which was made before his eyes of the horrible theatre of his puniſhment, merely becauſe it pleaſed the mob to prolong it? Was he a puſillanimous man, who, with that calm which belongs only to dying virtue, anſwered mildly to one of thoſe monſters in human form, who ſaid to him ironically, "you tremble, Bailly,"—"Is it with cold?"—He died on that ſpot where formerly a decree had enjoined him to publiſh the martial law, by which the repreſentatives of the nation had ordered him to repreſs ſedition, and expired, covered with the execrations of the populace, after having been its moſt reſpected idol.

CAMILLE DESMOULINS.—What can we think of a man who entitled himſelf Attorney-General of the Lanthern, when all the lantherns were gallowſes, who permitted himſelf to make a jeſt of thoſe who were hung by the populace, who made his ſanguinary declamations in a ſtrain of pleaſantry, and ſported wittily amidſt the atrocities of Danton and Robeſpierre! He was going continually from one to the other, and pretended to ſerve them both; whilſt good men repulſed and deteſted them alike.

The Jacobins of that time made a legiſlator of this Attorney-General of the Lanthern, he was cowardly, and low, but not yet cool-bloodedly cruel enough to pleaſe Robeſpierre. He ſent him to the ſcaffold, becauſe he had only attempted with his pen to interrupt his reign of terror; and Danton, who had ſacrificed Briſſot to Robeſpierre, was the dupe of this impolitic blunder. No one had any faith in Dantonian clemency, the Septembriſer was entrapped and cruſhed like a fool. He muſt have carried to the ſcaffold the concentrated rage of his defeat, which was foretold him by ſeveral perſons. Manes of September! you ſtill call for more of your aſſaſſins. Wait, wait, all of them will be puniſhed. It was Paris who elected all theſe monſters of folly and cruelty, who murdered the Revolution by making it abhorred, and who did not know, at leaſt for their own ſafety, how to be cruel only for once.

PACHE.—He is a Swiſs, and was more fatal to France than an army of Auſtrians. He was in the ſecret of all the enemies of the country. Attacked by the Gironde, and defended by the Mountain, he placed himſelf at the head of a monſtrous aſſociation which had been formed of the

Principal authors of the maſſacres of September. Theſe men, without any kind of fortune, lived nevertheleſs in a ſort of luxury which was not the leſs diſguſting than prodigal. Who paid theſe ruffians? Pache. And where did they carry on their deliberations? In the hall of the Jacobins, during the abſence of the latter. They were to the Jacobins what the Capuchins were to the Jeſuits, emiſſaries, ſpies. From this horde iſſued the greater part of the cut throats who cauſed ſo many diſorders in Paris and its environs. It produced alſo ſome writers: but what ſort of writers? We ſaw the ſtreets of Paris covered with addreſſes and petitions exceeding each other in atrocity. Senſible men treated theſe placards with contempt, but the populace read them, and imagined they had obtained abſolution for all the blood they had ſhed. Theſe ſubaltern ruffians had the impudence to petition for the repeal of a decree which enjoined the proſcription of the Septembriſers. Several deputies boldly oppoſed it. The ſtruggle laſted upwards of two hours. On that day the Mountain ſeemed as if it would have rolled itſelf entire on thoſe generous deputies, who were defeated. The National Convention decreed, that the execution of its firſt decree againſt the Septembriſers ſhould be ſuſpended. From that day, the gate was opened to impunity, and all the protectors of aſſaſſins walked out with heads erect.

Joseph Leron.—A ſtrippling prieſt rehearſing his catechiſm was the image of this young Verres, who aſpired to the dignity of being named the Little Robeſpierre. This laſt, thinking him worthy of confidence, entruſted him with the care of deſolating the city of Arras, where they were both born. He was proconſul at an age in which a man is but a bad preceptor. Of all the commiſſaries of the Convention, he was the moſt ferocious and moſt anthropophagical wild beaſt; and this was in the courſe of things, for he was a prieſt, and was perſecuting his townſmen who had been witneſſes of his late abject ſituation. He had formed an etat major of aſſaſſins, with red caps and whiſkers. Every day after his dinner he aſſiſted at the puniſhment of his victims, and ſometimes ſuſpended the mortal blow in order to read to them the newſpaper. I had never ſeen him at the Convention, becauſe he had only taken his ſeat as ſupplementary three months after the 31ſt of May. I do not know why this monſter was ſent into the priſon where the ſeventy-three deputies were confined; on ſeeing him

him enter, I ſaid to him only theſe words: "What, ſo young and ſo cruel!" He was the ſeed of Robeſpierre, whoſe greateſt guilt was having infuſed his doctrine into this novice ſoul, and familiariſed him with new crimes.

CARRIER.—It was in thinking of the fraternity of Lycurgus, that he aſſociated in death individuals of different parties, and ordained theſe republican marriages, a term of ſanguinary deriſion. It will ſcarcely be believed, but he declared to whoever would liſten to him, "We will make "a cemetery of France, rather than not regenerate it "after our faſhion, and fail in the end we have propoſed." He was faithful to his word. He wiſhed France to be reduced to the fourth of its population, the ſovereignty of the remainder, and the diviſion of lands. He was in the ſecret of that horrible war of Vendee. This ſecret was to accompliſh the treaty made with the coalition, and to deliver up the wrecks of an exhauſted kingdom. Such crimes are not conceivable; but thoſe who could have ſtopt the war in Vendee, and who did not do it, thoſe who haraſſed and perſecuted the experienced generals who laboured in good earneſt to deſtroy it, thoſe who ſent an executioner to men who were to be regained by mildneſs, were the only depoſitaries of that terrible ſecret. The Loire is ſtill ſwelled with the tears and blood which Carrier made to flow. I ſhall only add of this monſter, that in aſcending the ſcaffold on the Place de Grève, he liſtened to the ſounds of a clarionet, which was piping for his death, and witneſſed the Pariſian joy as his head fell. As this wretch was rather a monſter than a man, the Pariſians will not be cenſured for this manifeſtation of joy.

ROBERT LINDET.—Amongſt the atrocities which the 10th March 1793 brings to our recollection, that ſuggeſted by a Deputy, called Robert Lindet, is beyond every thing which tyrants can have imagined moſt cunningly barbarous; this is what he propoſed:

"The Extraordinary Tribunal ſhall be compoſed of nine "members; they ſhall be ſubjected to no form as to the "trial, they ſhall get information in every manner poſſible. "The tribunal ſhall divide itſelf into two ſections, and "there ſhall be always in the hall deſtined for this Tribu- "nal a member commiſſioned to receive denunciations.

"The tribunal ſhall judge thoſe who ſhall be ſent before "it by a decree of the Convention. The tribunal may "purſue directly ſuch, who, through inciviſm, may have

"abandoned

" abandoned or neglected the exercise of their functions;
" those who by their conduct, or the manifestation of their
" opinions, shall have attempted to lead astray the people;
" such whose conduct or writings, such, in short, who
" from the places which they occupied under the old go-
" vernment, bring to mind the prerogatives usurped by
" despots."

Who would believe that the party which had declared itself republican, *par excellence*, the exclusive protector of the most extended, the most unbounded liberty, applauded with enthusiasm this infernal conception, and moved that it should immediately pass into a law. Philippeaux, who was crowned at his death with so many cypresses and laurels, declared himself its defender; Vergniaud attacked it with indignation, and repelled it with horror; Cambon opposed it; even Barrere treated it as a monstrosity which the most shameless despots would not have imagined in the darkest fits of their rage. After a great deal of discussion, Lindet's project was abandoned.

Dupert Dutertre.—Intelligent, amiable, and obliging; possessing only the milder passions, a modest tone, and affable demeanour with every one. His profession was that of the bar; and when the Revolution, in calling him to the functions of the Vice Mayoralty, to the organization of the commune of Paris, gave him an opportunity of displaying his talents, he was the first minister whom the king chose from among the class of the people. The opinion of the public, which had hitherto proscribed every other choice, applauded this; and during the very long course of his ministry, compared to that which took place before or after him, he was reproached neither for pride, nor abuse of authority. His functions, however, had been as perplexing as they were splendid; for the flight of the king to Varennes had made him the first person in the state; but his modesty was habitual; his elevation did not dazzle him, and he was fond of repairing sometimes to the simple apartment which he occupied before he took possession of the hotel of the keeper of the seals. It was a sort of asylum which he seemed afraid of not finding again when the day of his greatness should be past.

The events of the 10th of August, in which he had taken no part, enveloped him, as it did so many others, in the decree of accusation which sent him to the prisons of Orleans

leans to be judged by the High National Court. Having almoſt miraculouſly eſcaped the maſſacre of the priſoners of this city, whom the aſſaſſins of September went to murder during their tranſlation, Duport, thirteen months after, fell under the ſentence of Robeſpierre's tribunal. The unfortunate, illuſtrious, and ill-fated Barnave was comprehended with him in the ſame indictment. There was nothing common in their cauſe; they ſcarcely knew each other, and their principles probably were not more alike; but one victim at a time was not ſufficient for thoſe murderers, they coupled them by accident, in order to accuſtom the people to ſee their victims accumulated by hundreds, though they became acquainted with each other only by the means of the ſentence which had convicted them of being accomplices. It was in vain for Duport to prove his innocence; to produce evidences written by Marat himſelf, which rendered teſtimony of his patriotiſm, and his reſpect for the liberty of the preſs; his judges were ſo greedy of blood, that one of the jury, forgetting that the queſtions were individual, pronounced in a rage the formule; "*On my honour and conſcience the priſoners are convicted.*"

The declaration of the jury was unanimous, and when Duport heard his ſentence, he ſaid, "Revolutions aſſaſſi-" nate men, it is poſterity that judges them."

PETHION.—He had an open countenance, a fine form, an affable look, a mild ſort of eloquence, talent, and addreſs; but his manners were affected, and he had ſomething in his features which ſeemed to excite miſtruſt. From the firſt days of the conſtitution he figured in the Aſſembly, becauſe he ſpoke well, and was member of the Tiers. The inſeparable friend of Robeſpierre, their principles were then ſo accordant, and their intimacy ſo noted, that they were called *two fingers of the ſame hand*, and they continued to be called ſo till the end of 1792. It is true, that at this epocha they already deteſted each other cordially. Robeſpierre was no longer any thing, he did not even wiſh to be any thing, becauſe he reſerved himſelf for anarchy; for he was not made to ſhare in a career purely conſtitutional. Pethion, on the contrary, had quitted England, where he had gone with Madame de Sillery, to ſucceed Bailly in the functions of Mayor of Paris, and he acquired in this place ſo much popularity, eſpecially after his deſtitution on the events of the 20th June, that Robeſpierre could no longer extend to him his forgiveneſs for the

the idolatry with which he was worſhipped. He regarded him no longer but with envy; he was in his eyes only a rival, while he heard the people cry, *Vive Pethion! Pethion, ou la Mort!* an exclamation which was read on every hat, and inſcribed on every wall.

Pethion nevertheleſs was too much reſpected to be openly attacked; and he acted a conſiderable part on the 10th of Auguſt. He had ſeveral times viſited all the poſts of the Chateau during the night which preceded that celebrated day; and his cares were not loſt, ſince he enſured its ſucceſs. The life of Pethion was at that time ſo precious, that a decree enjoined him to expoſe it no longer; and for a long time we read on the gates of the Chateau this inſcription. "The Mayor of Paris would have been "aſſaſſinated, if a decree of the Legiſlative Body had not "ſaved his life."

He was Mayor of Paris during the butcheries of September, but the conſpirators had conſigned him to the mayoralty-houſe, ſo that he was pure with reſpect to their maſſacres. When Manuel made his propoſitions at the Convention to give the Preſident a guard of honour, and an apartment at the Tuilleries, Pethion had been named preſident. On the formation of the Aſſembly ſome people ſaid that he had the throne in view, and many others wiſhed him to aſcend it; but all at once he became the object of hatred; he was outlawed in conſequence of the 31ſt May, and no one knows what became of him. He periſhed, without doubt, in a miſerable manner, ſince he never re-appeared on the recall of thoſe who were proſcribed.

Lacroix.—From a ſimple country-attorney he became a colonel, and field-officer, in two or three months; poſſeſſed of immenſe property, and accomplice of Danton, he made a pretence of denouncing and accuſing Dumourier, with whom he was in league; and protected thoſe tribunes who were under the orders of the maſſacreer in chief, the Bacchantes, the cut-throats, as well as all the extravagant motion-makers in the ſections; whilſt his friend Fabre d'Eglantine, a poor poet before the 2d of September, who was acquainted with nothing but aſſignations for debt, inſtead of aſſignats, was now enabled to ſport an hotel, a carriage, ſervants, and miſtreſſes.

He was one of the great oppreſſors of the Convention, which was pure as to the very great majority. He impeded its

its motions, and ranged himſelf on the ſide of thoſe who vociferated, bawled, and talked continually of ſans-culotterie, paying court to a guilty municipality in a ſtate of open revolt. In ſhort, he was one of the moſt indefatigable promoters of anarchy, and always ready to ſhield the aſſaſſins under his Stentorian lungs. Even admitting that the adverſaries of theſe anarchiſts had been guilty of ſome errors, there is not a ſingle man of that party who has enriched himſelf ſince the Revolution. They ſhunned every committee, in whoſe hands power was placed.

Lacroix had been decorated with the croſs of St. Lewis, the 4th of Auguſt 1792, and that circumſtance could not open the eyes of the ſtupid Pariſians. It was impoſſible from that time to repreſs the vociferations of the tribunes, the menaces of the cut-throats, the crimes of the Jacobins, and the uſurpations of the Municipality. "A military "man ventured to ſay in my hearing, Do you wiſh to know "how to ſave the country? I will tell you. I have well "ſtudied the Convention; it is compoſed in part of ſcoun-"drels whom we muſt put out of the way, and to effect "this, we muſt fire the alarm-guns and ſhut the barriers."

Bentabole, who was preſident, pretended not to underſtand this provocation to murder, and complimented the aſſaſſin on his ſpeech. He was exclaimed againſt for his forbearance, and called a *Moderè*, and a *Feuillant*.

It is becauſe the departments could not ſee the obſtinate ſtruggles of the true republicans againſt this ſociety of Jacobins, entirely forſaken by every true patriot, by every well-informed man, by every deputy who had any claim to eſteem, or any modeſty, that they have formed ſuch falſe judgments reſpecting the Convention, and called it feeble. On the contrary it was ſtrong, courageous, and intrepid till the 31ſt of May. The ſeventy-three fought ſtill on the breach, palſied every murderous project and decree, ſtruck with a kind of terror the Municipality of Paris, held it at leaſt in reſpect, and it was only after their retreat, and arreſt, that the dyke was levelled, and that France was inundated by crimes. The people of Paris were puniſhed for not having known how to appreciate, or defend thoſe deputies, for having been cowardly ſpectators of this laſt attempt, which was the ſignal of every violence and every cruelty.

It is time to declare the whole truth: Robeſpierre and Marat were not the moſt guilty. Obſerve Collot d'Herbois at Nice, and at Orleans, Tallien at Tours, Billaud Varennes at the armies! The Pruſſian, Anacharſis Cloots, ſmoothed the road for Frederick William, and we, friends of the country, held exaggeration of words and ferocity of language in horror, becauſe they are always in the ratio of cowardice, but the Pariſians were prevented by their fears from ranging themſelves on our ſide; and when there exiſted a Condorcet, or a Briſſot, it was a Chaumette, or a Marat, whoſe ſtandards they followed! When we denounced the confederation of Pilnitz, we were the accomplices of the invaſion of the enemy; in ſhort, it was we who had delivered up Valenciennes to the Duke of York; Condé, Lequeſnay, and Landrecies to the Emperor; and when the King of Pruſſia, who had hired boxes at the opera, ſhould enter Paris, it was we who were to wait behind his majeſty at the repreſentation.

The Pariſians believed all this, and it formed the baſis of that accuſation, which ſent the incorruptible friends of liberty and of national glory to dungeons and the ſcaffold.

The enemy who threatened Paris with ruin, was delighted with this fatal error; they well knew who were the traitors. The Pariſians ever blind, have not yet learnt how to diſtinguiſh them from thoſe men who were honeſt and courageous, whilſt all Europe perfectly makes the diſtinction.

Dumourier.—There is great reaſon to believe he did not become a traitor, till he had met with a conſiderable defeat, and till the inſults of Marat had determined him to ſeparate himſelf from a Convention which kept ſuch a man in its body.

The return of the Commiſſioners of the Belgic army, had ſpread the greateſt and moſt general alarm. Nothing leſs was talked of but raiſing the whole nation in maſs. We were afraid of ſeeing a renewal of the maſſacres of the 2d of September, for there were louder and more vociferations againſt the rich and the moderés, than againſt the Pruſſians and the Auſtrians.

All the theatres were ſhut, and advantage was taken of the firſt moment of terror, to lay the foundations of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The organization of this famous tribunal made its appearance with the return of Lacroix and Danton. Briſſot combated this propoſition, as tending to the moſt monſtrous deſpotiſm, but he was not liſtened to.

Thus

Thus the defeat of Dumourier became the triumph of the Mountain party, who knew always how to take advantage of every event. The addreſs of this party particularly conſiſted in appearing leſs audacious when ſurrounded with danger; and their adverſaries, naturally humane and averſe to violence, were fated to pay dear for their indulgence, and ſecurity.

Dumourier loſt his ſenſes when he arreſted the four repreſentatives of the people. It was a crime ſo miſerably uſeleſs, that we can only attribute it to that ſort of madneſs which is excited by fury; Paris beſides cared little about this arreſt. Many, however, believed that Dumourier was a traitor both before and after he had given himſelf up to the coalition.

Abbe Maury.—I knew him well; a mere ſprig of divinity; he, however, entertained an idea of raiſing himſelf to the firſt rank of the eccleſiaſtical hierarchy, and talked to me of his future elevation when he had not enough to purchaſe himſelf a dinner. He told me, "I ſhall enter "the French academy long before you;" and at that time, he had not written even a bad ſermon. His firſt productions were ſpecimens of what is moſt wretched and obſcure in any language. But he was born with the ſpirit of an academician, a talent for preaching, and the impudence of an antichamber. He had great confidence in his oratory, becauſe he had exerciſed it with ſucceſs on ſeveral men of common underſtanding; and aſſumed ſometimes the ſupple, ſometimes the lofty, and ſometimes the unctious tone of a prieſt; he was always fond of acting the prieſt.

He has done the greateſt ſervices to the Revolution; for it was he who rendered the clergy obſtinate and reſtive, and who, by exhorting them not to bend, cauſed them to break. It is he alſo who put it into the head of all the nobles that ſyſtem of emigration, the moſt extravagant, moſt impolitic, and moſt cowardly which they could have choſen. This charming ſyſtem afterwards took poſſeſſion of the head of the monarch; and it was in conſequence of Abbé Maury's documents that he came to trick like a ſchoolboy, who wiſhed to cheat his uſher. He diſguiſed himſelf as a valet de chambre, and when he was in the carriage with all his family, they all laughed at the ſurpriſe, the aſtoniſhment, the ſuppoſed grief of the Pariſians, when they came to be informed, that inſtead of aſſiſting at the proceſſion of the holy

holy ſacrament, as they expected, the bird was flown, and gone in queſt of the boots of General Bender.

Tarquin driven from Rome was in a poſition leſs humiliating, but the new Tarquin muſt dine on the road; he was famiſhed on cutlets, and ate like a carman. In vain did the queen beſeech him to adjourn his appetite; he arrived too late for the rendezvous of Bouillé, and his regiment. Six men ſtopt the carriage, and he was the firſt to cry out, "Stop!" He went into the ſhop of M. Sauſſe, a tallow-chandler, who ſaw clear enough without ſnuffing. M. Sauſſé did his duty, upright as a candle. Whether or not the Blondinet, (this was the name given by the court to La Fayette), had in view the malicious ſatisfaction, the cruel pleaſure of the cat, who ſuffers the mouſe to eſcape only to catch it at a leap; it is nevertheleſs true, that the Abbé Maury had inſpired every governing head from that time with the project of eſcaping, that he is the inventor of the emigrating ſyſtem, and that it was adopted even by the king, who could ſo eaſily have ſeparated himſelf from a haughty and inſolent nobility, which had never ceaſed to inſult and deſpiſe him.

Of all the emigrants of much note, the Abbé Maury, and Choiſeul Gouffier, are the only men who have had underſtanding, or good fortune. The firſt has become a cardinal, and the ſecond has made himſelf under the name of Paul the Firſt, Emperor of all the Ruſſias.

There is one, however, who is wiſer and happier than either, having become a woman's ſhoemaker at Hamburgh.

LEGENDRE (of Paris).—At the time of Lewis the XVIth's trial, he took it into his head to ſay, "What a-ſtir of "forms and ceremonies; put him to death, let him be cut "into eighty-three morſels, and ſend one to each of the "eighty-three departments." He imagined he had reached the climax of Mountain eloquence, and his motion was received with loud burſts of laughter. I was by his ſide when he uttered theſe words; and I ſaid to myſelf, the obſervation of this man will be received with horror, and the folly of a ſingle individual, whoſe mouth we cannot ſtop, will be attributed to all the members of the Convention. By what kind of fatality do I find myſelf ſeated by the ſide of a Legendre, and of a Lawrence Lecointre! They prate about liberty, and they know not how to read!

Legendre was brutal, not becauſe he was a butcher, but becauſe he imagined that brutality entered into the com-

poſition

poſition of a republican, and that he was no republican, who did not roar like a bull, and make geſtures as if he was going to fell an ox. He could not ſpeak or geſticulate otherwiſe; and the violence of Legendre was ſuch, that he wanted ſeveral times to ſtrike Lanjuinais, and throw him headlong from the tribune.

After the return of the ſeventy-three, we demanded in a particular aſſembly, the recall of the twenty-two who were outlawed. I made the motion; Legendre oppoſed it, and ſaid, "I would ſooner die at this tribune." "Very well," I replied, "die then!"—He was ſilent, as well as his infernal ſet, and the twenty-two were recalled, that is to ſay, thoſe who were ſtill living; and all theſe virtuous men have by degrees cruſhed the monſter of anarchy. It was Legendre who denounced Condorcet, accuſing him of having ſought to raiſe the department of the Aiſne.

CAMBON.—The law propoſed by Buzot, which ſhould oblige every deputy to give an account of his fortune ſince the Legiſlative and Conſtituent Aſſemblies, and to juſtify the cauſes of its augmentation, have always been moſt ſtrongly oppoſed by the Mountain party; Cambon found it bad, he who affected at the tribune to flatter the multitude. Whoever touched this ſtring was an ally of the foreign courts. We could never put any law in execution that would force them to empty their pockets, though we never refuſed ourſelves to give an account of our fortune. Cambon exerciſed a ſort of dictature on the finances, and began to ſport with the emiſſion of aſſignats. He was deſirous of proſcribing ſtock-jobbing; and why did not Cambon ſhut up the exchange ſooner, as Claviere has never ceaſed to demand ſince 1791? This was going ſtraight to the root of the evil. It was Cambon who palſied, and perſecuted the genius and talents of Claviere, becauſe he was acquainted with his ſuperiority over thoſe miſerable plagiariſts who ſtrove to bewilder him with their narrow conceptions, by ſuggeſting to him ruinous or illuſory expedients. The diſaſter of our finances was entirely the work of the Mountain party; and if any amongſt them affected to denounce ſubaltern dilapidators at the tribune, it was only to reſerve to himſelf the right of favouring the dilapidator in chief. Why did Cambon remain ſo long himſelf at the head of the finances? becauſe he was the accomplice of thoſe anarchiſts who were alſo knaves, and with whom he afterwards formed a coalition.

MARAT.—

MARAT.—This wretch, born in the country of Neufchatel, in Switzerland, at firſt a beggar, then a quack, who united meanneſs of figure and of ſtyle to that of character and of underſtanding, and whoſe inſolence at the tribune was even ludicrous, will nevertheleſs claim more than one page in hiſtory from his inconceivable deification, and his death, which ſent a young heroine to the tomb. Hiſtory will cite this vile demagogue, who has diſhonoured the Pantheon, and all thoſe who lodged him there, and excited a blind multitude to pillage and to crime; yet this wretch would not have dared to become a preacher of atheiſm; there was, therefore, ſomething more abominable in the word than Marat, which was the ſpirit of Chaumette and of Hebert, that is, the *Jacobin-Cordelier Spirit.* The hypocrite Robeſpierre was conſcious that he ſhould have the general conſent of mankind in his favour in overturning theſe wretches; but in re-acknowledging the Supreme Being, the phyſiognomy of impiety was not leſs viſible. Why? Becauſe on that day he, in reality, put himſelf in the place of the Deity whoſe exiſtence he commanded us to acknowledge.

FOULON.—Foulon, who was hung in the Place de Grève, decapitated, and then dragged through the ſtreets, had lived in ſuch a manner, that one could ſcarcely pity his fate. I do not know whether he had any preſentiment of his deſtiny, but he had not only cauſed a report of his death to be ſpread, he even ordered the ceremony of his own interment at his eſtate of Houvein. The corpſe of a ſervant which paſſed for his own was carried thither, and buried with all the honours due to a ſeigneur. He left ſeveral millions, and an execrated memory. A porte-feuille of M. Berthier Sauvigny was found, and contained his condemnation. He had gone into his generality to put out of the way certain letters reſpecting the wheat tranſaction, ſo fatal and ſo badly explained. It was his own peaſants who arreſted him, and who, joined by the ſoldiery, formed that terrible eſcort which led him to the Hotel de Ville. La Fayette threw himſelf on his knees to obtain time to give him a trial, but in vain; the rage was ſuch, that they ſcarcely took time to hang him.

LA HARPE, *Bonnet-Rouge.*—The ſymbol of liberty, which was venerated at the beginning of the Revolution, has been profaned ſince I have ſeen it on the head of Dumourier.

In

In one of the aſſemblies of the republican Lyceum, La Harp, haranguing with warmth, ſaid, "It is aſſerted that "the bonnet-rouge conſolidates republican heads; I declare "that it almoſt melts mine," and he took it off.

The next day appeared the following advertiſement. "To "be ſold, a bonnet-rouge, lined with three-coloured taffe-"ta, with a rich ſilk tuft. Speak to the porter at Pane-"koukes, and aſk for the Little Lucan. You will find him "day and night at his office. He will take in exchange a "wig with three tails in the academical ſtyle. Beſides, if "the purchaſer of the bonnet-rouge would ſubſcribe for the "*Harpiana*, or collection of bon-mots, by the author of "Guſtavus, he ſhould have the bookſeller's allowance. "This work is printed, and would already have appeared, "but the eulogium which the author is to make in a few "journals of which he is compiler, is not yet inſerted."

The Abbe de Boislainette.—He was a curious man, chaplain of the Pariſian National Guard: he characterized the vow of eccleſiaſtical chaſtity as an inſane, ſacrilegious, anti-ſocial vow, &c. "But," exclaimed he eloquently, "what power can abſolve us from this vow? Rome. At "that holy court nothing is finiſhed. Buſineſs goes on ſo "ſlowly—ſo ſlowly!—and our marriage is a thing ſo preſ-"ſing—ſo preſſing!—and I, one of the chaplains of the "Pariſian army, am ſo preſſed—ſo preſſed to give it a good "ſoldier!—Sorbonne, take my cap, and pronounce—cen-"ſure, if thou wilt, excommunicate, anathematize, I do "not fear thy thunder. *Vel duo, vel nemo*, this is the only "theſis which I preſent to thee. It is found—it is ſublime. "If thou dareſt tear it, the king of nature will condemn "thee, and approve me. With his approbation I will paſs "by thine. How can religion, the religion of him who "curſed the barren fig-tree, make a crime, a pleaſure, which "angels bleſs around the nuptial bed, covering their faces "with their wings, for fear, without doubt, of envying "earth that happineſs which is not found in heaven. Is it "then ſo eaſy a thing to daſh out one's heart againſt the "ſteps of the ſanctuary? The Bernards, the Benedicts, the "Dominicks, tamed their bodies, but it was in frozen ponds, "iron hoops on thorns and nettles; and their ſkin, with-"out doubt, from the diſcipline, became hard as a negro's "hide. They all declared, that it was a more difficult thing "to preſerve their virginity than to raiſe the dead. St.

"Bridget

" Bridget aſſures us, that in her lifetime ſhe ſaw ſeveral ec-
" cleſiaſtics in hell who had turned to the prejudice of the
" ſpecies the attraction given to multiply it." Theſe words are a commentary on thoſe of St. Baſil. I have never known what a woman is, and yet I am not a virgin. The Prieur of the Chartreux permitted the novice Sequier to ring the bell every time he felt irregular deſires, in order that his brethren might meet to pray for him. The community was wearied with praying, and the child of *Bruno* felt that there would be leſs evil in becoming Chancellor of France. " If the clergy, ſtill haughty and hypocritical, for ever jea-
" lous of the uſeleſs reputation of ſaints," ſays M. Manuel, from whom I borrow this article, " pretended that thoſe
" who held a god in their hands, and ſee queens at their
" feet, ought not to deſcend as low as the wants of the
" vulgar, I will unveil the libertine works of thoſe celeſtial
" miſſionaries, who conſign to hell the paſſions of tender
" and feeling hearts. I hold in my hand the letter of the
" *inſpector*, the procés verbal of the *commiſſary*, the confeſſi-
" on ſigned by the delinquent, and the receipt of his ſupe-
" rior, to whom he was carried back, without doubt, when
" he had not wherewith to purchaſe his pardon, &c. &c."
The author, whom I have juſt cited, afterwards gives the numerous curious and authentic liſt of all the *tonſured* taken in the fact by the police in places where canonically they ought not to be found.

Despremenil.—When the court held a parliament-priſoner in the ſanctuary of juſtice, and broke down the door of that tribunal whoſe moderation would have ſpared it the blow by which it was overturned (for it was by this blow that the throne was really ſtruck), this councellor at the Parliament of Paris acted a conſiderable part. It was he, perhaps, who determined the firſt ſhock of the Revolution. He had devoted himſelf under the deſpotiſm of the court with a courage worthy a true Roman; but he was noble, deputy of the nobility; and, after having raiſed all the parliaments againſt the royal authority, he became its humble valet.

This change was not rare among ſo many men ſeemingly born to be republicans. Mirabeau was retrograding when he was ſtopt by poiſon. It might have been ſaid, that he remembered the committee of the thirty tyrants of Athens, which weighed more heavily on the republic than a ſingle Piſiſtratus.

The

The converſion of Deſpremenil is attributed to Madame de Polignac, who, at a dinner of ceremony, ſaid aloud, "Put the *ſceaux* before M. de Deſpremenil." She ſpoke of the water-glaſſes, but it was reported that he beheld in this pun the meſſage of his nomination to be Miniſter of Juſtice. He was a ſlight man, when he was not embroidered by the magiſtrature; and the tribune, which had deſtroyed ſo many men who had been reputed eloquent, diſcovered but a barriſter inſtead of an orator. He met with a few cuffs on the day called the day of poignards; and on his return from Coblentz, having been met on the terrace of Feuillants, he had nearly become the victim of the people. Pethion came to his aſſiſtance: Pethion was then in all his glory. Deſpremenil, all over bloody, ſaid to the Mayor of Paris, whom he did not love, "*And I alſo, Sir, have been carried about in triumph by the people.*"

PITT and COBOURG.—Theſe two names have been repeated to ſatiety. It is not leſs true, however, that Pitt has been the moſt determined ſubſidizer that has ever been ſeen in the annals of the world—he will loſe his guineas. Pitt in his way has acted a part as obſtinate and as ignorant as Robeſpierre. His hatred had only one direction, as it was neither ingenious nor inventive, it blinded him, and all the evil it has done us will fall on his own country.

As for Saxe Cobourg, prince, and German general, who commanded the Auſtrian troops four years ago, after having been beaten ſeveral times by our republicans, this great maſter of the art has ſpeedily placed his talents, his reputation, and his glory, under ſhelter, owning that he underſtood nothing of the tactic of our military ſcholars.

MONSIEUR.—Things wear out from frequent uſe, *words* wear out when we uſe them no longer. That of *Monſieur* is an inſtance. The word *citizen* has almoſt generally taken its place, but not without conſiderable difficulty.

In a primary aſſembly, on a nominal appeal, the preſident called each member, who was a little rich, Monſieur, and the reſt by their ſurname only. He called over in this manner the name of a young vine-dreſſer. "I was waiting "you," he exclaimed. "Why do you make diſtinctions "among the citizens? Why do you not call me *Monſieur*, "as you have juſt called my neighbour? Have you forgot- "ten the new politeneſs of equality? Don't you remember "that every one of us here is *Monſieur*, or that nobody is?"

In all the offices whatever of adminiſtration, in all tribunals, the word *Monſieur* is proſcribed.

Loiserolles.—Hiſtory will unfold the general views of the decemvirate in the invention of that ſyſtem, and its principal combination with the war of Vendee, as well as the infernal project of its application to every part of the republic; ſuch a poiſon could have been infuſed only by the hoſtile cabinets.

How was it poſſible to find ſo many jailors, ſo many obſequious executioners, ſo many applauders who followed the funeral carts, who counted the number of the victims, calculating with horrid inſenſibility if the number increaſed or diminiſhed. The theatre of the guillotine never wanted a circle of ſpectators. They talked of fixing a ſtone trough under the ſcaffold, and making pipes to carry off the blood; the architect had already traced the plan of this conſtruction, and now let us calumniate the arts! Amidſt ſo many victims, there is one name which can never be forgotten, becauſe it records all the heroiſm of paternal affection.

The unfortunate Loiſerolles received at the Conciergerie an act of accuſation which was intended for his ſon. He ſaid not a word, but obeyed the intimation of the clerk, who ordered him to go to the office. He hies away, concealing his joy that in ſacrificing his own life he ſhould preſerve that of his ſon. The miſtake was not diſcovered, becauſe he had done every thing to render it complete. He trembled leſt his ſon, who was ignorant of this act of devotedneſs, ſhould come and claim his place. The venerable old man, tied to the plank, exclaimed, "I have *ſucceeded*," and he received, no doubt, without regret the ſtroke of death. But, as if heaven had waited for this laſt and generous victim to manifeſt all its wrath, avenging juſtice at length diſplayed itſelf; that very day it thundered on guilt; that very day the tyrants were hurled headlong, and all theſe decemvirs, drunk with blood, mounted the ſcaffold the next day.

Never was there impreſſed on any criminal a more terrible ſeal of reprobation than that which marked the agony of Robeſpierre. Half killed by his brother's hand or his own (for the verſion is ſtill doubtful), his face wrapped up with bloody rags, purſued by the imprecations and cries of joy of the people, reading on every brow the pleaſure of vengeance, and the fall of his hideous ſyſtem, aſcending the ſcaffold as I had foretold him in the days of his omnipotence; inſulted by the executioner, who tore off with indignation the dreſ-

ſings

ſings of his wounds; if he did not at that moment believe in the retribution of divine juſtice, he was only an automaton, who had iſſued from hell to puniſh mankind. But no—I think he muſt have been aſtoniſhed, and even complained that he did not ſee all his accomplices around him, many of them ſtill alive—but let us wait, and ſee what will be their end.

It has been ſaid, and repeated, that Robeſpierre wiſhed to ſave the ſeventy-three repreſentatives of the people, detained for their firm and generous proteſt againſt the 31ſt of May; this is not true. Robeſpierre retained us as hoſtages to keep the *Coté Droit* under, and we were to have been murdered the night preceding the 9th Thermidor. We ſaw all the apparatus of our death, arms, flambeaux, every thing was ready; the holes were dug, and the ſignal was expected. O holy Providence whom I adore! thou deigneſt to favour me on that night with the ſofteſt ſleep and celeſtial dreams! It entered into thy deſigns that the ſeventy-three ſhould not periſh! they were innocent, and they would have ſaved France from the terrible evils it ſuffered. No, I have never feared death. I had a ſecret feeling that the Author of all good and of all juſtice would make us triumph. In theſe times of oppreſſion and calamity, my pillow was always ſoft. Can you, Robert Lindet, ſay as much? And thou, ſavage Amar, I remember thy crocodile tears, when thou cameſt to viſit us at the Madelonettes, after having aſſaſſinated the twenty-two. And how cameſt thou to believe in the duration of thy power? Thou knoweſt neither thyſelf nor mankind! Thou wert ſavage, and feeleſt no remorſe! Thou mighteſt as well live as periſh under a guilty avenging hand. We pardon thee from contempt.

Louvet.—He had a hard and brutal father, with an ordinary mind, who could neither ſee nor feel the merit of his ſon. From hence probably that hatred of tyrants was excited in his mind, and which was extinguiſhed only with his life. He attacked the throne, he denounced Robeſpierre, he called for the act of accuſation of Capet's brothers; he became an obſtinate and indignant oppoſer of the nobility, that uſurping caſt, the continual obſtacle to every diſplay of greatneſs and energy in the nation. He was republican to his lateſt breath, while every kind of inſult was laviſhed on him. There are certain moments when the virtuous man,

eager to repel inſolence and injuſtice, is tempted to treat with lightneſs the eſteem of mankind; but Louvet, although above the clamours of calumny, anſwered them. He was fighting continually and always ſtanding in the breach.

The univerſal blindneſs of the capital with reſpect to Robeſpierre, emboldened the conſpirators, the partizans of virtue were abandoned, but our republicaniſm will remain without ſpot or blemiſh. I ſhared in all Louvet's opinions; as a reward of his virtues and talents, why did he not live to ſee the 18th of Fructidor!

CHAP. XLI.

ANECDOTES.

M. DUHAMEL, a merchant of Paris, wiſhing to continue his journey from Rome to Naples, went to our ambaſſador to have a paſſport. The ambaſſador aſked him, if he had ſeen the revolt at Paris. "*What revolt?*" replied the citizen. "What revolt! the revolt of Paris, that of July." "*I do not underſtand you.*" The ſecretary of the embaſſy took up the converſation. "*Monſeigneur aſks if you have "ſeen the Revolution?*" "Oh, yes! I have ſeen the French "Revolution."—"What difference, Sir," replied the ambaſſador, "do you find between a revolt and a revolution?"—"This difference," retorted the citizen; "*Slaves revolt "againſt their maſter; a free people who reſume their rights "make a revolution. You ſee now why I could not comprehend "you.*" Thoſe who have been preſent at the ſittings of the French Senate know how noiſy they ſometimes were. The decree which ordered the ſale of eccleſiaſtical eſtates, excited, as might have been ſuppoſed, very loud cries among the tonſures. Every member of the clergy aroſe, changed place every moment, in order to increaſe the noiſe which his brother in ariſtocracy made. A lady, out of patience with all this brawling, cried out—"Gentlemen, they meant to "ſhave you, but if you make ſo much ſtir, you will be "cut."

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

RED-BOOK.

WHO is there at preſent unacquainted with the Red-Book? This book has gained over a crowd of honeſt men to the cauſe of patriotiſm. It has ſtrengthened the weak, convinced the unbelieving, enlightened the blind, inſpired the upright with more courage, filled every civic mind with generous energy and ſacred indignation; and, in this point of view, it is the moſt eloquent and uſeful pamphlet that has ever appeared. Eternal thanks to the courageous members of the Committee of Penſions, who, after numerous efforts, tore it at length from the hands of miniſters, whoſe crimes it laid open to the day.

The 1ſt of December 1789, M. le Camus denounced to the National Aſſembly the exiſtence of the Red-Book. It was a thick, elegant regiſter, bound in Turkey leather, with gilt edges, and which contained a liſt of the penſions, of which ſome were as follows:

On the firſt leaf was a German Prince, who had four penſions: the firſt for his ſervices as colonel, the ſecond for his ſervices as colonel, the third for his ſervices as colonel, the fourth for his ſervices as colonel. Total of the penſions of this German Prince, forty thouſand, forty-eight livres.

M. Claverie de Bamire, four penſions. The firſt and the ſecond, becauſe he was at the ſame time ſecretary interpreter of two foreign regiments, who wanted no interpreter, and who were in garriſon, one in the Eaſt, and the other in the Weſt; the third, becauſe he was clerk in the War-office; the fourth, becauſe he was clerk in the War-office. Total, twenty-three thouſand four hundred ſixty-nine livres, of which four thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty were revertible to his wife and children, &c. under the fine title of *reſerve*.

M. de Gallois de la Tour, firſt Preſident and Intendant in Provence, in honour of whom M. Barentin cauſed two medals to be engraved in the newſpapers, twenty two thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty livres, in three penſions; the firſt, as firſt preſident and intendant; the ſecond, as intendant

tendant and firſt preſident; the third, *for the ſame conſiderations as thoſe above-mentioned.* I copy faithfully the text.

Madame Iſam, twenty-four thouſand nine hundred and eighty-livres, *to favour her marriage, and in conſideration of her ſervices.*

M. Claude François Moreau, whoſe valiant pen was employed for half a century in giving leſſons of ſlavery to the nations of the earth, had only a penſion of twenty-one thouſand livres. It is but little; there are trades which one cannot pay too much.

Every one knows that in France the quality of Grand-Maſter of the Barbers' Company procured M. d'Amdouillé, firſt ſurgeon to the king, ſixty two thouſand livres, to be taken on the produce of the ſtrokes of razors given every year on all the chins in the kingdom. Will it after this be believed, that M. d'Amdouillé had need of a penſion of nine thouſand nine hundred livres on the royal treaſury?

It has been ſaid in the National Aſſembly, that there were dead perſons who regularly received the penſions which they obtained during their lives. I like better the penſions conferred on individuals who never exiſted, and who perhaps never will exiſt; ſuch as, four thouſand livres to the perſon who ſhall marry Madame de Baſchi, miſtreſs of Monſieur.

With reſpect to Mademoiſelle Hue de Miromenil, penſioned in conſideration of her marriage, ſhe is really alive, ſo her penſion is eight thouſand livres.

M. Blanchet, four thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty-ſeven livres, in conſideration of paſt ſervices, and four thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty-ſeven livres in conſideration of his future ſervices. Total, nine thouſand four hundred and fifty-four livres. Madame la Marquiſe de *Havacourt de Mailly*, fourteen thouſand ſix hundred and fifty-one livres, in three penſions; the firſt, *by continuation;* the ſecond, *without motive;* the third, for *ſalaries retained.* *M. Hamelin*, twenty-one thouſand livres, in conſideration of the modicity of his charge of receiver-general of the finances. *Of the modicity!* Readers, never forget the article of M. Hamelin, a time will come when we ſhall talk, by our fire-ſide, of the wonders of which we were witneſſes, as old nurſes relate the voyages of Sinbad the Sailor, and the ſtory of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood—*hoc meminiſſe juvabit.*

This modicity of Hamelin brings to my mind an old officer named M. Segrave, who loſt an arm fifty-four years

ſince

ſince at the ſiege of Fribourg, and who never was able to obtain the four ſols a-day which the ordnance grants to every mutilated officer. *O M. Hamelin!* how many four ſols a-day on your general receipt of finances, and you are not ſatisfied, *M. Hamelin!* You really want a penſion of twenty-one thouſand livres! I make a motion that the four ſols demanded by M. Segrave be given to M. Hamelin, that a thouſand crowns of M. Hamelin's penſion be given to M. Segrave, and that the remaining eighteen thouſand livres be reſtored to the nation.

In general, it was obſerved that the Red-Book was a record of penſions to a great number of women, *comme il faut*; to clerks and ſecretaries, *comme il n'en faudroit pas*; and to a few military men, *comme il en faudroit beaucoup*. In the liſt of the women, we find a lady near Avranches, who had twelve hundred livres penſion for having received a colonel ſeveral times at her table. It was well aſcertained that it was at her table.

After having ſpoken of the Red-Book, in one of the ſittings of the National Aſſembly, M. le Camus denounced another book, entitled, "Book of Salaries." This was the younger brother of the Red-Book, and contains, like the eldeſt, a liſt of turpitudes and crimes of courtiers and miniſters. A member of the *Coté Noir* having aſked, by way of deriſion, what the book was covered with? "With the "blood of the people," anſwered Barnave, vehemently.

CHAP. XLIII.

IS THE GUILLOTINE A MILD PUNISHMENT?

THE National Aſſembly of France, influenced, without doubt, by principles of humanity, conſulted ſeveral perſons in 1791, to know if in a caſe where the law pronounced the ſentence of death againſt a criminal, it would be poſſible to find the means of rendering the ſufferer in ſome ſort inſenſible to pain. The inſtrument known under the name of the guillotine was propoſed; the academy of ſurgery was conſulted;

ſulted; many experiments were made on corpſes, to verify if the diviſion of the neck was inſtantaneous, and it was unanimouſly agreed, that this inſtrument, by which the head was ſeparated from the trunk in an indiviſible moment, extinguiſhed life in the ſhorteſt time poſſible. Of the truth of this aſſertion no doubt was entertained. No one imagined that after the *detruncation*, there could exiſt the leaſt pain, the ſlighteſt degree of ſenſibility, either in the head or the trunk, when thoſe parts were ſeparated from each other. Never amongſt any people has it been conjectured, that life, and conſequently ſenſibility, could ſurvive, even for a few moments, this mutilation. Nevertheleſs, the contrary opinion ſeems to have gained credit for ſome time paſt. Some fears began to be entertained that we have been deceived in this point, and that we pronounced with too much precipitation in 1791. Some perſons ſeriouſly enquire if it be true, that he who has juſt been beheaded by the action of the machine in queſtion, ſuffers no longer when the head is ſeparated from the trunk. Others think they diſcover in the convulſive motion of the muſcles of the face immediately after the execution, the ſigns of exquiſite pain, and an evidence of ſenſibility not yet extinguiſhed. They even go ſo far as to dwell upon the griefs and regrets of thoſe whoſe friends or relations have periſhed by this puniſhment, in reflecting that a head, ſeparated from the body, has the conſciouſneſs of pain; that life remains as long as there is heat. They are afraid leſt the idea of pain ſhould be in this head, as it is in the ſtump of a man who has undergone the amputation of a limb, and who ſuffers from this member, though it be no more.

All theſe reaſonings fall of themſelves if the perſon executed dies inſtantly. It is therefore only a ſimple queſtion of anatomy. Now it is well known, that there exiſts in man two organs ſo neceſſary, ſo eſſential to life, that it ceaſes as ſoon as the action of either is diſcontinued. One of theſe organs is the brain, the other the heart. It is on this account that they are called vital organs; human life cannot ſubſiſt without their action. Thus a wound in the heart is neceſſarily mortal; and a hurt in the brain, great enough to hinder this organ from acting, is alſo neceſſarily mortal. In both caſes, quickneſs of death is in the ratio of the quickneſs with which the heart or brain ceaſe to act.

This

This is a truth affirmed in every book of art, and there does not exiſt a ſingle treatiſe of regular phyſick, in which it is not very particularly aſſerted, that every hurt capable of making the action either of the heart or the brain ceaſe, is neceſſarily mortal; that is to ſay, that life, and all ſenſibility ceaſe at the moment when the heart ceaſes its functions, and reciprocally, that life ceaſes, and ſentiment is extinguiſhed, the moment the brain diſcontinues to act. It is thus that we ſee thoſe die inſtantly who are attacked with a ſtrong fit of apoplexy, a diſeaſe which, when carried to a high degree, leaves the brain without motion. In the ſame manner we die ſuddenly, though the brain be not affected, when, from any cauſe, a rupture or wound be made in the heart, which ſuddenly ſtops its motion. Now it is demonſtrated to whoever will in the leaſt degree reflect, that not only the heart, but alſo the brain, diſcontinues acting, as ſoon as the head of a man is ſeparated from the reſt of his body. In this caſe, death itſelf is inſtantaneous. Death would not be long, and the pain would not be prolonged, but in as much as the ceſſation of either of theſe vital functions ſhould operate ſlowly, which is impoſſible, ſince at the very inſtant in which the *detruncation* is compleat, the dreadful hemorrage of the veſſels, both of the head and the trunk, puts an end both to the action of the heart and the brain. If any one is curious to know if the patient really ſuffers, and for what time, it may be anſwered, that his pain is the ratio of the time that the keen inſtrument takes to operate the detruncation.

We may conjecture that if it be done in a ſecond, the patient only ſuffers a ſecond; but we ſhould deceive ourſelves ſtill in adopting this calculation, probable as it may ſeem, ſince bodily pain always ſuppoſes, in order to be felt diſtinctly by him who undergoes it, a reflection, a thought, a ſentiment, in a word, an intellectual function. Now how can this function of the mind take place, when the organ by which it acts exiſts no longer? It is clear, therefore, that the action, both of the heart and brain, ceaſe inſtantaneouſly, and there can neither be pain nor ſenſibility in a body deprived of life.

One of the moſt learned phyſicians of the laſt age, has anſwered before-hand every enquirer on this ſubject. Wippen, in his treatiſe on the Apoplexy, expreſſes himſelf thus: "The puniſhment of decollation clearly proves what indiſ-

"penſable

"penſable need the brain, during the whole courſe of life, "has of the continual action of the heart. For as ſoon "the head is ſeparated from the body, all ſentiment and "motion are extinct, even in the head; *Omnes ſenſus et mo-"tus animalis, etiam in capite, moriuntur.*" What may deceive thoſe who have not the firſt notions of anatomy, is the palpitation of the fleſh, the irritability of the muſcles, which ſubſiſt more or leſs as the body is warm; but this irritability, or this muſcular contraction, in a body which has not yet loſt its heat, though deprived of life, cannot excite the ſlighteſt ſenſibility, with which it ought never to be confounded. Never has any one thought that when a worm or an eel is cut into ſeveral pieces, the ſenſibility of the animal can be excited by irritating with the point of a pin any one of the pieces detached from the reſt, though all taken ſeparately are irritable during a certain ſpace of time. What we ſay is ſo truly verified by every anatomiſt, that from the origin of this ſcience to the preſent day, there is not a ſingle perſon who has adopted a propoſition contrary to that which we have preſented *.

CHAP. XLIV.

NEW CRIES.

EARLY in the morning we hear the cry of the newſpapers. Simple projects of decrees are transformed into laws, and a whole neighbourhood reaſon upon, or are affrighted at, what is never to take place. The people, who have been a thouſand times deceived by theſe faithleſs newſhawkers, do not pay the leſs attention to the vociferator. Every mind is alert, and if the Legiſlative Body occaſions any ſenſations of terror, it is in the brazen throats of theſe indefatigable hawkers. In the evening they run through the ſtreets with other newſpapers, and make the ſame brawling; and there are ſome names, ſuch as *Ethienne Feuillant*, the *Poſtillon de Calais*, *Poutlier*, *Repreſentant du*

* I am indebted for theſe obſervations to Captain Laſſus, my friend and colleague at the National Inſtitute.

du Peuple! which have been repeated an hundred times more than all thoſe of kings, of emperors, and of great writers of any age paſt or preſent. Coffee-houſes and ſmoking-rooms are in motion at the voice of the newſ-hawker. The ſhop-boy ſeizes on the flying leaf, the brawler takes the piece of money, and is gone in an inſtant. It is he who can attain with quickeſt ſtep the diſtant Fauxbourg, where the poor ſtockholder, who goes to bed without candle, hears that they have been very buſily employed about him, but without giving him any thing.

Victories and conſpiracies, battles and revolts, the death of generals, the arrival of ambaſſadors—all is publiſhed *pele-mele*. The news-writer, for two ſols, kills a perſon who is alive and in good health; he would announce the end of the government, as Lalande announces the end of the world, if he had been told to cry the great treaſon of the Directory, and the murder of the Legiſlative Body.

Legiſlation, policy, and diplomacy, are at the mercy of theſe cryers, who diſfigure names, diſtort expreſſions, and in the croſs-ſtreets make ſuch a ſubverſion of geography, that the north and the ſouth are confounded together, and the affairs of Rome are tranſacted at Ratiſbon.

The people who liſten to all this terrible nonſenſe, make their commentaries on it as they go to reſt; and heaven knows how inſtructive the narrations of hair-dreſſers become the next day. Sometimes theſe abſurd reports are raked together, and entruſted to the poſt, and all the follies which the moſt extravagant and moſt anti-political dreamer could invent, circulate in the little towns of the departments, and have no other foundation than the cries of the ſtreets of Paris.

Vainly has it been attempted to impoſe ſilence on thoſe commentators. They pretend that they are privileged heralds; a ſound might be impriſoned ſooner than their perſons.

A multitude of little retailers hawk in every corner of the ſtreets, objects of ſmall mercery, and bawl ſo as almoſt to ſtun each other, the price of their merchandize; a few ends of candles, which the wind melts, cover with tallow their warehouſes three feet long: and though the price be very low, you always purchaſe too dear, ſince it is the refuſe of all the manufactures.

Formerly

Formerly at the door of the playhouſes, when a puppy went out between the two pieces, all the link-boys were bellowing, "Your carriage M. le Marquis, M. le Chevalier, M. le Comte?" they ſubſtitute at preſent the names of Captain, of General, of Commiſſary. They are become more familiar, preſent their hand to the fine ladies, calling them Citoyennes; and offering a cabriolet, obſerving that two can ſit very conveniently; they aſſume an inſolent tone of gaiety, and indifferent to all parties, they treat with as little ceremony the dog-eared gentry, as the Jacobin ſcratch.

The eloquence of the tribune has perhaps formed, or given boldneſs to all thoſe orators at the corners of ſtreets, who talk with one another of great motions, of ſome famous conſpiracy diſcovered, and ſometimes apoſtrophize the paſſengers. The ſtreet-porters call all thoſe who diſpleaſe them, ariſtocrats. They paſs their time in chattering about politics, and have contracted an air of aſſurance which becomes ſtill more remarkable, as they make you pay a trible ſalary for the leaſt ſervices.

As for the ballad-ſingers, we may judge to what point they have carried the abuſe of their privileges. One of them called Pitou, had acquired ſo numerous an auditory, that the guard did not dare interrupt him in his warbling functions. Every time he ſpoke of the republick, he clapt his hand on his backſide. He was arreſted and carried to the Criminal Tribunal; he anſwered the Public Accuſer, that in the geſture, with which he was reproached, he had no other intention than looking for his ſnuff-box. After having been twenty-two times impriſoned for his couplets, and his ſinging, he carried the matter to ſuch a pitch, that he was at laſt condemned to baniſhment.

This Pitou was a kind of Diogenes, but he did not live at Athens.

The proclamations of newſpaper-hawkers had nearly overturned the republican government. Every thing is compoſed of infiniteſimals.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLV.

NEW ROBBERS.

In the midſt of this deluge of all the human paſſions, and when we had agitated and beat the pond, it was impoſſible that the mud ſhould not riſe to the ſurface, and trouble the purity of the waters.

There are therefore bands of robbers, whoſe numbers increaſe every day with their audacity. Conſiderable robberies are committed, nay, even conſpiracies are formed, and yet the police is active; but it has, like other inſtitutions, its alternatives of force and weakneſs; it was itſelf corrupted.

The Revolutionary Committees had no great intereſt to purſue thoſe wretches, who under different dreſſes, glide into houſes, make their remarks, and afterwards hie to their rendezvous, where they diſcuſs the robberies they premeditate.

The new robbers are much more daring than the old; they recommend to him who is to enter firſt, in caſe the door is forced, not to buſy himſelf about the minuties, ſuch as linen and other effects; but to ſeize the jewels, plate, and objects of value; leaving the reſt to the *petits paigres*, which, in their cant, means a ſecondary order of thieves. They never forget to menace ſtoutly whomever they ſuſpect of being cowardly enough to *manger le morçeau*, that is, to diſcover the theft.

They have under their orders active citizens, (it is ſo they call them by way of deriſion), whoſe buſineſs it is to carry off portefeuilles, which they call *lucs*; and for this purpoſe they go to the doors of the theatres, where they form a crowd. The moſt adroit marches foremoſt, followed ſlowly by his *aides-de-camp*, he preſſes on, feeling the pockets which he wiſhes to lighten; and when he finds a *luc* which is ſufficiently bulky, and which he thinks it eaſy to filch, he ſeizes it by an art which is peculiar to the profeſſion, and which I cannot deſcribe; he paſſes it very

very dexterouſly to him who is behind him, ſo that if by chance he ſhould be arreſted, he cannot be convicted of the crime; and in this caſe there have been ſome who have puſhed their impudence ſo far, as to cauſe the unfortunate plaintiff to be arreſted, and carried to the Committee of the Section, where, in the brilliant days of Robeſpierre, the robber found comrades, ſurety, and protection.

They have places which they call *tapis francs*, where they ſhare the fruit of their labours. They have alſo receivers, ſuch as Jews, dealers in gold, pawnbrokers, who buy from them, at a very low price, the objects which they have ſtolen, and change their form inſtantly.

Thoſe who have any doubt of the exiſtence of theſe knaves, may go to the public audience of the Criminal Tribunal; they are eaſily diſcovered, motionleſs, ſilent, examining the attack and the defence, moving their lips, and as it were ſuggeſting to the priſoner his anſwers. It is there that they ſtudy our criminal code, and take advantage of every point which an ignorance of the deep perverſity of the human heart may have dictated to legiſlators too philoſophic.

When their comrade ſinks under the terrible day of conviction and of truth, his ſilence is rewarded, and he is not abandoned. The plan of death being aboliſhed, he is placed on the *tabouret*. But there, ſuperior to affront, diſdaining public ſhame, he receives tender ſalutations of the eye from his companions and from the ſtrumpets, their obſequious miſtreſſes; when I ſay obſequious, it is becauſe they were not unacquainted with the thefts of the band.

It is a received axiom that it is very eaſy to eſcape the galleys, that they are quit for a ſhort journey; which is the reaſon why the new thieves are more perverted than the old ones, that they have carried their effrontery and inſolence to ſuch an exceſs that they give no ſigns of repentance, and brave death with impiety.

We have ſeen women condemned to the *tabouret*, the firſt puniſhment which the law inflicts, and which precedes reclusion, or the puniſhment of the galleys, for men; we have ſeen theſe women take up their petticoats, and inſult the paſſengers by their obſcene expreſſions; but as this act of depravity was growing into an habit, the executioner was ordered to faſten their petticoats, and tye their hands.

Having

Having exerciſed three times the office of jury-man at the Criminal Tribunal in the department of Paris, I have never quitted the court without having my mind ſenſibly affected for the loſs of that moral inſtinct, of which, in ſeveral criminals, not the ſlighteſt veſtige remains. No! there is no more hypocriſy! Vice and crime have their apologies and their apologiſts. The counſel for the priſoners, either from inattention, or from the vanity of exhibiting their talents, have de-naturalized every word that implied morality. Alas! how can any one, for a pecuniary recompence, determine to whet the poignard which may be turned againſt ſociety, and againſt himſelf! A greater motive for grief and affliction is, that the *gradins*, (the name of the benches of the Criminal Tribunal in which the priſoners ſit), are frequently filled with women who are bold before the judges, where they aſſume the audaciouſneſs of the men, and want only a club in their hands. Let us hope that theſe creatures are only the impure remains of thoſe women who uſed to paſs the morning in bawling at the tribunes, or puſhing on the Revolutionary Tribunal, who in the afternoon inſulted the misfortunes of the victims whom the decemvirs ſent to the ſcaffold, and crowned their day's work by going to the Jacobins in the evening.

The people are ſuſceptible of every impulſe! The frequency of puniſhments, the ſight of blood, have induced men to deſpiſe not only death, but ſtill more, infamy. In their dungeons they jeſt on the guillotine, and make a ſort of rehearſal of their execution, with ſhouts of laughter: and the fifty-ſeven days which I paſſed with theſe malefactors, when I was thruſt amongſt them, becauſe there was no room elſewhere; theſe fifty-ſeven days, in which I thought I inhabited a new world, will be loſt neither for hiſtory, nor for the knowledge of the human heart. Oh! abominable Decemvirs, if you only *killed* men!

CHAP. XLVI.

NINTH OF MARCH 1793.

How were the deputies, who were friends to order, continually inſulted, while Marat and his adherents were triumphant! Marat founded the tocſin on the ſhop-keepers; the pillage began at day-break; all the ſhops were taken poſſeſſion of; ſugar, candles, ſoap, and other commodities were taken off. A ſentiment of remorſe afterwards takes poſſeſſion of theſe pillagers; they tax the merchandize themſelves, and then ſeize it without any reſiſtance, whether the ſhop-keeper will take the price or not.

No doubt the commune was in connivance with the chiefs of the mob; for it was intended to have given much greater extent to this viſit. When they ſaw that the diſorder did not go far enough, and that the mob did not hang up the tradeſmen at their ſhop-doors, the municipal officers, who were informed of what was to take place the next day, affected an air of wiſhing to put a ſtop to the pillage.

Marat was denounced to the Convention for this provocation to anarchy, which aſſuredly was not doubtful; he ſatisfied himſelf with replying to his accuſers, that they were *hogs*, *fools*, and fit only to be ſent to the mad-houſe. This new kind of eloquence was familiar to the club of the Cordeliers, the Jacobins, the Commune, and in the permanent aſſemblies of the ſections; it was in this manner they anſwered us. The organization of the Revolutionary Tribunal was formed amidſt the terrible roarings of theſe armed aſſaſſins, who had marched on the Convention to exterminate all the *Coté Droit*; but they made ſo much noiſe, uttered ſuch ſhocking exclamations, and obſerved ſo little myſtery in their proceedings, that we were informed of their deſigns. A conſiderable ſhower of rain which fell at that moment, did not a little contribute to diſperſe the conſpirators. Not being able to maſſacre the deputies of the *Coté Droit*, the Montagnards ordered the printing offices of ſuch journaliſts to be deſtroyed, as were enemies to anarchy; and it was at this epocha that Danton, who two days before, and in order

order the better to attain his end, had cauſed the paſſing of a law, which ſet at liberty all priſoners confined for debt, and aboliſhed arreſt, propoſed anew to break entirely the executive power, and to chuſe its future miniſters from the Convention.

No perſon of common ſenſe can believe that this Danton was a republican. He never was ſo. Director of the fatal days of the 31ſt of May and 2d of June, ordered and paid for by the foreign powers, he had made propoſitions for taking the little Capet from the Temple, of parading him in his arms through Paris, and of getting himſelf named his tutor. On the other hand, Robeſpierre, in the delirium of his pride, and blinded by a ſeries of ſucceſs which had turned his narrowhead, aimed at nothing leſs than marrying the daughter of Lewis the XVIth, and cauſing himſelf to be proclaimed Protector.

Among theſe wretches, it was he who ſhould concentre moſt authority in his hands; raiſed from the loweſt ſtate of miſery to a ſort of opulence, there was no chimera with which they did not feed their devouring appetite. Leagued at firſt to reign under the ſhadow of the tutelage of the child, which they would have made away with when their power ſhould have been conſolidated; and divided afterwards, becauſe each was willing to have the glory of placing the Dauphin on the throne; but they could not commit this anti-republican crime before they had cruſhed the Gironde, who had founded the republic, and willed it.

The party of Orleans was fallen, becauſe the nullity of the man was clear; the moſt ſhameleſs could have no reliance on him. Figure to yourſelves, if you can, a multitude of wretches, ſullied with crimes, intriguers greedy for ſpoil, covered with ſhame, eſcaping from the places of their birth, enrolled on this great theatre where they are not known, proud of acting, for the firſt time, a part, and opening a large road to fortune; having neither home, nor relations, nor friends; ſo much the more bold in their impudence, as they reaped on another's foil; ſuch was the picture of the capital at this epocha.

Wretches from every country, adventurers of every rank, motion-makers of every age, were fallen into the Popular Societies, preferring the moſt extravagant ſpeeches, and uttering the moſt ſanguinary wiſhes. They were liſtened to,

ſurrounded, and the more ſtrokes they aimed at rational liberty, the more they were applauded; brawlers of morality, panegyriſts of demagogy, and covered with the *bonnet rouge*, they were themſelves aſtoniſhed at the credit they acquired for talents; and Albitte, the huiſſier, could not make out how he became a Demoſthenes.

CHAP. XLVII.

FRIENDS OF THE BLACKS.

We ſhall never perhaps know with certainty what was the direct and entire tenor of that famous convention ſigned at Pilnitz, in the courſe of the year 1790; but it appears evidently that a certain cabinet ſent in its plans, which gives ſufficient certainty that they were directed to bring about the greateſt diſaſters in France. Let us judge from the queſtion brought before the Engliſh Parliament reſpecting the ſlave-trade. This was a ſnare laid by Pitt for the imbecility of our levellers; they did not wiſh it to be ſaid, that England ſhould appear ſingle in reclaiming the rights of man. They were the dupes of this miniſter. The ſociety of the Friends of the Negroes was inſtituted, I perceived the ſnare, and would never ſuffer my name to be inſcribed on theſe liſts, which preſented the names of many humane, but ſhort-ſighted men. Pitt and his adherents cauſed the queſtion to be adjourned from year to year, ſatisfied in ſeeing us fall into their ambuſhes, and too certain that the civil torches lighted in our colonies, would for ever diſſuade England from reſuming this queſtion.

In the ſame manner the twenty thouſand pair of ſhoes, which the Engliſh offered to the National Convention, for our ſoldiers, who were running bare-footed after victory, was a ſtratagem of Pitt's, conceived to humble the French nation; and what is moſt ſtrange is, no one perceived it; ſo remote

remote were they from believing that any one would ſport thus with a great Aſſembly.

One of the heads of the ſociety of the Friends of the Negroes was Valadi, ci-devant officer of the Guards, and ſince a deputy; who from ſentiment, philoſophy, and love of the people, had abandoned the cauſe of the killers. In the affair of the Negroes, his heart and his want of experience deceived him, but he diſcovered the ſnare when it was too late. He expatiated this error in inliſting againſt the Robeſpierrian and Decemviral faction, and he died under the blows of thoſe ferocious aſſaſſins.

And whilſt they were pleading for the cauſe of the Blacks, the door was opened in the colonies to burnings and murders! and the Mulattoes threw themſelves between the Blacks and the Whites, and became at the ſame time their moſt dangerous friends, and their moſt implacable enemies.

Every converſation turned on the ſlave-trade; it was diſcuſſed nearly in the ſame manner as the quarrel for the muſic of Gluck and Piccini, that is to ſay, the antagoniſts were neither muſicians nor politicians.

CHAP. XLVIII.

MAXIMUM.

THE city was more and more tormented by the penury of ſubſiſtence, in proportion as Boiſſy d'Anglas raiſed his voice to aſſure the people that they were going to be ſupplied with abundance. He was, after Barrere, the moſt intrepid of liars. Bread was the object of violent contention at the doors of the bakers, after having waited at leaſt five or ſix hours to obtain the ſmall portion deſtined for each individual. But it was not only bread they were afraid of wanting; the immenſe conſumption of the armies, which fell back on France, made them apprehend that meat would be ſoon wanting alſo. To prevent this, a patriotic Lent was pro-

poſed, a miſerable parody of a London Faſt, in order that the race of animals might have time to renew itſelf. The Department of Paris, which ſeemed to have ſworn the ruin of the city, increaſed the public alarm by its placards, doubled the price of grain in the markets, and at length propoſed the fixing a maximum on the price of articles of conſumption throughout the republic, the ſuppreſſion of the corn trade, the ſuppreſſion of every intermediary between the farmer and the conſumer; in ſhort, a general requiſition of all the crops after every harveſt.

In ſpite of the natural propenſity of the Convention to ſanction every meaſure which would ruin both France and itſelf, in obedience to the vociferations of the tribunes, the dangerous petition of the Department of Paris was very ill received.

Famine, like the war of Vendee, had been prolonged even by thoſe who appeared moſt deſirous of finiſhing it. There was no bread after plentiful harveſts, ſuch was the will and the continually increaſing impudence of the demagogical potentates. The Convention, tormented by them within, beſieged by a multitude which every inſtant threatened its diſſolution, decreed a maximum diminiſhing the price of grain, waiting till it was forced to *maximiſe* every other kind of merchandize.

The maximum flattered the multitude, but did not diminiſh thoſe lengthening aſſemblies, ſince called *queues* (tails) by the Pariſians, for ever diſpoſed to laugh at events the moſt melancholy. Theſe queues laſted more than two years, and extended almoſt to every object of daily conſumption.

The petitioners for ſubſiſtence daily beſieged the bar of the Convention, where they vented every kind of impertinence. It was the Mountain party who ſent them to excite a commotion, but they did not attain their end; the people ſuffered patiently under famine and the guillotine. They did not pretend to riſe till Prairéal and Vendemiaire, that is, they did not riſe except when excited, hired, and directed.

The maximum was in every mouth, and the topic of converſation in every corner of the ſtreet; and, after a number of interpretations, it was ſaid to ſignify *brandy*, which the multitude drank without mercy. This liquor has made a ſingular

ſingular change in the manners of the people, of which an hoarſe voice became the firſt phyſical demonſtration.

The words of Boiſſy d'Anglas at this epocha remind us of the phyſician, who, when conſulted on the caſe of a patient in danger, anſwered, It is nothing; to-morrow it will not appear, and the patient died the next day.

It was obſerved, that when cloth was at three thouſand livres an ell, this circumſtance was taken advantage of, to enact more frequently the part of the *Avocat Patelin*, and teach the art of ſwindling a ſhopkeeper of a piece of cloth. Never were the theatres better attended than in theſe days of famine. The people eat nuts and walnuts, and ſaid, in going out, "I have ſaved fire and candle, it would have "coſt me more in wood and tallow at home."

The fare of a hackney-coach coſt ſix hundred livres, which was ten livres a minute. An individual, who had been driven to his houſe in the evening, aſked the coachman what was his fare? Six thouſand livres. He took out his pocket-book, and paid him.

Every body was rich in imagination, and poor only when they came to be undeceived.

CHAP. XLIX.

STATUE OF HENRY THE FOURTH.

THE ſtatues of kings had been overthrown, while that of Henry the Fourth remained ſtanding. The people were undecided whether it ſhould fall or not. The poem of the Henriade militated in its favour; but he was the anceſtor of a perjured king. This ſtatue, hitherto ſo much venerated, underwent the ſame fate as the reſt. What aſtoniſhed me moſt was, what I heard ſaid around me; "*If Ravillac killed* "*Henry the Fourth, it was becauſe he had ſeduced his ſiſter,* "*and left her afterwards.*" The people in the long run come

come at the knowledge of every thing. This fact was conſigned in a manuſcript of the national library.

He would have paſſed for a ſacrilegious monſter, who heretofore ſhould have inſulted this effigy. It was, if I may uſe the expreſſion, a ſacred image, and now it was ſhamelefsly mutilated and trodden under foot. But the kings of France were no longer any thing but Sultans and Emperors of Perſia, and had ſtifled all that enthuſiaſm which the French once felt for their monarchs.

We ought to erect in that ſquare a monument worthy of our regeneration, and conſecrate, by a coloſſal figure, the moſt ſplendid inſurrection that has ever taken place amongſt any people. The Vandals, who deſtroyed this great and beautiful monument, had rather have built up wooden Ponchinelles, vile emblems of overthrown federaliſm; and the painter David lent his pencil to thoſe acts of infamy, doubly diſhonourable for the arts, and for truth.

In erecting theſe wooden columns, in doing deſpite at once both to humanity and truth, in deifying the vileſt of mortals, they were not leſs emphatical in repeating the *arts*, the *fine arts*, than if the Venus of Medicis, or the Apollo of Belvidere, had been formed by their chiſels. It has been obſerved, that players and painters have acted the moſt abſurd and moſt ſanguinary parts in the Revolution.

David exclaimed in the Aſſembly of the Section of the Louvre, that "*they might fire grape-ſhot on the whole body "of artiſts without fearing to kill a ſingle patriot.*" He wiſhed to drink the hemlock with Robeſpierre, becauſe he had made a bad picture of the death of Socrates. His extravagances were not leſs murderous, and I own that the name of David wedded to painting, gives me the ſame impreſſion of horror when I think of this art, as the art itſelf ſeems to have conſecrated in pictures which repreſent martyrs, decollations, croſſes, burning furnaces, in preſence of theſe ancient decemvirs, whom David has ſo well imitated in thoſe days of crimes! O manes of Trudaines!

CHAP. L.

REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

COULD we ever have imagined that we ſhould have ſeen a tribunal erected at Paris, a thouſand times more odious than the Inquiſition, more inconceivable than all the tribunals of blood which have covered the world in the darkeſt ages? That contraſt between our writings in favour of humanity, in which we corrected the learned maſs of juriſconſults, in which we traced a new and rational plan of criminal procedure, and thoſe atrocious judges, of whom we had not even formed an idea in the whole courſe of our lives: that theory which was made to haſten the progreſs of reaſon, and bring about the reform of our code, put in oppoſition with this revolutionary tribunal, renders it ſtill more aſtoniſhing. It was the work of the faction of the Anarchiſts, who were deſirous of an unlimited authority, which ſhould revert on the head of ſome of its founders.

A volume would be inſufficient to deſcribe ſo many bloody ſcenes. We have manifeſted our horror more than once againſt thoſe who placed the image of Liberty amidſt piles of corpſes, and of thoſe bloody clubs and judge executioners, to whom was committed the care of forming the republic.

Theſe ruffians, diſconcerted by the look of an honeſt man, would not have dared to aſſaſſinate without this tribunal, which was as great an evidence of the cowardice as of the ferocity of the decemvirs.

Theſe barbarians were moreover the moſt ignorant of men: they had no idea of the republic of the United States; and they marked, with the ſeal of reprobation, a book entitled, The *Federaliſt*, becauſe they did not know that the Federaliſt is preciſely a work written againſt federaliſm, inſomuch as the book tended to reſtore every part of government to that unity, the object of Briſſot's wiſhes, as well as of all of us who ſigned the proclamations to the departments, for the external ſecurity of France and its domeſtic union.

It

It was after this equivoque, perhaps involuntary, that they excited the people againſt the republicans by calling them Federaliſts, whilſt by careſſing the populace, they wiſhed to inveſt the municipality of Paris with the government of France. It was by means of this inſolent and ſeditious unity that the revolutionary tribunal, which multiplied itſelf on every ſide, was to bend all the departments under the ſceptre of the guillotine, and they would have ſucceeded, for all the ſans-culottes were to be the informers, judges, and executioners.

Thus Briſſot was made the chief of a faction which never exiſted, while a band of aſſaſſins, under the name of Committees of Inſpection, ordered pillage and murder. He oppoſed the revolutionary power of the Commune of Paris; from that time he was no longer a good Jacobin; they wiſhed to kill him, and they accompliſhed their deſign.

Roland eſcaped this tribunal of blood. All his writings bear the ſtamp of a pure mind. He felt a paſſion of writing for the happineſs of his fellow-creatures, and was calumniated, like Briſſot, becauſe like him he had reſiſted the faction of the Anarchiſts, becauſe he could not lie, could not tremble, and was far from aſſociating himſelf to crime through weakneſs. His wife, endowed with a great character, an extraordinary woman, who ſhared in the labours of her huſband, and who ſupported his virtues, was perhaps the moſt intereſting victim which was ſacrificed by this tribunal. She went to execution with irony and diſdain on her lips, amidſt a multitude incapable of appreciating her merit. Looking from the ſcaffold at the Statue of Liberty, ſhe exclaimed, "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"

CHAP. LI.

BRISSOTINS.

When the crafy, the dangerous, the knaviſh Barrere, talked of nothing but of pulverizing Europe, Briſſot furniſhed the plans which it was neceſſary to execute, not to brave Europe, but to humble our enemies alternately.

When

When Cambon, the ignorant Cambon, the firſt who bled France at the hollow vein, in order to ſatiate Paché, Bouchotte, and other anarchical chiefs, would have no allies, and exclaimed, we muſt break with every cabinet. Briſſot adopted meaſures to keep England in reſpect, and remain on good terms with other powers.

This man, who had not gone beyond the limits of a wiſe and well regulated energy of character, was accuſed at the tribune of the Commune of Paris by Robeſpierre, of having ſold France to the enemy. " For," ſaid he, " they " never could have entered on the French territory if they " had not made a bargain with the faction of the Gironde, " and of Briſſot, to deliver up Paris."

In proportion as light is thrown upon the odious projects of the Anarchiſts, we diſcover, with much greater probability, that it was Robeſpierre himſelf, and his accomplices, who were in connivance with the Pruſſians.

Marat, convicted of having preached royalty and the maſſacre of the Convention, was carried before a tribunal compoſed of his peers. What did the Public Accuſer do? He thunders out a panegyric on Marat, and a denunciation on Briſſot. When we reflect that Róbeſpierre was then only the protegé of Marat, that he concealed his hideous head under his ægis, that he was only the inſtrument of monſters more in evidence than himſelf, we are no longer aſtoniſhed at this triumph of Marat, which Danton called a proud day, but which was the preamble of the maſſacre of the twenty-two deputies, and brought on alſo that proud day in which Danton himſelf was ſacrificed.

The tribunal firſt began its functions by condemning cook-maids and coachmen for improper diſcourſe; but ſoon after, the ſatellites of the Anarchiſts and the municipality went to the bar of the national repreſentation, and commanded ſilence or crimes.

This Briſſot tried to prevent at the riſk of his head, and his laſt writing denounces fully and directly the laſt and abominable exceſſes which it was ſtill time to prevent; but it was then that the faction had created and ſpread abroad theſe words ſince ſo celebrated, Briſſotins, Rolandins, Girondins; and as if a malignant vapour had ſuddenly poiſoned the heart and head of all the inhabitants of Paris, they defamed this mild, peaceful, and virtuous man. With ſo many claims to public eſteem, the unfortunate Briſſot periſhed

riſhed under the ſtroke of the moſt cowardly calumniators; while anarchy, in the perſon of Marat and his accomplices, were held every where in honour; for all the lucrative proconſulats, accompanied by unlimited authority, were at their full and perfect diſpoſal.

The eſteem of mankind becomes of very little value: we might be tempted even to throw it by as a thing of ſmall worth, when we ſee that a man virtuous as Briſſot did not enjoy it. He went to execution with a ſerene brow, and hiſtory will remember that it was he who denounced the Auſtrian Committee, and that he had the modeſty to avow publicly that he had been for ſome time deceived. La Fayette had the art of deceiving a great many others.

The report of Briſſot on the hoſtilities of the King of England, and of the Stadholder of the United Provinces, and on the neceſſity the French Republic was under of declaring againſt them, is an hiſtorical monument to be conſulted.

CHAP. LII.

LE PATRIOTE FRANÇOIS.

THAT periodical work, in which we may ſee the public ſpirit which animated the firſt republicans, was compoſed by Briſſot and Girey Dupré, whoſe talents and virtues could not ſave them from Tallien, the Proconſul of Bourdeaux, already the aſſaſſin of Biroteaux. He diſtinguiſhed and picked out this young and intereſting victim. Republican ſouls, read what Girey Dupré wrote, and you will find without any alloy your own noble and honeſt ſentiments.

When Briſſot was in power, no perſon had to complain of the ſlighteſt vexation. Calumny, ſo hot in purſuit, and ever on the watch to poiſon almoſt every action of his life, has been ſilent on this head. But amidſt revolutionary tempeſts, when all the impure elements of ſociety were ſtirred up, and legiſlators were in communication with executioners, when murderers held a conſiderable rank, more than one man (I will venture to ſay) till then honeſt, till then feeling, has not been able to preſerve whole and entire

tire that virtue which conſiſts in avoiding every exceſs, and in preſerving himſelf from every contagion of fanaticiſm. Let it be remembered, that the word *moderate* was a term of reproach, and that it was a crime to ſhew any marks of pity for the victims. The Anarchiſts had, like the *Cartouchians*, their jargon.

All Robeſpierre's enemies were not the enemies of tyranny. It was a maxim among them, that the Revolution could not be finiſhed but by blood, and the Revolution permitted them to enjoy the exerciſe of abſolute power. The philoſopher deſired a revolution in morals, they wiſhed only for one in the government, that is to ſay, till it was entirely in their own hands. One of the faction ſaid to me, "Tell us, Philoſopher, what could we have done?"— "Preciſely," I anſwered, "the contrary of what you have "done." He did not comprehend me.

Virtue acts only from the harmony of all the faculties of the ſoul. The conduct of Briſſot was conſtantly the ſame; the wiſe man from his contemplative height, ſees what a low ſeat the curule chair is. Happy if he had known at the ſame time that it requires much more time to reſolve a queſtion than to propoſe one. Briſſot was too precipitate in what concerned the colonies and the Negroes; for the principal obſtacle to truth is the facility we have of being too well ſatisfied with ourſelves. If the firſt ſtep towards good be the knowledge of evil, Briſſot ought to have known that his motion was premature. But ſuch was the dangerous inflammation of the public mind, that you could not touch a political queſtion without puſhing it to its laſt entrenchments, and there was the abyſs. What is neceſſary to become an honeſt man? To will it. Briſſot willed it, and was really ſo. If a word wrongly interpreted is ſometimes ſufficient to cauſe the miſery of a nation, as a falſe opinion has been found ſufficient to deſolate the world, Briſſot is not reſponſible for the cruelties which have been the work of ſelfiſh or bad paſſions. J. J. Rouſſeau has ſaid, that *good laws were above human capacity, and that we ſhould be gods to give ſuch to men.*

This is an erroneous ſentiment; it is, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, the *morality of deſpair*. When the legiſlature is deceived, with reſpect either to time or place, but has honeſt intentions, we ſhould pity and not condemn it.

To have recourſe to ſteel in the diſeaſes of men or of ſtates, marks neither a great phyſician nor a great politician,

cian, but diſcovers, on the contrary, a great ignorance in both. Briſſot was not one of thoſe phyſicians. He never abuſed the liberty of the preſs, becauſe he never wiſhed for any other than a rational liberty, and never overſtept its limits; but the ſcoundrel and the madman, who knew nothing about limits, were clamorous for liberty without any reſtraint.

It was from the Jacobins that the pages of our philoſophical writings were ſtolen, but it was after they had been totally perverted, totally criminalized, that the Revolution, pure, intact in its origin, became from theſe groſs plagiaries, a fury ſurrounded with ſerpents, armed with torches and poignards, the terror of ſurrounding nations, and for a long time to come, the horror of poſterity.

Briſſot entered into this celebrated ſociety, yet unſtained with blood. He ſpoke ſeveral times, but when he ſaw that they tranſlated the axioms of wiſdom into the idiom of folly, he withdrew, deſerted the cavern, and from that day crime was reduced to a ſyſtem.

Ah! if thoſe immortal men, whoſe names homicides have dared to pronounce in their own favour, had for a moment returned to life, they would have rolled down on their heads the ſtone of their ſepulchre, exclaiming, What generation is this in which we find a race of men whom we do not know, and whom we could not have foreſeen! Gods, we are ſuffocated in this atmoſphere, give us back our tombs.

And I their diſciple: I, who under the reign of kings, and in the face of their thrones, built the veſſel of a republic, but which did not ſail in a ſea of blood, and had not Septembriſers for pilots: I, who knew that it is to that cowardly ſwarm of writers, apologiſts of thoſe horrors, that we owe the univerſal ſtupor of the nation proſtrate before a band of ruffians, a ſight more painful, more afflicting than the diſſolution of worlds; overwhelmed by all that I have ſeen or heard, and dumb with horror, I have only been able to confide to paper the ſenſations which tortured me. But if indignation againſt crimes hitherto unknown in hiſtory, if the contempt which we feel for that deſpotiſm of the mob which it was their intention to reſtore, can inſpire ability, I will paint them. I will deſcribe thoſe days in which anarchy paraded its vagabond ſtandards, thoſe days in which the philoſopher was forced to repent what he had written; in which his ſilence was a ſubject of condemnation,

nation, becauſe he was then afraid to emit new truths; thoſe days which will never periſh in the memory of man, and which they would willingly efface, as if hiſtory was not here below the firſt chaſtiſement which eternal juſtice inflicts on guilty man.

I alſo abandoned this tribune, the rival of that of the Legiſlative Body, where nothing was ſeen but elements the moſt oppoſite to the republic, and moſt deſtructive of its virtues, and where the daily trumpets of falſehood, of pride, of exaggeration, finiſhed by transforming into rebel maxims the precepts of the wiſe. I was unwilling to participate in the extravagance or perfidy of thoſe who encouraged ferocity and madneſs to take their full ſwing, I was unwilling to favour the intoxication of thoſe who were going to drink this empoiſoned cup. The firſt ſymptoms made me ſhudder: I ſaw in them the total ſubverſion of civil ideas, and the inevitable deſtruction of the republic. The Energumenes, who, under the name of Theologians, had diſhonoured human reaſon, were never capable of greater extravagances.

"There is in the laws," ſays Sophocles, "a powerful "divinity which triumphs over the deep malignity of man, "and which never grows old." Alas! this divinity was aſleep: the French people were immoralized by twenty or thirty wretches; every ſound opinion was torn into tatters, and produced that corruption of morals. Philoſophical writings were neither read nor comprehended: one ſtep farther, the contagion had enveloped the whole, and in a ſhort time there would have remained neither republicans nor men, and we ſhould have become like the inhabitants of the hell of Milton, who roved alternately from icy waters to flames, and from flames to waters of ice.

All writers who preceded us had conſidered the Agrarian law as highly unjuſt, inſufficient, calamitous, impoſſible to be executed, eſſentially ſeditious, and abſurd under every point of view. In ſhort, as the ſureſt means of implanting miſery on earth, of overturning the whole, and bringing back confuſion and chaos. This, however, did not prevent Marat and his aſſociates from eſtabliſhing this doctrine, from publiſhing it, and finding numerous partizans for nearly two years.

The greateſt misfortune in our Revolution is having invited, without previous preparation, the multitude to mingle themſelves in political matters, and ſuffered ſtage mountebanks

tebanks to perſuade them that they were wiſe enough to comprehend every thing. This is what has rebuilt the Tower of Babel amongſt us, and what has made politicks a war of words, in which the vileſt, moſt monſtrous, or moſt perfidious ſcribbler has figured with temporary advantage, and found hearers. Political truths are leſs in the head of the man of genius than in the heart of the virtuous man, but thoſe who have neither genius nor virtue, write like the Jacobins. Their proclamations, their journals, like the locuſts of Egypt, have put the French nation in a ſtate of putrefaction. Nothing could ſave it from cadaverous peſtilence, neither the writings of Briſſot, nor thoſe of Condorcet; their opinions were repulſed, and thus the people, deluded by bad writers, is, and always will be, the firſt ſtep on which the ambitious have, and ever will, place their foot to raiſe themſelves to the ſummit.

The art of writing is the firſt of all arts; its influence is great, vaſt, and durable, and this is the reaſon why it ought to impoſe bounds on itſelf. The ancient emblem of the chariot, which, badly driven, ſet the world on fire, finds here its juſt application.

The Revolution for a long time prepared by the writings of the wiſe, had made its exploſion: fools, ambitious men, and knaves, took poſſeſſion of it. Immediately they had the impudence to aſſert, "*We have done the whole.*" If we would believe them, the pen of the Rouſſeaus and Raynals, the arms of the conquerors of the Baſtille—all belonged to them.

CHAP. LIII.

PHILOSOPHISM.

The amalgama of the doctrines of Rouſſeau, Voltaire, Helvetius, Boulanger, Diderot, had formed a kind of paſte (excuſe me the expreſſion) which rational minds could not digeſt, and which to others became hurtful. The old principles having become ridiculous, were denied and abandoned. A ſwarm of blockheads did more, in order to outdo the *eſprit forts*, they ſubſtituted the ſyſtem of atheiſm and licentiouſneſs to philoſophical ideas. Philoſophiſm

phiſm was indebted for its origin to books badly read, and worſe comprehended, ſo difficult is it to lower certain truths to the level of a generation which is not fitted to receive them. Contagious emanations iſſued from theſe modern doctrines, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud de Varennes, Lequinio, Babœuf, Antonelle, thought themſelves philoſophers. Ignorance is the mother of barbariſm, but a half knowledge is ſtill worſe, it makes a thouſand errors circulate in all the veins of the body politic, in the name of humanity it has done all ſorts of evils to mankind. They overturned every thing, they acted the theologian, and fancied their follies were political principles.

Alas! if the ſhades of theſe great men, we again obſerve, could riſe from the tombs which cover them, and ſee ſuch interpreters, they would ſay, Why have we written to have Babouviſtes for commentators?

How have I been aſtoniſhed to hear Pariſians juſtify every wandering of the imagination by pretended paſſages horribly disfigured! This new fanaticiſm, and which the ſucceſſor of Babœuf would willingly rekindle, dug the bed of that ſtream of blood which has run through the French Revolution, and this is what has made me conſider Voltaire and Helvetius in quite a different point of view than that in which I had before beheld them.

CHAP. LIV.

APATHY.

Amidst theſe great convulſions, amidſt theſe cries againſt all ſorts of governors, amidſt that general tone of raillery, I hear the ſound of the tambourin and the fiddle, if we judge from the ſixty daily balls which put all Paris in meaſured motion, if we judge by the twenty-two theatres, if we judge from that crowd of *reſtaurateurs*, a great extent of conſumption ſuppoſes a great number of conſumers. When every thing comes and is ſold, it is clear that every thing is bought and paid for; and what is more remarkable is, that it is the bayonet which has turned the ſpit.

" He

"He will go far, for he believes what he ſays." This obſervation is profound. The Pariſian has never had any faith in misfortune, in ſlavery, in ſubjection, he has conſidered theſe bloody ſpectacles as real tempeſts, has ſeen every act of violence paſs off like the ſmoke of a hecatomb; it muſt have been to ſtrangers, if ſuch there then were, a ſight at the ſame time ſingular and aſtoniſhing, that of ſeeing the contraſt of our great intereſts and our little paſſions, our thirſt for amuſement and our perpetual murmurs, "I do not meddle with family affairs," ſaid a man, who was told that his houſe was on fire. This was the language of every ſhopkeeper, when he was informed of the executions of the day or the *morrow*.

CHAP. LV.

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A YOUNG MAN.

I KNEW him. On the terrible night of the 2d of September he expected to be murdered. He had already heard ſeveral plaintive cries. At eleven o'clock in the evening the dogs barked very much, the hoarſe voice of the turnkey echoed through the priſon, ſilence took place, it was in the priſon of the Chatelet. Vociferations were heard in the ſtreet of *Vive la nation!* This cry excited the greateſt joy among the priſoners, who took it into their heads that they were going to ſend them to the frontiers, and they exclaimed with all their might, *Vive la nation! Let us go to the frontiers!*

A new ſilence took place; immediately the barking of the dogs redoubled; the aſſaſſins open the wicket, and enter the court all bloody, with their ſabres in their hands; the priſoners hear the bolts undraw; ſeven or eight phantoms make their appearance, covered with blood, as well as the ſwords with which they were armed; with a hideous voice they order their victims to go out. A turnkey walks about with a penſive air, the young man throws himſelf at his feet, and aſks his life; the man, though naturally hard could not help ſhedding tears. The priſoner was dragged down between the two wickets, where on one ſide he ſaw the cannibals

cannibals, armed with ſabres and pikes, all red, rage painted on their viſages, and waiting only the ſignal to ſtrike; on the other ſide, a counter with empty wine bottles and bloody glaſſes. The commiſſaries were ſtanding, and aſking the priſoners their names, after which they made them paſs out through the wicket, where they were aſſaſſinated, and their laſt groans were always followed by repeated cries of *Vive la nation!* Their piercing ſhrieks overwhelmed the miſerable victims who were waiting for their turn. Sometimes they were not even ſuffered to explain themſelves, the horrible voice of the commiſſary pronounced theſe words, *Take him away.* My young man was about to be ſtruck, when he told the aſſaſſins he was there for debt, and if they took away his life, they would at the ſame time deprive him of the pleaſure of paying his creditors; all the murderers exclaimed, *It is juſt, he muſt not be killed,* and he was put on one ſide with the ſmall number of thoſe who eſcaped their fury.

The young man told me, that they continued their murders till four in the morning; that he heard one of the chiefs of the aſſaſſins accoſt the gaol-keeper, and ſay to him, ſhewing his ſabre, ſtill reeking, "Look ye, this has laid low "more than an hundred, and if thou concealeſt any one, I "I am going to make away with thee?" The gaol-keeper anſwered him with calmneſs, "I know that my life is in "thy hands, but I have hid nobody." My intereſting young man went out amidſt the acclamations of a crowd of ſpectators, and he had ſcarcely gone ten ſteps before he perceived on the bridge three hundred corpſes more or leſs horribly mutilated. Of three hundred and fifty priſoners, ſcarcely thirty eſcaped, half of whom were robbers.

CHAP. LVI.

LIGHT TRESSES.

By what inconceivable combination of events had a few men arrived to ſuch a pitch of influence, ſo as not only to palſy but decimate even the National Convention, and attribute to themſelves the formidable power of arreſting the members who compoſed it, before the eyes, and with

the conſent of their colleagues! What is more inconceivable is, that no order of debate exiſted in the Committee of Public Safety. It was one, two, or three of its members who dropt in, who commanded, ordered without the participation of the others, according as accident led them, all, however, yielding their tacit aſſent, and approving the deciſions with a reciprocal confidence. It was probably owing to this preciſion in willing, to that defect of ſyſtematic plans, to theſe violent and haſty deciſions, that the greateſt operations were performed with ſo much velocity. The principle which put every thing in motion, was a perpetual tendency to ſtrong, vigorous, and terrible meaſures; every man was diſpoſed to do every thing with paſſion and violence; the head of this new tyranny was perpetually veiled; there were no amendments to theſe decrees of deſpotiſm, which every one exerciſed in his turn.

Ideas of devaſtation were the leading ideas of theſe impetuous rulers; and their elevation to the pinnacle of ſupreme power was, in our political ſtorms, what would be the extraordinary apparition of unknown monſters, whom the agitated ſurges offer to our ſight in a tempeſtuous ſea. Many of theſe monſters, however, reſembled the little dog in one of La Fontaine's tales, from whoſe ears and hair, when ſhaken, fell gold and all kinds of precious ſtones. The aſſaſſin of the farmers general, the legiſlator Dupin, commiſſioned to inſpect the inventory, and the ſale of their rich moveable property, made free with their jewels, diamonds, and plate.

A favourite maxim which they had continually in their mouths, was, that Paris was too great; that it was with reſpect to the republic, by its population, what a violent flow of blood towards the heart was to a patient, and whom it was right to bleed; at Verſailles they had held the ſame kind of language.

All the homicide ſentences of antiquity were familiar to them; and they were continually ſaying, "What is the preſent generation before the immenſity of ages to come?" .... *des loix et non du ſang*.... This hemiſtich was a knawing worm inſerted in the heart of the tyrants, who found alſo this line in the ſame tragedy, extremely counter-revolutionary: *N'eſt-on jamais tyran, qu'avec un diadéme?*

We will not ſpeak of the expreſſion of Barrere; *Stamp money on the Place of the Revolution.* It was Amar who held the flyer.

A great

A great deal of abſurdity was mingled with theſe atrocities; the 26th of Floreal, Payan, Secretary General of the Commune, ſaid at the Council, "There is a new ſect "which has been juſt formed at Paris; anxious to unite "itſelf to counter-revolutioniſts by all means poſſible, ani-"mated with a holy reſpect, with a tender devotion "for thoſe who are guillotined; its initiated make "the ſame vows, hold the ſame ſentiments, and wear the "ſame hair; toothleſs old women purchaſe, at any price, "that of the young fair-haired girls that are guillotined, "and wear on their heads theſe cheriſhed treſſes. This "is a branch of commerce, and a kind of devotion quite "novel. But let us not diſturb thoſe ſoft enjoyments, let "us leave, let us reſpect even the light-haired wigs; our "ariſtocrats will ſerve at leaſt for ſomething; their hair "will hide the bald-heads of a few old women, and the "ſhort locks of ſeveral others who were never Jacobins "but in their hair."

Who could believe that ſuch a ſpeech had been made? It was at this epocha that began the reign of light-haired wigs, as if the women had wiſhed to brave by their repriſals this atrocious irony. To all theſe hideous abſurdities, they had only theſe words to reply, *We are in Revolution.* What was then the magic of this formidable word, *Revolution?* The revolutionary government ought to have been only a ſuſpenſion, wiſely combined, of certain rights of the people, which they could not exerciſe in difficult circumſtances; it is public liberty in danger which alone neceſſitates ſuch an inſtitution for the ſafety of the country. But the government then was nothing but the reflected organization of every vice, and of every crime deſtructive of ſocial happineſs.

CHAP. LVII.

BATCHES.

SUCH was the name given to the priſoners brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal from all parts of the republic;

ſurpriſed to find themſelves ſtowed into the ſame cart, and for the ſame affair, from the Eaſtern Pyrennees to the banks of the Scheld, from the borders of the Rhine to thoſe of the Gironde, all ſent to the ſcaffold, all condemned without being tried, at leaſt tried without being heard, ſeveral even without being indicted.

When the priſon-conſpiracies were invented, in order to put to death a greater number at a time, the victims were called the *Cardinals*, becauſe they had on a red ſhirt in their way to execution. The modeſt but voluptuous form of Charlotte Corday was covered with this cloak, and it is in memory of this heroine that ſeveral of her ſex wore, and ſtill wear, red ſhawls.

——————"Il faut que la rigueur
" Trop neceſſaire appuy du trône d'un vainqueur,
" Frappe ſans intervalle un coup ſûr et rapide;
" C'eſt un torrent qui paſſe en ſon cours homicide.
" Le tems ramène l'ordre et la tranquillité;
" Le peuple ſe façonne à la docilité;
" De ſes premiers malheurs l'image eſt affoiblie,
" Bientôt il les pardonne, et même il les oublie.
" Mais lorſque goutte à goutte on fait couler le ſang,
" Qu'on ferme avec lenteur, et qu'on r'ouvre le flanc,
" Que les jours renaiſſans ramènent le carnage,
" Le déſeſpoir tient lieu de force et de courage,
" Et fait d'un peuple foible un peuple d'ennemis,
" D'autant plus dangereux qu'ils étoient plus ſoumis."
Voltaire, Orphélin de la Chine.

Theſe lines of Voltaire are not founded; the ſcene was enſanguined at Arras, Marſeilles, Cambray, Saumur, Lyon Nantes, Orange, Bourdeaux, not a victim in any place, as far as I have heard, ever made any reſiſtance, all underwent the ſtroke of death with the ſame ſort of calmneſs; the inſenſibility of the ſpectators ſeemed to have paſſed into their own ſouls.

The executioners were not inſulted. Never was there ſeen ſuch a kind of harmony as between the murdered and their murderers. The one ſeemed to ſay, You ſhall not deprive me of my courage; and the other ſeemed to anſwer, Many more will paſs after you.

As the poets repreſent the hideous head of the Gorgon palſying the arm with its looks, ſo theſe dauntleſs human ſacrifices, theſe ſwelling ſtreams of blood, the blood of citizens, ſtruck only on paſſive minds. One would have thought it only a regular cut of wood in a foreſt, ſo great,

or

or at leaſt ſo ſilent was the indifference which took place; ſo decidedly had the French nation condemned itſelf to paſs through the liſt of decemviral horrors. Amar dined and ſupped abroad in joyous ſociety, and the founders of the republic, hurried to the ſcaffold for their zeal towards liberty, were perhaps inſulted by the mouth of that monſter.

While the falling axe on the ſquare of the Revolution, excited neither the courage nor the arm of a ſingle man, commiſſaries entered houſes without ceremony, rumaged every corner of the apartments, forcing locks of wardrobes, breaking ſeals of letters depoſits, wills, throwing themſelves on the leaſt ſcraps of paper, to find proofs of conſpiracy in idle phraſes, ſtealing aſſignats, gold, ſilver, jewels; and it was then that we ſaw that prodigious numbers of creditors impriſoned by their debtors, of favoured lovers by their rejected rivals, of the injured huſband by the unpuniſhed adulterer, of the able artiſt by his jealous brother, of maſters by their ſervants, of the impartial judge by the condemned pleader, of the general officer by his envious ſubalterns.

Dupin, the valet of Amar, had in readineſs a new report on the adjoints of the Farmers General, and he burnt with impatience to exerciſe the benefit of making the inventory of their effects in the name of the republic.

In the inſide of houſes, the proprietor trembled at having engravings, pictures, ſtatues, books, or manuſcripts, with arms or blazoning, and every the ſlighteſt emblem of paſt times; and it was who ſhould burn faſteſt letters of friendſhip, love, relationſhip, and gratitude. A multitude of works more or leſs curious, have been ſacrificed to this univerſal fear. The words of Omar, with reſpect to the Alcoran, were not more terrible than thoſe of the Decemvirs, when they ſaid with a formal deſign, *Yes, we will burn every library, for we ſhall want only the hiſtory of the Revolution and the Laws.* Who could now diſcover the Pariſian, who had made the 14th of July, and the 10th of Auguſt?

CHAP.

CHAP. LVIII.

ORLEANISTS.

Synonimous with Montagnards; they always affected not to know each other. Marat loaded Philip Equality with inſults; and he was always in accord with him. It was always the ſame point of contact, in the raiſing of the populace and in ſans-culottiſm. Theſe two cruel factions, by ſacrificing alternately a few chiefs, formed in reality only one in their conſtant oppoſition to all order, and all rule; and even as far as the republic, of which they wiſhed only for the word, every thing has been in their hands a means of trouble and diſcord.

You have ſeen the automaton which plays at drafts; a dexterous foot places the inviſible ſprings underneath the floor. The foreign cabinets directed more than one motion; for theſe motions could not be the work of chance.

CHAP. LIX.

FURIES OF THE GUILLOTINE.

The females of the men of the 2d and 3d of September, (See the article of Septembriſers,) were never out of the galleries in the time of the two bloody committees, they ſurrounded the ſcaffolds; they brawled in the groupes; they tucked up their ſleeves the 4th of Praireal to aſſaſſinate the conventionaliſts. It was the ſacred battalion of Philip d'Orleans.

As the Directors were paſſing in their carriages on the quay of the Louvre, to go to the National Inſtitute, the furies of the guillotine poured out the moſt infernal exclamations againſt them and the conſtitution of ninety-five, regretting openly Robeſpierre and Dumas. A good kind of man,

man, frighted at theſe vociferations, ſtopt a patriot journaliſt, and forcing him to go back with him, ſo that he might be convinced by his own ears, ſaid to him afterwards, "Well, don't you tremble now?" The journaliſt anſwered, "I am more afraid of a king than of this canaille."

CHAP. LX.

THE FORTY SOUS.

THE cunning of wicked men is as ſuperior to the ordinary ſenſe of mankind, as the cunning of robbers with pick-locks to the prudence of avarice. The paſſions expreſs themſelves particularly by the ſound of the voice; it is difficult to command an inflection of the throat. I have made this reflection on hearing the haranguers of the people; they had hoarſe, hard, and brawling voices; before I looked at them, I divined their phyſiognomy. It was a laughable ſight to ſee ſheriffs' officers and bailiffs' followers, transformed into orators; but their ſanguinary logic ſo thoroughly effaced the abſurdity of their acting, that every one ſhuddered at their brutal eloquence, for it was the harbinger of impriſonment and death. The wickedneſs of man is not ſo much in the deviations of his reaſon, as in the deficiency of ſentiment which ought to ſerve him as a guide. Where had theſe haranguers borrowed the confidence of ſpeaking in public, fellows, who knew nothing, and who, from their phyſical conſtitution, were ſuſceptible of no ſhame? Their countenance never reddened with apprehenſion, they had not the modeſty of the Roman orator. Each time they mounted the tribune, they vociferated like men who, having rejected the inequality of conditions, had admitted the equality of talents. Every diſtrict had then its haranguers, who were paid forty ſous as well as the auditors. This was the maſter-ſtroke of demagogy: Danton was the inventor of it; and he was very ſenſible, that in taking the workman from his workſhop or warehouſe, he immediately augmented the price of labour, and expoſed the eaſy claſs either to be ſilent, and pay, or have their throats cut. This invention,

invention, treated as ſtrange and ridiculous, was the reſult of reflection deeply malignant and perverſe; it would have deranged all order and all police, but happily old habits kept the aſcendancy.

CHAP. LXI.

FEDERALISM.

THE word federaliſm was invented by the Decemvirs, in order to proſcribe with greater ſucceſs, and aſſaſſinate the repreſentatives of the people, who had denounced to all France the horrible day of the 31ſt May, the epocha of proconſular impudence and fury. The leſs we comprehend the word federaliſt, the greater uſe the dictatorial tyrants made of it againſt thoſe whom they wiſhed to deſtroy. They never could diſcover the remoteſt veſtige of this imaginary federaliſm, while their own numerous ſanguinary crimes were unhappily too clear and manifeſt.

CHAP. LXII.

FRATERNAL REPASTS.

EVERY perſon, under pain of being ſuſpected, under pain of being declared an enemy of equality, placed his table in the ſtreet to eat in a family-way by the ſide perhaps of the perſon whom he deteſted or deſpiſed. The rich man diminiſhed the ſplendor of his table as much as he could; and the poor ruined himſelf, in order to conceal his miſery; and whilſt he had conſumed through pride all the produce of his week's labour, his decent repaſt made him bluſh by the ſide of his neighbour, who, in his turn, thought he had become ſufficiently *ſans-culottiſed*. Envy on one ſide, orgies on

on the other, changed theſe pretended fraternal ſuppers into bacchanalia; the diſcontent was general, and thoſe who had commanded the citizens to fraternize, denounced all the cowards who had obeyed them as agents of Pitt and Cobourg.

CHAP. LXIII.

OF THE CLERGY.

London broke with Rome, and made its own pope; and the king, head of the Engliſh church, in ſucceeding the ſucceſſors of St. Peter within his own dominions, proved that the pontifical chair, though it were not filled by Roman popes, was not vacant. It was uniting in the ſame hand, the ſceptre and the incenſe pot.

Frederic in Pruſſia, invited, welcomed, and entertained all ſects, and they all lived together in perfect underſtanding. Roman Catholic miniſters, Lutherans, Calviniſts, ſupped together, and invited even the Rabbin, if he was clean dreſſed and well informed. The temples of every kind of worſhip were built on the ſame plan, and they never talked about controverſy but in their pulpits and in ſermons.

The Republic of the United States afforded the double example of admitting all kinds of worſhip, and of exacting that every citizen ſhould follow one according to his choice. We have imitated America but in part; letting every one follow what he likes. We have rejected all civil eſtabliſhments of religion; but in avoiding one abyſs, we have fallen into another. I wiſh very much that I may be deceived on this head. When in the Conſtituent Aſſembly, the word *Civil Conſtitution of the Clergy* was pronounced, decreeing at the ſame time the liberty of worſhip, the clergy ſmiled, and ſaid nothing, they were ſenſible what they had gained; and without the double miſtake which was afterwards committed, the firſt exacting from them a perſonal and clerical oath, the other their refuſing it, we ſhould perhaps have at this time a clergy very civilly, very inconſtitutionally, and very impolitically conſtituted.

But

But the fear we had of Catholicism, the recollection of the evils it had done us, the idea of its intolerance, the maddening fury of its priests, secret masses, where they caballed against the republican government, every motive determined this government to decide that all kinds of worship should be free, which is to say, in other words, we will have no worship at all.

CHAP. LXIV.

CONCILIABULES.

The Parisians have wished to imitate the English, who meet in taverns, and discuss the most important affairs of the state; but that did not take, because every one wished to preside at these meetings. There was an inconceivable incoherence; no union, no system characterised their operations. A short-sighted politician, issuing from his shop, or from his contentious office, dreamt one thing to-day, another to-morrow; no wonder therefore at the inconsistencies and absurdities which emanated from such assemblies.

Paris scandalized at the depredations and depravity of its kings, at the prodigalities and incestuous conduct of Lewis the XVth, imagined that the purest system of morals was to take place without any obstacle. The *bonnet-rouge* was the signal of those new virtues. What a wide and fatal mistake! this token belonged at first exclusively to the lowest classes of the Parisians, and from thence spread itself into the cities of the second and third order; and if the republican bayonet had not effaced the scandal of the *bonnet-rouge*, France would have passed down to posterity as containing nothing but a pack of cowards. But in those days of shame and wickedness, in which every one that possessed any virtue was sent to the scaffold, or lay plunged in dungeons, our great generals and brave soldiers redeemed from slavery the soil of France, which was about to become a desert.

But did not the Committee of Public Safety make Europe tremble? could one have expected such effects from men who composed it the greater part of the time? No; but it

was

was not they who acted, they did great things without knowing it, and if I may uſe the expreſſion, in ſpite of themſelves. It was anarchy which, happily for France, formed a ſyſtem of reparation at the ſame time that it dealt on every ſide its blows for deſtruction. All the deſtroyers at this horrible period imagined that they were working for themſelves alone, while they were labouring for the ſalvation of France, puſhed on by an irreſiſtible force, they did wonders with meanneſs of talents, becauſe the mob, in all their tumultuous movements, did not perceive they were but inſtruments. The two bloody committees were in abſolute need of a great number of *faiſeurs*; the labour of theſe men was neceſſarily proportioned to the immenſity of the different objects, and beſides, they had to earn their money. This aſſociation with the government, horrible as it was, conſtituted its great force, and by ſerving it as executioners, they were uſeful alſo to the machine, for we beheld marching on the ſame line, an army of cowardly jail-keepers, and an army of brave ſoldiers.

This is a kind of myſtery which hiſtory, at ſome future day, will ſcarcely be able to unravel: Paris preſented a multitude of looſe diſorderly fellows, a battalion of cut-throats; all that was cruel, vile, and abominable, but it was force, and it is force, which puſhes men on, and which forms by degrees an irreſiſtible vortex which enveloped and drew in every thing. Men, eſtates, property, all ſwept away by this terrible hurricane, which ſhook the whole ſoil of France, but which, when placed in front of the enemy, became a tornado which drowns or burns every thing that it meets. Happy he, who could ſhelter himſelf from the ſtorm, and who was not driven from rock to rock by this foaming flood! The Chaumettes and Heberts were to open lectures of atheiſm at Paris, and he who was not an atheiſt would have been indicted for having calumniated the people and the Revolution.

CHAP. LXV.

LET HIM BE A WOLF.

THIS was the terrible cry of death to the Norman and Salic Legiſlators; *Wargus eſto*, *Let him be a wolf*, and that wherever he was ſeized, he ſhould be killed. This cry was renewed on the formation of the Revolutionary Government. Condorcet, Vergniaud, Gaudet, and ſeveral other republicans, were hunted with the cry of *Wolf! Wolf!* and the Pariſians joined in the ſhout, *O yes, they are wolves*, and they all fell the victims of this terror. Friends became ſtrangers to each other, and all who, like Briſſot and Gorſas, had thrown their ideas periodically on paper, in order to point out the means of introducing and eſtabliſhing liberty and juſtice amongſt us, were included under a general anathema, which had its ſource in a royaliſt ſpirit at Paris, and which is a conſtant inmate in the dirty offices of notaries, old procureurs, and whatever compoſes the law tribe, habitually cowards, and whoſe ſpirit was never any other than that of chicane.

The people were told, that they would never be free till every thing was deſtroyed; and the burgher ſaw with pleaſure the deſtruction of the noble, becauſe he counted on putting himſelf in his place. The poor pariſians, without knowing it, leagued themſelves with the foreign enemy, from not being able to diſcover the plots of the royaliſts within. They miſtook ſedition for policy, and death for juſtice.

Famine and uſury had taken poſſeſſion of Paris, and the city was on the point of being overturned; the Conſtituent Aſſembly committed the horrible miſtake of authoriſing ſtock-jobbing, and annulling the laws againſt uſury.

Club was formed againſt club, this monſtrous offspring of diſcord and fury, known amongſt the ancients under the name of *ſodalitia* and ſynods, but ſo ſeverely defended by the wiſdom of the Roman laws, and which Thucydides has wiſely obſerved, were the focuſſes of ſedition.

The ſocial ſyſtem was ſhaken to its very baſe; and it is a miracle that Paris has not witneſſed its utter ruin; nothing was read for a long time but writers hired to corrupt the mind of the public, to perplex and palſy all the ſprings of the body politic, to lead this light and ignorant people aſtray,

on

on whom the blows which faction aimed at the ſtate have always ultimately fallen.

CHAP. LXVI.

CA IRA. *

THIS ſong, which is not a model of poetry, but which has afforded a ſtriking example of the power of muſic, preſided over the labours of the *Champ de Mars*, and excited general tranſport in every theatre.

No blood had been ſhed at this period; the love of the Revolution was then unallayed, the energy it had excited was pure, no idea of murder had defiled it, and *ça ira* was the univerſal chorus. Libertiniſm had vainly attempted to profane this expreſſion, this pleaſantry, though of ordinary taſte, was too juſtly appreciated, not to remain fixed to its true ſenſe; *Ca ira, liberty will be eſtabliſhed; and in ſpite of tyrants all will go well.*

CHAP. LXVII.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

OF what uſe are books, academies, inſtitutes, the labours of philoſophy, all thoſe floods of light which have embelliſhed and which ſtill embelliſh our own times? Theſe rays have not penetrated the maſs of the people, they are always the ſame, the ſame ſuperſtition beſets them, nor have they loſt a ſingle point of their old errors.

What was called good company were the dupes of Caglioſtro and Meſmer, two impudent quacks, who inſulted the firſt rudiments of ſound phyſics; notwithſtanding which, they did not the leſs pocket the money of good company, while the good company were laughing at thoſe who in the ſtreets purchaſed for two ſous the little packets of thoſe who ſold *orvietan*. The Canadian ſavages conſult conjurors and witches, and believe in the predictions of

* The word *ça ira* was alſo reſpectable from its origin; we borrowed it from the celebrated Franklin; it was his favourite expreſſion during the heat of the American revolution.

their

their jugglers. The people of Paris are ſcarcely more advanced: like the ſavages, they have their jugglers, whom they alſo conſult, and whoſe oracles they revere, of which I am convinced from my own knowledge.

In the Rue d'Anjou, near the ſtreet formerly called Dauphine, No. 1773, in the firſt floor, lives one of our moſt celebrated fortune-tellers. He is called Martin, and affects the Italian accent. There this new Trophonius delivers his oracles; there, in ſhort, he has fixed his ſybillite cavern.

The entrance is by a little court, which, as well as the ſtair-caſe, is filled with perſons of both ſexes and all ages, who have the air of ſouls in torment, and who form a *queue* to wait their turn for the deciſion of the fortune-teller.

There I have ſeen feathered ladies, well dreſſed young men, with a ſerious air. I have conſidered with aſtoniſhment their countenances ſtreaked with ſigns of fear and hope, and for a moment thought myſelf on the threſhold of purgatory.

In my turn I reached, but not without ſome difficulty, the ſeat of the oracle. I had figured to myſelf a man of lofty ſtature and white beard, eyes inflamed, a prophetic tone, ſuch as Caglioſtro aſſumed, and ſuch as he had taken with me at Straſbourg when I laughed in his face from the groteſque appearance he made in his pompous geſtures *; but Martin, the oracle, is a man without legs, with crutches by his ſide, and who, on the leaſt movement, ſeizes them with an incredible alacrity, and draws after him his two caſed-up thighs into his narrow and dirty apartment. He had a pack of cards in his hands, a great geographical chart covered his table. He has a gay, firm, and ſtedfaſt air: he ſuſtains your look with the moſt complete aſſurance. Two kinds of clerks go out and in continually to announce the company. No one ſmiles in this ſanctuary, and even I had loſt the deſire in contemplating ſo many figures half thunderſtruck, and who did not ſeem diſpoſed to jeſt on the oracles which they had juſt received. They were ſeated in a large and old elbow chair. He interrogates them in whiſpers, and mutters to every one his ſentence. He places his finger on the geographical chart, and this appeared to me to be the inſtant of the moſt ſolemn revelations.

Joy

* He was then in the ſuite of Cardinal *Necklace*, whoſe adventure, by rendering the Court of France ridiculous, broke the ſpell of the French people.

Joy ſparkled in his eyes at ſeeing ſo great a crowd of votaries. He cuts and ſhuffles his cards continually, ſo much that they are become quite greaſy. He ſeems attentively fixed on his cards, waits for your firſt word, and then caſts his eyes towards the floor. Meanwhile money ſhowers on his table. I am certain, from the information I have received, that he does not make leſs than ſix or ſeven louis a-day, for the pooreſt becomes prodigal when he wiſhes to penetrate the darkneſs of deſtiny. When Martin is offered only twelve ſous, he throws away the piece with contempt, and exclaims, with an air of dignity, *Go, conſult the fortune-tellers of the Pont-Neuf and the Rappee.* The enquirer bluſhes, and preſents a larger piece. No, never did any departed French academician of Paris ſet himſelf at a greater diſtance from a country academician. Though he gains a great deal of money, his den has always the air of a garret. He knows that he ſhould be no longer conſulted if he lived in a neat and well furniſhed apartment. He has very properly gueſſed, that the people never give faith to a prophetic ſpirit, unleſs it be in a place which has an air of ſomething like diſorder. He often raiſes his voice, and when his terrible decrees are pronounced, he makes a ſign and the votary withdraws.

There no one laughs at his neighbour; with uncovered brow and timid air each one advances towards the myſterious table. They come away meditating on the words which have been pronounced, and never affect an entire diſbelief. Whoever is inclined to laugh or ſmile, endeavours to conceal the propenſity. I was placed at length in front of the legleſs prophet. I did not conſult the oracle on fortune or paſt events, but he ſpoke to me, after I had ſaid a few words to him, of his great celebrity, and of his numerous and daily viſits which, for a long time, had been uninterrupted. He was obliged to work at *ſuch a deſtiny* for two or three days, while two minutes were ſufficient for ſuch another. He poſſeſſed this prophetic ſecret from his father, to whom it had been bequeathed, and ſucceſſively from time immemorial. For what objects are you moſt commonly conſulted? "For robberies," he anſwered, "for marriages, for goods loſt, for affairs of gallan-" try,: but there is only myſelf for robberies," he rejoined, with a commanding kind of voice. "The police itſelf con-" ſults me, and I am always the firſt to indicate the place " where the robber has fled."

At

Revolutions of Rome; but ſhuffling and turning his *jeu de tarots* in his hands, he enters into no political reaſoning.

Struck with all that I had ſeen, and ſcarcely able to recover from my ſurprize, I ſaid to myſelf, How is it poſſible for mankind to be ſo credulous, becauſe he is prodigiouſly feeling, and therefore naturally ſuperſtitious, becauſe the leaſt part of his exiſtence is the preſent.

But admitting, ſince to reaſon well we muſt make the round of the circle; admitting that there is ſomething real in this kind of divination; if, in ſhort, there exiſt certain unknown rules to perceive the future, as we have methods to fix the paſt; if we had near us a hidden thermometer to diſcover the moſt ſecret actions, ought we not then to burn all our volumes, ſhut up our academies, and laugh at the crowd of writers? Martin's cards would be the divinatory book, the book *par excellence*; for it is from want of foreknowledge that we commit ſo many errros and ſo many miſtakes.

The quack ſometimes performs a cure, and to the great aſtoniſhment of the phyſician. The men of genius whom I have met with in the courſe of my life were not thoſe who have appeared in print. The mechanician ſhrugs up his ſhoulders when you ſpeak to him of the geometrician. Vaucanſon ſaid, "I will make you a geometrician with the end "of my walking ſtick." The ſhepherd reads in the ſky the different changes of the ſeaſons, without having recourſe to the leſſons of Lalande. The ſpiders, it is a fact, led us to take Holland. Every thing is myſtery and darkneſs; and if, as I believe, there is nothing but quackery in fortune-reading, Martin at leaſt knows, and even perceives more than all the philoſophers together, that folly is and ever will be the attribute of the multitude, ſince the enquiring crowd reſort without ceaſing to the legleſs man, whilſt no perſon conſults either Monteſquieu or Rouſſeau.

As all the morality of the Pariſians is contained in Chaulieu and Barême, they are profoundly immerſed in nothing but their pleaſures and ſtock-jobbing, which they decorate with the name of commerce. The Jewiſh ſpirit is called the ſpirit of buſineſs. Affected by the ſlighteſt loſſes, their mercenary calculations are fixed on the loweſt mercantile operations; and as robbery and theft are what is moſt common among them, it is alſo what they are moſt in fear of. This is the reaſon why they repair continually to Martin, who, on his ſide, has very

very well judged that he ought to hold himſelf out as the moſt expert of conjurers in caſe of robbery. He will not change his habitation, ſince it is at Paris that he ought to ſhuffle his cards, on account of the numberleſs thefts that are committed, and for nearly the ſame reaſon as an oculiſt gave me. "I am going to leave Paris," ſaid he, "be-"cauſe diſeaſes of the eyes are much more frequent in "the cantons bordering on the ſea, on account of the "wind blaſts. I am going, therefore, to ſettle in one of "thoſe quarters."

If we recollect that our Martin is without legs, that he is in poſſeſſion of the buſt of Aſmodeus, we ſhall be leſs aſtoniſhed at the reputation he enjoys. Conjurers, Sybils, and Pythoniſts, have been always repreſented under ſtrange figures. We love to unite an extraordinary thing to an extraordinary being. A handſome conjurer would never make a fortune. The lame devil will do well in any country. I recollect that there were at the doors of Notre-Dame two offerers of the holy water: one was horribly hump-backed, and the other without legs. The eye of the believer heſitated on entering; eighteen out of twenty perſons extended their arms towards the bruſh of the little half-formed man, ſeated the whole of him in his wooden porringer*; he enjoyed a marked preference for thirty years.

CHAP. LXVIII.

CITIZEN.

THE late king's brother was called Monſieur, and we were all of us therefore plagiariſts, or uſurpers. Great occaſions to ſtrike at terms in daily uſe are rare. Every one called himſelf Monſieur, and in this imaginary equa-

* The women particularly, more tender, or more curious, and who have no idea of a man without legs, were the moſt liberal in the diſtribution of their alms.

CHAP. LXXI.

NATIONAL FLAG.

THERE is now no one in France, who does not know what that is. I wiſh for the good of mankind that all nations may likewiſe become acquainted with it, as we have been.

The greater part of our colours have ſome device. Here are ſome of them: On that of the diſtrict of the Capuchins of Paris are theſe words, *We will be ſhaved by no one.* An inſcription leſs waggiſh, but more civic, is that written on the colours of another diſtrict, *No other nobility than that of the heart.*

CHAP. LXXII.

NATIONAL COCKADE.

CITIZENS! its definition is in your hat. The day that Antoinette of Auſtria ſaw the king return from Paris to Verſailles with the national cockade in his hat, ſhe ſaid, *I did not imagine I had married a roturier.*

" Our anceſtors," ſays one of our writers, " would never " have gueſſed that *national cockade* would ever have become " the title of a journal." But how many things are there that our anceſtors never would have gueſſed at?

The national cockade will make the tour of the world. Theſe words are become proverbial, and the prophecy advances with large ſtrides.

CHAP. LXXIII.

IMPARTIALISTS.

THIS was the name given at the beginning of the Revolution to thoſe men who, having no ideas of their own, did not venture to adopt thoſe of others, for fear of committing themſelves, and who finiſhed by being the laughing-ſtock of every party.

Some perſons were embarraſſed, or affected to be ſo (in 1798) to know how much ſix and ſix made. They addreſſed themſelves to a deputy of the *Coté Gauche*, who anſwered, SIX AND SIX MAKE TWELVE.

" He who hears but one ſide hears nothing," exclaimed a thinker. " Let us hear a Deputy of the *Coté Droit*."

The queſtion was propoſed to this honourable Member, who, after having maturely reflected, anſwered, " *Six and* " *ſix make fourteen.*"

New embarraſſments. A Member of the middle of the Aſſembly is conſulted.

" *How many*," he aſks, " *did the left ſide tell you?*"—" *Twelve.*"—" *And how many the right?*"—" *Fourteen.*"—" *In this caſe ſix and ſix make thirteen. You ſee that I am* " *impartial.*"

CHAP. LXXIV.

SENSIBLERIE.

SOME time before the Revolution, the people of *bon ton* had adopted a certain *ſentimental philoſophy*, which was the art of excuſing themſelves from being virtuous. This philoſophy had its jargon, its ſenſibility, its accent, its geſtures even aſſimulated paſſion, tender modulations, affectionate expreſſions, which compoſed the exterior of perſons of good company at the recital of an immoral action, or the misfortunes of virtue, have affixed to this feigned and barren ſenſibility the name of *ſenſiblerie*.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXV.

ENGRAVING.

If engineers had been ordered to take the Baſtille, they would have traced lines, they would have attacked according to the preſcribed rules, and the royal caſtle would yet be ſtanding. The Pariſians took it into their heads that the moment was come for taking poſſeſſion of the Baſtille, and they took poſſeſſion; they made every countenance at the court turn pale; a lantern became the grave of deſpotiſm, and a pike the ſignal of liberty. Not a word was ſaid at S. Dennis, where lay the camp prepared to ſlaughter us—not a word at Mount Martre, from whence the cannon was to have thundered. In ſhort, not a ſyllable any where; and the noble enamoured of his rank, and who deſignated the Deity only by the title of the *Nobleman on high*, took flight, counting nevertheleſs on his return with all the nobility of Europe.

An engraving was exhibited at the time which was diſtinguiſhed amidſt the crowd of thoſe which covered the walls of Paris. It repreſented a barber's ſhop, in which were aſſembled cuſtomers of different ranks; underneath was written, *I ſhave clergy, I comb the heads of the nobility, and dreſs to perfection the Tiers Etat.*

A ci-devant Seigneur ſaid to one of his ci-devant vaſſals, "Allons, mon pauvre Mathurin, we are equal, we may "eat out of the ſame platter."—"Ah, Monſieur," anſwered the peaſant, "we ſhall never ſmoke at the ſame pipe!"

Drink *ratifiat of Orleans*, and *riquique**, and remember that the oldeſt is the beſt. This dictum was in every one's mouth.

* For Riquetti the family name of Mirabeau.

CHAP. LXXVI.

DECREE.

THIS word was formerly never found but in monkiſh works, or ſuch as were compoſed by churchmen.

It is only the repreſentatives of the people who are permitted to make *decrees*; the other conſtituted authorities make *arretés*; the communes make *addreſſes*; the citizens make petitions.

The Convention make decrees, the Legiſlative Body make only laws.

CHAP. LXXVII.

MONARCHIAN.

THIS is the name given by the people to the members of a faction who erected themſelves into a ſociety with a biſhop for a preſident, to labour in common, to gather up the wrecks of the monarchy. A Member of this Monarchian Club wrote to one of his correſpondents: "My "friend, I ſhall not die contented till I have drunk the "blood of a patriot." Such was the kind of pleaſure of theſe Monarchians, who called themſelves by the name of *Moderés*.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

RIBBANDS.

A KIND of halter of all ſorts of colours, with which thoſe who call themſelves *ſovereigns* tie their ſlaves, in order to be ſure of their obedience.

We have ſeen at Paris a little German ſovereign, who had made a ſhop of a priſon where he was confined for debt, and ſold poppy ribbands, broad and narrow, at reaſonable

ſonable prices, to adventurers or fools. It was called the order of Limburg. How diſtant from the three-coloured ribband which the free Frenchman wears with an honeſt pride!

In order to ſeparate the garden of the chateau of the Tuilleries, which Louis occupied, from the terrace of the Feuillants, where the public aſſembled, the people had extended along the terrace a ſimple ribband, which barrier was reſpected, and which effect a cannon would not have produced. The reaſon was, that the people obeyed a law which they had impoſed on themſelves.

CHAP. LXXIX.

EMISSARIES.

ADROIT ſcoundrels whom foreign courts threw amongſt us, and whom they keep in pay. They ſurprize our ſecrets, careſs our paſſions. If you are weak, they praiſe your prudence; if you are prudent they accuſe you of weakneſs. They call your courage raſhneſs, your juſtice cruelty. If you are mild towards them they complain openly; if you threaten them they conſpire ſecretly. Yeſterday they aſſaſſinated the defenders of their country, to-day they mix in their funeral pomp, and aſk divine honours for them, watching the moment when they may poignard thoſe who moſt reſemble them.

CHAP. LXXX.

KNIGHTS OF THE POIGNARD.

THIS was the name given to a band of ruffians wearing the *croſs of St. Louis*, who, on the 23d of February, 1791, repaired to the chateau of the Tuilleries to carry off Capet, and who were driven away ignominiouſly by the National Guard.

Colonel D. was caned by a National Guard, formerly his valet-de-chambre. "Why did you give the gentleman "a blow?"

" a blow?" ſaid his captain. " Give!" replied the ſoldier: " I did not give, I only returned what he had lent me."

Another of theſe gentlemen, who had been rudely treated the ſame day, being ſome days after at the opera, his friends made him their compliments of condolence. " *Mordieu!*" exclaimed he, " *the kicks I received on my breech will never go out of my head, and the National Guard ſhall never die but by my hand.*"

CHAP. LXXXI.

TRIBUNE.

THAT of our National Aſſembly will be as celebrated by poſterity as the tribunes occupied by Demoſthenes and Cicero at Athens and at Rome. If I was not afraid of being accuſed of national vanity, I would affirm that it will be, and that it will deſerve to be much more ſo, from the real eſtabliſhment of man in his rights, which all nations are going to acknowledge.

This benefit towards humanity will obtain homage in all times and all places.

Before the Revolution, the crimes of high treaſon then known, were of two ſorts, divine and human. He who with an iron glove gave a blow to the Pope, was guilty of divine high-treaſon. The unfortunate *La Tude*, becauſe he had diſpleaſed *Pompadour*, was guilty of human high-treaſon. We now conſider as a crime of national high-treaſon, all attempts againſt the glory or happineſs of the French Republic.

I will not ſpeak of thoſe ſtrokes of eloquence which have ſo often ſparkled in this tribune. Europe has read, and reads every day, what is ſaid there, and we may compare it to a volcano which throws out flames, ſtones and ſmoke; but this volcano is, if I may uſe the expreſſion, in perpetual exploſion, and its ſides are inexhauſtible. As it has undergone a prodigious change in the preſent circumſtances, our eloquence has taken a new character. It has not, indeed, the academical tone, nor taſte, nor purity of ſtyle, but there has been an overflow of ideas of every kind, of knowledge, and of new views, a ſort of impetuoſity which

is found amongſt no other people; in ſhort, a multitude of talents which had ſomething hard and ruſtic, but which were ſuitable to political order, and while morality had its eclipſes, eloquence, properly ſpeaking, had its eclipſe alſo.

The ſtate of the Convention became almoſt a ſtate of nature, ſo much had men changed their logic, their language, and their former ideas. No orator admitted of other fetters but ſuch as he thought fit to impoſe on himſelf.

There is more of mind in a free government, the people are better inſtructed, or at leaſt they are more bold in the developement of their ideas: beſides, a ſingle citizen uniting different profeſſions, his genius is fed by them, it has more fecundity and reſource. We ſtill behold, with aſtoniſhment, enterprizes and monuments of little republics comparable to thoſe of the greateſt kingdoms. If any one has been aſtoniſhed at it, he has never felt the ſentiment of liberty; he does not divine what he can effect with the feebleſt means. And what then will be the deſtiny of the French Republic, which has begun by making the æra of the repreſentative governments, which cultivates the nurſery garden of all future republics, and which, confirming and ſtrengthening the dignity of man, will reconcile the human race to the regards of angels.

What remains to the omnipotence of the Creator to do, in order to render man as perfect as he ought? Nothing, unleſs it be to leave him the merit of the choice of liberty, after having inſpired him with the ſentiment of it.

The Swiſs return always to the borders of their lakes, becauſe they there enjoy a ſort of liberty which, though imperfect, is ſuperiour to that of many other people, very different in that from the Gaſcons, who quit their country very willingly with the intention of never going back again. Henceforth the French will only make viſits to other countries, but will find none more admirable than their own country, as well as its government.

Let us judge by the profound ſighs, the groans, and regrets of our emigrants. They ſhall never aſcend that tribune where the voice of him whom they treated with contempt will be heard, where it will immortalize his name, and where (what is more ſoothing to conceive) it may increaſe the ſplendor and happineſs of a country.

Who is not an orator? Who does not dream of being an orator, after this great and happy perſpective? Thus it is who ſhall exerciſe himſelf in the art of ſpeaking in clubs,

clubs, in patriotic ſocieties, and even in literary circles, where they imitate the function of the Legiſlative Body with a preſident, a bell, and ſecretaries, and where they aſk leave to ſpeak, make motions, amendments, and conſult the majority; and where, as in great aſſemblies, the minority always more active, more obſtinate, and more nearly connected, gain the queſtion the next day. But alas! in the ſame tribune, the eagle armed with his thunders, and the owl ſtupidly flittering with his wings, have appeared on the ſame day, and ſometimes by the ſide of each other. Mirabeau and Laurent Lecointre have alike made their voice heard. Republicaniſm has ſpoken by the organs of Vergniaud and Gaudet, royaliſm by thoſe of Vaublanc and Dumolard. Royaliſm under every maſk has diſhonoured the tribune of the French Senate, it has reſounded with the vociferations of thoſe perverſe men who have lighted there the torches which they have thrown far among towns and into the country. There they have given the ſignal of fanaticiſm: there they have dared to legitimate the aſſaſſinations of the South; there, in ſhort, they have meditated on beginning the great trial of the revolution and of liberty.

It was ſullied in Praireal by the impure remains of Marat; and but for the epocha of the 13th Vendemiaire, the anti-republicans would have baniſhed the ſigns of liberty.

The tribune was the rallying-place of thoſe who attacked and defended liberty. Impudence and folly here triumphed for a day, but the next they were overthrown. Perfidy and cunning have been unmaſked at the moment when they counted with moſt certainty on putting us under ſubjection.

The ſtruggle on that ſpot was conſtant, terrible, and great; the intrepidity of crime gave force to the energy of virtue. Neither falſehood, nor falſe attacks, nor threats, nor the violence of the conſpirators, ever intimidated the courageous enemies of the monarchy. In vain did the ſprings of republican government relax themſelves: the government reſumed its force and its majeſty, and triumphed over the orators of royaliſm, who were cruſhed as much by the weight of talent, as of virtue, and when there remained but a few legiſlators faithful to the cauſe of the people, ſuddenly the republican genius oppoſed a reſiſtance of which the hiſtory of no nation furniſhes an example. It commanded the 18th Fructidor, which became one of the

the moſt glorious as well as one of the moſt aſtoniſhing epochas of our liberty. It is from this tribune proceeded that voice which in the ſpace of ſix years has created ſoldiers and generals, the conſtant friends of victory: it is this powerful voice which has organized the Great Nation, and which has given it a majeſtic baſis, by exalting every kind of courage. Such are the prodigies emanated from the tribune, and which have expiated the diſcourſes of thoſe ſlaves either ſtruck with contempt, or thrown far from us by exile. If the hearts of the people ſhould become lukewarm, or ſhould feel no more of that ſacred fire which ſo often animated thoſe who have ſaid, *No, never;* we will never compoſe with tyranny; if the leaſt doubt reſpecting our glorious deſtinies could for a moment ſhake the courage of the French, it would be from this tribune that again would iſſue the cry which ſhould render to man his natural dignity.

CHAP. LXXXII.

FORCED LOAN.

THE definition of this word was written on the frowning brow of every rich man. Under the old regime, the opulent nobles never lay with their wives but the firſt night of their marriage, in order to have an heir. They conſidered it as a mania worthy of what they called the Bourgeoiſie, the deſire of multiplying their family.

The *forced loan* has done a miracle. It has called the opulent nobility; and even the rich Bourgeoiſe, who were always aping the former, to the ſentiments of nature. It is now who ſhall produce moſt children, in order to contribute the leaſt poſſible. And who doubts that the wives of theſe gentlemen will not contribute by all poſſible means to ſecond their views?*

* This refers to the firſt forced loan.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXXIII.

THE **** CABINET.

WHAT we had anounced is now come to paſs. The **** Cabinet has ſought to avenge itſelf for the loſs of its ancient colonies, and has appeared to eſpouſe the cauſe of Louis the XVIth only the better to betray it. He who does not ſeize the thread will loſe himſelf in the tortuous labyrinth of ſo many contradictory facts; this Cabinet took advantage of the credulous imbecility of Orleans. Indifferent to all parties, *** favoured every thing which could produce and propagate diviſions among the Bourbons.

The monarchical government, too often overſtepping its limits, drew near its end; and, both from its audacity, and the vicioufneſs of a court which imagined that public opinion could be treated with contempt. Its imprudent haughtineſs fed by an inſolent diſdain for the people, reſted itſelf on old prejudices, which hitherto had cauſed the follies and deſpotiſm of the throne to be reſpected: but what opinion creates opinion deſtroys. The vices of the monarchical government were at their height, and it was become an object of a ſort of deriſion, from the indecent immorality of the princes who were a kind of ſultans, and eſpecially by the verſatility of its plans and meaſures.

The chief nobility who perceived an approaching ſubverſion, imagined that it would be the moment to revive the old feudal government in all its ſplendor, and to divide the provinces into particular governments *. There was a queſtion of ſhutting up Louis the XVIth in a monaſtery, as had been done with a few kings of the firſt race, and his own brothers would have been obliged to have given their conſent, from the immenſe diviſion which would have been beſtowed on them. Conſtrained by this danger,

* They had taken for their model the plan of government which the Proteſtants wiſhed to eſtabliſh in France in 1621; and we have the regulation made by the Aſſembly of Rochelle the 10th of May of the ſame year. The whole of the kingdom was divided into eight circles comprehending Bearn. The Duke of Bouillon had the general command of the armies. Thus the Proteſtants had formed a plan of changing France into a republic. The Princes had projected the creating for themſelves privileged ſovereignties.

of

of which he received warning, Louis the XVIth made uſe of the only counterpoiſe in his power, he convoked the States General, and ſeemed to embrace the popular party.

This unfortunate Prince, inſtead of following the direction of the torrent in which he would always have ſwam, far from digging it a bed, deſtroyed every happy chance which fortune ſo often offered him, to lower at once this imperious nobility, which had threatened him, and reſtrain the popular party whoſe aid he had called in againſt his enemies.

He was three times perjured, while he had the greateſt intereſt to be loyal and ſincere. He meditated the moſt ſhameful, the moſt diſhonourable, and moſt dangerous flight of which hiſtory makes mention, throwing himſelf on a foreign land, to be there deſpiſed, degraded, and made a priſoner, rather than league himſelf with a great people. He had only the ideas of a Marquis with red heels, and had never after a ſingle moment of courage, even when he might have ſaved himſelf, or have done honour to his name, by falling with that dignity which his character claimed. Given up to ſuperſtitious notions, and to thoſe counſels more or leſs fooliſh which reſult from them, groſsly diſſembling, and papiſtically vindictive, he had promiſed to religion to puniſh all the inſults with which the throne was treated.

Three months' frankneſs and open policy would have overturned all the plans of the * * * Miniſter, and prevented all the diſaſters which have weighed on France. This is what has rendered the Revolution ſo bloody and fatal; for in the beginning it was calm and peaceable; and if the king had known how to proceed with it, he would have gained the homage and admiration of the world.

It was the furious obſtinate reſiſtance to neceſſary and legitimate changes, the menaces, imprecations, and hoſtile projects of the clergy and the nobility, which impreſſed a character on the revolution which it had not in the beginning. It became terrible, becauſe the emigrants were as ſo many conſpirators. They called for the ſubverſion of the country, and nothing could calm or appeaſe their pride or their vengeance. As the prieſtly impoſtor adhered to the ſlighteſt ceremonial, and ſtruck with the name of impious who ever ſmiled at his fooleries, ſo the nobles would not give up a tittle of their blaſonry, and would

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as ſoon have burnt France for a ribband leſs large, as for their whole expulſion. The new order of things, the wiſh and want of all the French, made them furious with anger and aſtoniſhment; to yield nothing, and revenge themſelves inhumanly on every demand, was the whole of their doctrine.

Meanwhile the foreign cabinets were anxious for the fall of Louis the XVI; he was therefore adviſed to arm himſelf, to conſpire againſt the new order of things, the laſt act of imprudence as ſtrange, as it became guilty after the flight to Varennes.

He placed himſelf between two rocks, which were ſo much the more formidable, as they both helped to daſh him in pieces. Common good ſenſe ſhould have told him, that all his ſtrength lay in doing nothing, and that he ought not particularly to have followed the plans of the common enemy, who, in order to favour the moſt barbarous of projects, were deſirous of exterminating the French in the name of their chief.

He alone, by his multiplied perfidies, and by his monſtrous errors, gave birth to the republican government, which no one thought of. Thus it is that a ſound and vigorous plant, yet concealed in the earth, puſhes back a diſeaſed plant which falls into rottenneſs, the new plant increaſes its forces by the wrecks of the old.

Governments wear out, but once decompoſed, it is impoſſible to regenerate them under the form which they have loſt. The foreign powers wiſhed to ruin us, and they have become our ſaviours. It is by the coalition of kings that we have been ſaved from kings. It was the treaty of Pilnitz which raiſed the whole nation in arms, it was the King of Pruſſia in Champagne who engendered the revolutionary ſpectre.

The Engliſh people, at a certain period, tried and condemned their monarch, and they take it ill that we try and condemn ours alſo. They expected to have made it a ſubject of perpetual diſcord amongſt us, and to have cruſhed us one by the other. The monarchical government being identified with a ſingle man, this man ought neceſſarily to diſappear at the birth of the republican government. Every other meaſure would have implied contradiction, and led the way for endleſs commotions. It was neceſſary for us to repoſe in a republic, a ſtormy form of government at

firſt, but which, after the firſt formation, takes a footing difficult to break.

The Engliſh bore ſhamefully with the long dictature of Oliver Cromwell; we have had a nurſery of Cromwells, but politically and boldly enlightened, we have broken them one after the other; and if the nation had liſtened to the appeal and generous proteſt of the ſeventy-three Deputies, of which I ſhall always feel myſelf honoured in being of the number, and puniſhed the authors of the 31ſt of May, France would then have been ſaved from the blows of foreigners, and the ſcaffolds of Robeſpierre would never have been erected. What proves it is, that the unfortunate Briſſot, ſo much calumniated, and who always diſdained any noted popularity, animated by the pureſt patriotiſm, never was deceived in his averſion for England; and that far from being the hireling of the Engliſh miniſter, whom he openly attacked by his declaration of war againſt Great Britain, no man ever ſaw better than he that there was but a moment to ſtrike, and he, accuſed by this ſolemn act which will reſound to the moſt diſtant poſterity in eternal honor of his name and memory, he accuſed the ſlowneſs, the want of energy, of mobbiſh brawlers, who, while they were prating about overturning all thrones, remained dumb through ignorance, and motionleſs through fear.

It was this act of patriotiſm and courage which diſconcerted the foreign party, to which Robeſpierre was attached; for when every veil ſhall be rent, we ſhall ſee that the moſt cruel of men were alſo the moſt infamous, and that they were in agreement with the eternal enemy of France to procure themſelves a ſupport or a retreat; ſo blind does guilt render guilty men! The principal mover of the offenſive war, or who at the tribune propoſed its declaration, deſerves our gratitude. It is a crime which the royaliſts impute at preſent to the Convention, from which it would be eaſy to abſolve it, and even to turn to its glory; it ſaved on that day the republic from an approaching invaſion, meditated on the part of the foreign powers; for the treaty of Pilnitz had prepared the diſmemberment of France. And it was the chief of the French, who in order to regain I know not what ſhadow, while he might have enjoyed a real authority, had acceded to this

ſhameful

ſhameful treaty! Such ſworn foes are deſpots to their country, if once their pride be ever ſo little hurt.

The end of the Convention in provoking hoſtilities, was to take advantage of the enthuſiaſm of the French people, of thoſe ſublime and paſſionate efforts which ſignalize the firſt epochas of the independence of a nation. Ought we to have waited till the enemy, inundating our territory, ſhould give the ſignal of combat! was it not more advantageous, more worthy of us, to be before-hand with him, ſince a rupture had been rendered inevitable by ſo much treaſon and perfidy? Our emigrants who had fled from the firſt days of the Revolution when it was ſtill intact, pure and ſolemn, thoſe cowardly emigrants, who are the true cauſe of the horrible convulſions of the interior, in having taken a reſolution the moſt impolitic, and the moſt fatal to their cauſe, enjoyed the moſt unbounded protection, waiting however till they were ſacrificed at Quiberon. Bands had already formed on all the frontiers of the republic, and if the enemy ſtill delayed to attack us, it was only becauſe he had waited till we had been ruined by inteſtine diviſions. In reality, had the ardor of our youth been reſtrained, it would have led us to have waſted in inaction thoſe deciſive days, in which, full of the intoxication of our independence, ſtruck with new and extraordinary objects, ſcorched in ſome meaſure with an electric fire, we were capable of the greateſt things. It is to the offenſive war that we owe our conqueſts, our brilliant victories; it is by them that we have forced Europe to tremble; three months later, and the time was over.

Conquerors of Gemappe, of Fleurus, warriors who have planted on the top of Mont Blanc the three-coloured ſtandard! it is to you I appeal; your laurels, your ſucceſſes depoſe in favour of the decree, whoſe ſupreme wiſdom and foreſight we atteſt. The Brabanter freed, the Hollander reſtored to liberty, the Allobrogé become French, the road of Italy open to our intrepid ſoldiers; ſuch are the fruits of the offenſive war; and the ſame men who have made it a crime in the Convention, pretend that we ought to overturn every throne, and cover Europe with republics. A fine project without doubt, if it were poſſible to realiſe it, and if thoſe who had conceived it, or rather who talked of it, had not made their country groan under the moſt diſgraceful ſlavery. And if the National Convention willed

that France ſhould declare herſelf againſt England, it was becauſe ſhe felt that there was not, that there never would be, any reconciliation between royaliſts and republicans; elements ſo oppoſite could never unite. The coalition had hoiſted the flower-de-luce againſt the three coloured cockade. The Engliſh nation would become anti-republican, not certainly through conviction, but to give us new proofs of its jealous hatred; for if England was the conſtant enemy of France a monarchy, it was ſtill much more ſo of France a republic. England ſaw that ſhe could not much longer reap the fruit of that ſuperiority which the remains of that uncertain liberty which her citizens ſtill enjoy, have given her.

Is not the ardent jealouſy of this nation impreſſed on every page of our hiſtory! Let us open it, we ſhall find that it is from this iſland that have iſſued for many ages paſt the calamities by which we have been afflicted. At all times her ſecret but active policy fomented diviſions amongſt us, and ſhe always laviſhed her ſmiles on that party which beſt knew how to injure France. Without going back to diſtant epochas, does not the preſent time offer us an inconteſtible chain of evidence?

If we had ſubmitted ſilently to the inſults of foreigners, if we had been obſtinate in keeping puſillanimous meaſures with them, would they have the leſs fomented the revolt of our colonies, fed our diſcords, furniſhed arms and ammunition to the rebels of the interior, ſubſidized the coaleſced powers, and even bands of obſcure royaliſts enliſted at Paris? They have not bluſhed at counterfeiting our paper money, without reflecting that this example was the ſignal of the ruin of their own Banks.

The National Convention certainly never pretended that we could attack or deſtroy a powerful marine in its vigour; but it was in our power to hold the balance, and it is well known that the reverſes which our fleets have met with, have been owing to the blunders of thoſe in the pay of foreigners.

Have we not, it was ſaid at the time, as abundant reſources as thoſe of our enemies, to build veſſels and form ſailors? Is it not aſtoniſhing, that a nation which poſſeſſes the fineſt ports on the Mediterrenean, which has colonies, an extenſive commerce, intrepid marines, as well as the greateſt part of materials for conſtruction, ſhould have neglected

neglected this eſſential branch of national greatneſs? The active genius of republicaniſm required that our naval forces ſhould equal our land armies in ſtrength and ſucceſs. It entered into its views and projects, to ſpread over the ſea the ſame patriotic enthuſiaſm which had led the republican bayonet to the *pas de charge*.

We foreſaw what every day confirms, that foreigners could not behold, without a ſentiment of rage, a powerful republican power erecting itſelf by their ſide, which from the extent of its territory, the riches of its ſoil, the worth, the induſtry of its inhabitants, ought neceſſarily to take the lead of all other European nations.

A bad government palſied our expanſive genius, counteracted all the advantages with which nature had favoured us. Deſpotiſm, like the ſun of the torrid zone, burnt and dried up the moſt fruitful ſoil; but the French republican was going to compenſate thoſe days of inaction and ſervitude, by raiſing himſelf rapidly to the zenith of proſperity; the hoſtile governments knew how to appreciate this regenerating movement, and made uſe of every meaſure in their power to impede it.

It is evident, that it was by propagating ideas reſpecting the Blacks and Mulattoes, that they kindled the torch which ſet our colonies on fire; that ſame torch which they were careful to keep at a diſtauce from their own. It was by exaggerating, by corrupting philoſophical opinions amongſt us, that they placed to the account of thoſe feeling writers, who had ſhed tears over the fate of the ſlave, thoſe furies to which he gave himſelf up, when he had broken his chains.

We know at preſent that royaliſm, conſtantly protected by the enemies of France, had provided a retreat for itſelf in thoſe rich countries, and that from the ſhock of the three parties, have reſulted the moſt horrible calamities. Hiſtory will publiſh, that the plan had been formed to embark Lewis the XVIth for S. Domingo *, and from thence, like a new Pharamond, he was to invite, rally, and concentrate his nobles and his fanatics, and oppoſe new France to the mother country: all the blood which had been ſhed,

* He was to have left Paris in a coal-barge, to have ſtopt at Rouen at the houſe of Liancour, and from thence made the beſt of his way towards the new world. For want of ammunition they had made a proviſion of glaſs bottles, to charge the cannon that were to have protected his flight.

was

was the conſequence only of thoſe guilty and odious preparations.

Our enemies knew alſo, that wrong and extravagant ideas always gain on the lower orders of the ſocial body, and fill it with ill-regulated paſſions; that there is no tyranny ſo dangerous as that of the people, that it is commonly the moſt factious who ſeize on the reins of authority; that then the vileſt inhabitants of a city acquire the right and the power of injuring the moſt virtuous; that narrow minds ruſh always into extremes; that democracy, in ſhort, changes itſelf ſo eaſy into anarchy, that virtue and courage never find themſelves on ſo ſlippery a precipice as in a political fermentation of this nature; and the coalition organized the 31ſt of May, as the means of bringing about a ſanguinary dictatorſhip. Thus all theſe atrocious men who perſecuted the republicans, were the agents or inſtruments of foreign powers, put in motion by the hoſtile cabinets. The thread of all theſe conſpiracies ends there, and without the bravery of our armies, and the invincible union of our ſoldiers, it was over with France.

Hiſtory, in ſhort, will develope what we have only ſketched. Every faction was careſſed, becauſe it could foment political troubles; under every maſk, and every livery, the coalition have breathed diſcord, and perpetuated the empire of anarchy; Lewis, and Orleans, Robeſpierre, Babœuf, and Puiſaye, parties the moſt oppoſite, promoted alike their deſigns, provided they raiſed obſtacles to hinder the French from rallying round the republican government.

But we have at preſent a conſtitution which teaches us how to diſcover and detect the enemies of the republic, with whatever veil they are covered, we ſhall find out the friends of kings; hiſtory, experience, general intereſt, will make us ſufficiently comprehend that we cannot combat beings ſo ferocious with patience and philoſophy.

Whenever violations of the laws, of order, or the principle of humanity, are in queſtion, their infernal genius is readily of accord; but we have alſo the genius of the republic, and the intrepid ſoldiers of our country, united with its virtuous writers, will ſoon impoſe ſilence on all theſe hired libelliſts, who having begun for a long time paſt in idea, the work of royal vengeance, would wiſh to

finiſh

ſiniſh by cruſhing the nation under the horrible weight of European thrones. Such blindneſs is ſo monſtrous, that we eaſily trace in theſe writings, either abject minds, or venal pens.

CHAP. LXXXV.

CONSTITUTIONAL PRIEST.

THIS is the name which was given at the beginning of the Revolution to the eccleſiaſtic who had taken the oath to obſerve the civil conſtitution of the clergy, decreed by the National Aſſembly. At the time it exiſted, Madame (the wife of the king's brother), gave notice that ſhe ſhould have every day at dinner two places for two prieſts who had not taken the civic oath. Her cook being told of the invitation of his miſtreſs, ſaid, "The bad prieſts have "only to come, I will give them a better regale than they "think of; I will write the civic oath in little billets, "which ſhall be incloſed in the *petits-patés*; if they will "not pronounce the civic oath, they ſhall at leaſt ſwallow "it."

CHAP. LXXXVI.

TRIAL OF LOUIS XVI.

A WHOLE nation, too confiding, has been betrayed by its chief. Lewis the XVIth, diſdaining to be the king of a free people, has made uſe of the deepeſt diſſimulation in order to get poſſeſſion again of the deſpotic ſceptre; in order to cruſh, by a ſingle blow, one half of the nation, and palſy the other. He is ſurrounded by conſpirators; he has

has liſtened from preference, as well as inſtinct, to perverſe adviſers, and has malicioufly kept himſelf aloof from the good.

He did not bluſh, in the field of Federation, at making the whole French nation aſſembled witneſſes of his perjury, nor feared at the ſame time to invite the foreign enemy into our territory, in order to ſtifle our infant liberty.

Enraged at not having ſucceeded in deſtroying Paris in 1789, rooted in his deep reſentment, he has ſince meditated every plan, every ſanguinary project capable of ſatisfying his vengeance; and when his people, convinced of his perfidy, had generouſly forgiven his abominable crime, the crowned monſter calculated with the cold bloodineſs of a cunningly concentrated mind, the meaſures the moſt efficacious to ruin them.

Fallen into his own ſnares, and ſeeing the day of juſtice arrive, he is anxious to interpret in his favour certain words of a conſtitution which he has violated; he wiſhes to inſinuate, that, in the ſocial pact, we have permitted him to aſſaſſinate the nation, and that he had a right to arm foreign ſatellites, without rendering his crowned head reſponſible! This kind of defence is a new crime, an inſult committed againſt human reaſon. Although there ſhould be no law againſt parricidal children, becauſe the legiſlator had never conceived the poſſibility of ſuch a crime, ought therefore the children, who had killed their father, to be acquitted? Could we have ſuppoſed in the text of the conſtitution a conſpiring king, an incendiary, an aſſaſſin, a parricide!

It appears, therefore, very extraordinary, that you ſhould wiſh to try Lewis, either by the conſtitution which no longer exiſts, or by the penal code. His crimes are notorious. The frontiers have been inundated with blood; the blood of the Pariſians and the Marſellais has bathed the walls of the infernal chateau, from whence the demon of deſpotiſm has vomitted a thouſand deaths.

Political laws alone ought to puniſh crimes of an extraordinary nature, and in an extraordinary criſis. All this is new, terrible, and neceſſary. It is a trial between an injured nation and a guilty king. The political laws which belong to great ſocieties, and which are continually modifying them, are no longer thoſe of natural, or of civil right; they watch over the conſtitution of the whole; and having no other end, they are not ſubjected to thoſe equivocal words

words by means of which the moſt contradictory arguments are equally maintained.

It is political law which orders war, which cauſes that houſe to be burnt which ſhould contain the germ of the plague, which protects the half-crown of the capitaliſt, againſt the hand of the neceſſitous man who covets it; which after the death of one man, orders the death of another. Theſe laws, political from their nature and their utility, are formed in every great circumſtance, and are peculiarly adapted to a day of tempeſt. Thoſe laws are political which willed the inviolability of the king, in order that he ſhould be impaſſable in the exerciſe of his ſublime functions. The ſame political laws pronounced the forfeiture of royalty, becauſe royalty was about to operate the diſſolution of the ſtate; and there was no medium between diſorganization and the republic. Thus, it is no longer juriſprudence which we ſhould follow, ſince it is an inſurrection which has ſaid, *Deſtroy the power*. The Convention can therefore neither delegate this authority, nor create a tribunal.

Let us then conſult political laws, and lay aſide ſuch as are liable to abuſe and chicane. The founders of liberty ought not to engage themſelves in crooked queſtions, and the perplexities of the bar. Too timorous a philoſophy, like the ferocious cry of Maratiſm, would lead us aſtray at this moment.

What do the re-eſtabliſhment of the republic, and national intereſt exact? On the one ſide I ſee a nation, on the other an individual. This individual deſerves death, becauſe he has committed the public ſafety, and been an enemy to his country: but this individual, though ſhorn of his beams, is ſtill a demi-god to fanatical worſhippers. Others ſee in him the depoſitory of the immenſe riches which he diſtributed to his favourites; and they would wiſh to reſtore that depoſitory.

All thoſe who love gold, regret the great diſtributor. Others put themſelves in idea in his place, and intereſt themſelves for the criminal on account of the height of his fall. Policy ſees nothing but the national parricide, and does not heſitate to ſay, "The chief of ſo many conſpira-
"cies, whom the people have too often pardoned, ought
"to meet with no other laws but ſuch as are inexorable;
"the king, who called himſelf the palladium of the conſti-
"tution, and who acted againſt the conſtitution in its name,
"deſerves

" deſerves death. The country, on the border of the pre-
" cipice, cries to every repreſentative of the people, *Avenge,*
" *avenge me!*" Under this point of view, and the only one which political reaſon can offer, the repreſentatives of the people are no longer judges, ſince the crimes are proved, they are only avengers, and they ought without delay to pronounce the puniſhment which thoſe crimes deſerve. Political laws of a ſuperior nature require that France ſhould no longer be given up to incertitude; we are in civil war, two parties are ſtruggling for the aſcendancy. The republic, or the deſpotiſm of an individual! is it uſeful or neceſſary that Lewis ſhould periſh?

I maintain that the king is dead and buried; he has no longer a political exiſtence. He ought to be conſidered, and we muſt conſider him, as being for ever cut off from ſociety; political laws have deſtroyed the political being; they have done what was neceſſary. The king is no other than a phantom. After the deſtruction of royalty, it was found policy to put aſide, or adjourn, the puniſhment of the crowned head, for time is alſo a legiſlator which unravels the moſt knotty queſtions; and the ſolution of the problem was in this verſe of the fable, " *Before that time,*
" *either the king, the aſs, or I ſhall die.*" But this wiſe reſolution did not pleaſe the diſorganizing party; that party invokes diſorder, it loves diſcord; it heats every thing in order to produce conflagration. One member goes ſo far as to ſay, " I wiſh to ſee his head on the Carouſal;" and he takes this language for that of a legiſlator; another abuſes the name of republic, without reflecting that the republic is not yet created.

True policy ſays, " Try Lewis the XVIth; pronounce
" that he deſerves death; but do not pronounce the puniſh-
" ment of death."

If Lewis the XVIth be no longer a political being with reſpect to us, he is ſtill ſo for the potentates of Europe. The anti-ſocial maxims which make them conſider ſtates as farms and the people as cattle, theſe maxims will dictate to them new impoſtures, they will calumniate the French; they will abuſe the ignorance of their ſubjects; they will not diſcontinue pouring in their gold to quicken their ferocious ſatellites; the brother of the traitor will be proclaimed regent; the ſon, king; and his age and his innocence will become virtues. We know how much men are guided by words; every Bourbon will call himſelf the proprietor of

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the throne; and will offer parts of France to whoever will re-eſtabliſh him. The more extravagant thoſe pretenſions are, the more they will prevail among nations accuſtomed to regard kings as gods, without whom nothing can exiſt, and who alone can give life to the political body.

But Lewis is a priſoner; all the emigrant princes dare aſſert that he is no more! Faithful to their deteſtable logic, they wiſh only to tyranniſe under his name, or after him. The plains of Chalons, violated by the enemy, prove that Lewis is literally a priſoner of war; and it is not permitted to put a priſoner to death.

If on the morning of the 10th of Auguſt he had fallen under the ſword of the avengers of liberty, his death would not have been a crime; but a great act of juſtice in the eyes of the world; for every thing then was permitted. But Providence, which has diſpoſed of every event of this great Revolution, did not permit this, and thus ſeems to have indicated to the French the glory of forming a republic, and ſparing at the time the blood of their moſt cruel enemy. The example will be the ſame for every crowned head; to make Lewis the XVIth fall, would be to make it believed, that he was ſtill formidable. He is no longer ſo: the incomprehenſible taliſman is broken. The murderer of the Baſtille, of Nancy, of Tournay, of the Tuilleries, will wear on his front the eternal ſeal of reprobation; and his foot will no longer tread the living ſoil of liberty; he will no longer have the ſoothing ſatisfaction of beholding it. From the depth of his obſcure priſon, he will hear our ſongs of victory; and who knows but remorſe will penetrate his heart with the tears of true repentance? perhaps, in the bitterneſs of his grief he will exclaim, "I was a fool, "a barbarian, but men had made me a king."

We muſt take then into our account the moral re-action, which for ever turns the mind towards pity, when juſtice ſheds blood. If the king periſhes on a ſcaffold, this tragedy will divide Europe; it will be the origin of endleſs debates, which will ſerve as a pretext againſt the French.

Captivity precludes theſe bloody commotions. Thoſe who might be tempted to call themſelves kings, will not venture to do ſo, we ſhall have no Pretenders, no further intereſt will be taken in a phantom which has vaniſhed; and Europe will ſee, that impunity is no longer the privilege of potentates.

Such

Such is nearly the ſumming up which I made on this great queſtion, and my opinion was delivered in almoſt the ſame terms.

The Girondines were deſirous of ſaving the king, but they did not wiſh at the ſame time to loſe their popularity; and the deſpotiſm of the mob being then omnipotent, it was who ſhould careſs it moſt. The Girondines ſuggeſted the appeal to the people, hoping that by taking this courſe, the iſſue of the trial would have favourable chances; but they deceived themſelves, and I made repeated efforts to diſſuade them, but in vain. I told them they would themſelves repent of the appeal to the people, which I myſelf oppoſed. They might have divided on the queſtion of capital puniſhment, but they united in the ſame vote, and thereby compoſed the voice of the majority, though their ſecret deſign was to ſpare the nation the ſight of a king dragged to the ſcaffold.

It is thus, that in great political affairs, refinement and diſſimulation bring about events directly contrary to thoſe which were intended. I was of opinion, that no cunning was neceſſary, and ſuperior to fear, and firm in my principles, I ſeparated myſelf on this occaſion from the Girondines, whom I had always loved and eſteemed. I voted againſt the appeal to the people, declaring myſelf with the ſame frankneſs againſt the pain of death.

The examination of this queſtion gave me a fever for eight and forty hours, and made volumes of reflections paſs through my head. I fell ſick; and having, I think, diſcovered the true point of view, I do not conceal my opinion, that thoſe who voted differently have committed *a political blunder*. Probably they had not made the ſame exertions to come to the ſolution of this great problem, which nevertheleſs will be finally decided for poſterity, by the pen of ſome future Tacitus. As for myſelf, I have done my duty as a man, and a legiſlator; and I do it ſtill as a free and independent writer.

CHAP. LXXXVII.

OF THE DETHRONED RACE.

Is it indeed the ſame individual, crowned and conſecrated at Rheims, mounted on a raiſed flooring, ſurrounded by all the nobility kneeling at his feet, hailed by a thouſand acclamations, adored almoſt as a god, whoſe look, and voice, and geſture, were as ſo many orders; he who was ſurrounded with honours and enjoyments; in ſhort, ſeparated as it were, from the reſt of mankind, is it really the ſame man whom I ſee handled by four of the executioner's helpers, and his clothes ſtript off with violence; whoſe voice is drowned by the noiſe of the drum, tied to a plank, ſtill ſtruggling, and receiving, ſo ill prepared, the ſtroke of the guillotine, that he has not his neck, but the hinder part of his head, and the jaw, horribly diſſevered?

His blood flows: ſhouts of joy from eighty thouſand armed men aſſail my ears, and are repeated along the quays. I ſee the ſtudents of the Quatre Nations lifting their hats in the air. His blood flows: it is, who ſhall dip the end of his finger in it, a pen, a ſcrap of paper. One perſon taſtes it, and ſays, "*It is deviliſhly ſalt.*" An executioner on the edge of the ſcaffold ſells and diſtributes little packets of his hair; the rope that bound him is purchaſed; every one carries off a little fragment of his clothes, or ſome bloody veſtige of this tragical ſcene. I ſaw the people filing off, holding by each other's arms, laughing, and talking familiarly, as if they were returning home from a fête.

There was no alteration in their countenances, and thoſe have aſſerted a falſehood who have ſtated that a ſtupor reigned through the city. It was only ſome days after that reflection, and a ſort of miſtruſtful fear of the future, caſt a cloud over ſome particular ſocieties. The day of puniſhment made no impreſſion: the theatres were open, the drinking-houſes on the ſide of the bloody ſcene, emptied their cans as uſual, and they cried cakes and *petits-patés* around the decapitated body. He was placed like any other criminal in the wicker-baſket, carried to the Magdalen burying-ground, where he received an ample doſe of quick-lime,

lime, which ſo calcined him, that it would be impoſſible for all the gold of the potentates of Europe to form the leaſt relick of his remains.

The Miniſter of Juſtice announced and read to him the ſentence of death. It appears that Louis the XVIth had ſome hope even to the laſt moment; for it is certain, that he flew into a paſſion, and ſtruggled with five or ſix of the executioners. He ſpoke for ſome little time, and pretty loud.

It is pretended that it was the player Dugazon, who, without the intervention of Santerre, ordered, as if it were the command of the general, the beating of the drums.—Religion ſeems alſo to have aſſiſted the king in this horrible paſſage from the throne to the ſcaffold, and the words of his confeſſor were ſublime. "*Go, ſon of St. Louis, aſcend to* "*heaven!*"

From a certain point of view, thrones are only monticules, and the death of a king on a ſcaffold is not one of thoſe events which diſturb phyſical order, or which can interrupt one of the leaſt laws of nature, or the progreſs of things here below. Louis the XVIth might have died a ſtill more painful death; but men, in overturning an idol, remain affrighted at the blows which they have given it, and we are all more or leſs like the ſtatuary, who falls on his knees before his own work.

I can atteſt, that five or ſix days after the puniſhment, the greater part of the Legiſlature who had voted for death were affrighted at what they had done. They looked at each other with aſtoniſhment, and felt a ſort of inward fear, which looked very much like repentance. Sometimes they ſought, ſometimes they ſhunned, thoſe who had been of a contrary opinion, and whom they did not dare to interrogate. I remember very well that they met in groupes, whiſpered to each other, and were embarraſſed at our approach.

It is certain, that at this epocha an almoſt abſolute ſeparation took place between thoſe who had and thoſe who had not voted the death of the king: that enmities were inflamed, that hatreds increaſed, that open or concealed reproaches aſſumed a formidable aſpect; and that, in ſhort, the puniſhment of Louis the XVIth threatened all thoſe who had been willing to ſave him from it.

Thoſe

Thoſe inſolent and raſh menaces forced us ſometimes to ſpeak thundering but tardy truths. We kept no longer any terms with men, our equals, who dared to call us puſillanimous beings. To inſult us, to devote us to the fury of the populace, there was no longer any thing common between us, becauſe they could not forgive us our opinion. Having made the head of Louis fall, they were emboldened to cauſe the heads of their colleagues to fall in the ſame place. It was a delirium of fury, of vengeance, and of rage, and I believe they did much more from terror than republicaniſm.

I perceived that ſeveral of them felt deep remorſe. — Deſacy, a mild, modeſt, and honeſt man, deeply verſed in hiſtory, died with grief. Alas! ſuch are men! they are moved, drawn ignorantly in, give way to the paſſions of others, and dare not have any opinion of their own. There are few who know how to preſerve any conſiſtency of character, when every thing threatens and ſhakes around them.

The Girondines were afflicted at having made uſe of a uſeleſs *fineſſe*. They repented of the falſe ſtep they had taken by their *appeal to the people*, and they ſaw that their adverſaries were metamorphoſing themſelves into tygers to devour them. They had not that courage which prevents and defies dangers, and believed in the information, the wiſdom of the nation, and in its power to riſe in their favour. The nation, undecided, and divided likewiſe with reſpect to this great event, knew not whom to acquit or condemn, and abandoned alike to their own deſtiny, the different parties of the National Convention, waiting the reſult with a ſort of inconceivable apathy which was fatal to itſelf.

The Queen aſſuredly enjoyed neither the eſteem nor affection of the public. The recent ſtory of the necklace, her immoderate love for the Emperor her brother, her ſuppoſed hatred for France, did not conciliate the reſpect of the people. They recollected her firſt arrival in the Court of Verſailles, which had been ſignalized by a tremendous burſt of thunder, and three thouſand unhappy people cruſhed to death, or ſtifled in the place of Louis Quinze, amidſt the rejoicings for her marriage, on the ſame place which ſhe was one day to ſtain with her blood. She had rendered herſelf ridiculous from playing too often the actreſs, exhibiting her ſon to the people, making him her ſhield, treating him as a king

king with a ſort of geſture and movement borrowed from our tragedies, eſpecially after ſhe had furniſhed calumny with arms from her manners, her petulance, her nocturnal courſes, aud that the people were accuſtomed to regard the little prince as the fruit of her illicit amours. Nothing was the ſubject of converſation but her exceſſes: they were ſuch, real or imaginary, that it was only at this epocha that they talked of a vice almoſt unknown, which has no name in our language, and whoſe ſcandal, or rather exceſs of horror, her example ſeemed to wipe away.

Hiſtory will tell what precipitated the puniſhment of the Queen. I do not know the details, but I am perſuaded that the authors of the death of Louis the XVIth, having their own exiſtence threatened, braved the menaces of their enemies, and were deſirous of making them believe that they were not afraid. Fear has played ſo great a part in our revolution; its altar was ſo large, that what was only done to ſhun an adverſary, to ſtrike him with horror, was often attributed to policy, ambition, and profound wiles. What tends to prove this remark is, that the king's ſiſter, who had no other crime than that of her birth, to ſpeak the language of the times, was not ſpared, and that it is impoſſible to gueſs at preſent what could have been the motives of ſuch an execution.

To brave crowned heads, to humble them, to render all reconciliation impoſſible, to attach the whole nation to the Revolution, by attaching it to its exceſſes, was the end of thoſe who reſolved to govern it. What ſaved the king's daughter, idolized by her father, whom ſhe ſaw go to the ſcaffold, (while ſhe was for a long time ignorant that her mother had undergone the ſame fate), was leſs her youth than the confuſed hope which Robeſpierre had indulged of arriving, through her means, to a rank which had then no name, but to which he and his party would ſoon have known how to have given one. The chimerical and the improbable were at that time calculated on as ordinary and poſſible things.

The Dauphin of France, the title which formerly belonged to the preſumptive heir of the crown, had received from the Conſtituent National Aſſembly, which determined the lot of the throne, the title of Prince Royal. He was priſoner in the Temple; and there his mother, reſuming the

old

old étiquette of the court, and rehearſing Suetonius, affected to treat this child with all the reſpect due to a monarch. He was conſidered as Louis the XVIIth in his family at the priſon (poor human pride!) whilſt the rebels in the Vendée proclaimed him by this title, and all their acts were made in his name. This child was ſix years and ſome months old when the gates of the temple opened to receive him, and were ſhut on him for ever. The commune had given him for a governor, inſtitutor, and preceptor, a *cobler*, named *Simon*. All his care was to unlearn him from being a king, or to enact the king. He taught him to ſwear, to curſe his father, to call his mother a ——, to ſing the Carmagnole, and cry *Vivent les Sans-culottes!* and what proved the progreſs of that new education, was the part they made the child act on his mother's trial. Minutes were made of his declarations (monſtrous proces-verbal—but what was there inconceivable at that time!) from which it appeared to reſult—I ſhudder while I trace thoſe lines—that Marie Antoinette had attempted to draw from her ſon thoſe reſources which libertiniſm did not permit her to find in her priſon. At this terrible imputation, Marie Antoinette anſwered like an inſulted mother in theſe words, full of noble dignity: "It "is not ſo; and I here invoke every mother preſent. Let "them ſay if that be poſſible;" and ſhe was almoſt ſuffocated by grief.

The child became as it were liſtleſs, and died at the Temple, in conſequence of a ſcrophulous humour which ſtifled him. He was not poiſoned. Connected intimately for five-and-thirty-years paſt with the ſurgeon who opened the body, I atteſt that he is incapable of ſigning any other thing than the truth.

The two brothers of Louis the XVIth would have put their heads under the national razor (to make uſe of a term which was given to the horrible inſtrument of puniſhment), but for their prudence and lucky eſcape. Their niece was preſerved only to ſerve as an exchange to the deputies whom the baſe treaſon of the infamous Dumourier had delivered to the enemy, and the head of Drouet in danger cauſed that of the Auſtrian Princeſs to be reſpected: no other name was given her.

The Queen loſt, neither the eve nor the day of her puniſhment, the paſſion and inſtinct of a woman. She ironed her cap with care, dreſſed herſelf with the ſame taſte, and with

a kind of ſimplicity. She ſaid, in her flock bed, to the Gend'armes, who were ſeparated from her by a ſcreen, "Do you think that the people will let me go to the ſcaffold "without tearing me in pieces?" and the Gend'arme anſwered, "You will go, madam, to the ſcaffold, without any "harm happening to you." She had no carriage, but was dragged in a cart like the wife of Roland, but ſhe had not her ſtoiciſm. The people ſaw her paſs with an indifference which bordered on contempt, and which her conduct had inſpired. When ſhe came oppoſite the Palais Royal, ſhe could not ſuppreſs an emotion of indignation: it was from this palace that had iſſued her dreadful reverſes. She fainted on the ſcaffold: the ſpectators were as tranquil as if it had been an ordinary victim. There were neither inſults, nor outrage, nor tears, nor regrets.

It is ſaid that a Ruſſian poet is making tragedies on all thoſe dethroned perſonages; but three thouſand years muſt elapſe, or a greater diſtance of leagues, to render noble and pathetic that which near, and under our eyes, inſpired only ſlight and tranſitory emotions.

But the ſparkling Count d'Artois, hair-brained young man, plunged in every ſort of diſſipation, whoſe whole courſe of literature was the *Pucelle* of Voltaire, which he knew by heart, what does he ſay, or think, of all theſe reverſes? Did he ſuſpect, when given up to every ſort of pleaſure, and believing that royalty was inſtituted only to favour his taſtes, and pay for them, what, to uſe a trivial expreſſion, was his ſtar? Does he remember the day when he made the tour of Paris on horſeback, to viſit the gates through which the troops were to enter to ſack the city? Has he forgotten the moment when the French guards ſeemed to wait only for the word of command to fire on the people, in order to ground their arms? So much was *he* eſteemed and beloved!

What has he done beyond the Rhine? With what glory has he covered himſelf? What has he done for all this ariſtocracy, of which he is the worthy chief? What indemnity will he offer to the emigrants? Was it after his plan that the greater part of a corps was ſent to deſtruction, and to be ſhot at Quiberon?

The principal cauſe of the ruin of the court was undoubtedly that Count d'Artois. His haughtineſs was diſpleaſing to every one: he had introduced into France thoſe Engliſh follies

follies which metamorphoſed our princes into ſo many jockeys; his prodigalities encouraged thoſe of the Queen; their intimacies were the ſubject of cenſure; and their common dilapidations made it be ſaid that the public treaſure was given up to pillage. In fact, the revenues of the Count d'Artois not being ſufficient for his expences, the king had often paid his debts, which were continually renewing, and he left many millions unpaid at his departure. But it is to be obſerved, that *Monſieur*, who was as œconomical as his brother was prodigal, was in the habit of taking, in order to add to his own ſtock, the equivalent of what M. d'Artois received to feed his creditors.

The old aunts of the king, as if inſpired with the ſpirit of divination, inſiſted ſo much on leaving France, that at length they accompliſhed their purpoſe. Arreſted at ſome leagues from Paris, they found the means of getting forward. It is very likely that the plan of decampment having been arranged for the whole of the royal family, they had only taken the firſt ſtep. They went to Rome, to viſit the Pope and Abbé Maury, the great inventor of emigration. But whilſt I am writing, ſee the French troops entering Rome at quick ſteps, our ſoldiers planting the three-coloured flag on the walls of the capitol, and ſaying to the ſhades of Cato, Brutus, and Pompey, *Rejoice, your Republic is again reſtored!*

Sufficient attention was not paid at the time to the death of Choiſeul, when he was going to be recalled to the miniſtry, or rather to be the ſole miniſter. This event deprived the vampire caſt of a jealous and ſkilful protector. He would have ſupported the ariſtocracy, and if the nobles have dared to threaten our frontiers, unite themſelves with Leopold and Francis the Second; arm themſelves againſt the country with ſacrilegious ſteel; raiſe troops: treat with foreign powers; give to one of their accomplices the title of *Regent of the kingdom*; what would they not have done, having for king a Choiſeul, who would have ſubjected the monarch to them?

We muſt allow that Verſailles, which wanted to make the counterpoiſe, was become the ſport of Paris; but imagination can ſcarcely figure to itſelf the ridiculous gaiety, the turbulence, the intoxicated buffoonery of the Pariſians going to court to fetch the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's little boy, which was the name given to the royal family. Two hundred thouſand men on the road, laughing,

brawling, dancing, hallooing, calling out, *They are bringing him.* Every ſoldier holding under his arm a girl of the town, the haranguers ſeated on the cannon, others putting on their heads the grenadiers' caps, veſſels of wine near powder barrels, green branches ſtuck on the firelocks, ſhouts, cries, clamours, the image of the ancient Saturnalia; nothing can paint this proceſſion which accompanied the monarch. Never was King Log ſo tumbled about in the frog-pond, the nobles, hidden in the crowd, animated this tumult, and enjoyed the confuſion of the chief whom they hoped ſoon to replace.

It was the ſame when he was brought back to Varennes: it ſeemed the inſtitution of an annual feſtival to make merry at the expence of the court. The Pariſian, according to his own expreſſion, made a farce of thoſe tumultuous days, in which extreme licence wore ſuch a character of originality and folly, that it would be difficult to give it a name. Any one would have ſuppoſed it a king of ſtraw or wicker-work, which the mob was parading, inſtead of a deſcendant of Louis the XIVth. The ſpell was entirely broken; and as there was not the leaſt ſhadow of reſpect, it was nothing more than a pleaſant day of riot amidſt the moſt ſolemn political events. Terrible gaiety of the Pariſians! more dangerous than their fury. The mobbiſh familiarity which embraced the baker and the baker's little boy, did more for the Revolution than the pikes, the ſcythes, and bill-hooks ſtuck on the end of long ſticks. Ariſtotle has defined man a laughing animal, but no one can imagine to what point he is, or may become ſo, unleſs he has ſeen thoſe facetious ſcenes, thoſe burleſque conceptions, thoſe fantaſtic deliriums, of extravagance, which announced a people ſuddenly let looſe, and willing to make up in a day for the painful reſtraint under which they had languiſhed for ſo many ages; and I may be credited in aſſerting, that all the ſpectators, as if they were aſtoniſhed at ſome extraordinary novelty, partook of the tumultuous joy of the multitude. Was Momus buſy then in ſhaking his bells throughout this immenſe city? At the theatre, the farce comes after the tragedy, but here the tragical ſcenes were preceded by the farce.

In this manner the fall of the royal family was brought about by a crowd of acceſſory circumſtances at preſent forgotten,

gotten, but which will teach the hiſtorian that the greateſt cataſtrophes do not take place from a ſingle blow.

What an epocha reſults from hence for future generations! our victorious arms have revived the Roman republics. The King's aunts, who had taken refuge at the Vatican as a ſure, a tranquil aſylum, are forced to fly; the coalition of kings is puniſhed in the papal idol; it loſes its throne, which contraſted ſo ludicrouſly with that of the Cæſars; the old diſtributor of crowns has no longer one for himſelf. This reverend juggler, to whom ſuperſtition and credulity offered incenſe, the mover of the troubles of the world, who divided at the ſame time empires and families, author of ſo many evils committed in the name of religion, alternately perfidious, cruel, cunning; the eternal enemy of increaſing light, the impudent vender of indulgences, the Pope, ſees his power diſſolved by contempt. His cardinals are the firſt to chant the hymn which celebrates Rome reſtored to its ancient liberty. Riſe from your tombs, ye great, who have formed the glory of the capitol. They are Frenchmen who re-eſtabliſh your conſuls, they regenerate the nations who wiſh to be their friends, and in every place where humanity ſhall require the deſtruction of deſpotic power, of that monſtrous power which is injurious to the dignity of man. Every where he will find armies of French citizens, who, proud of this title, will be anxious to aid him to found or rebuild the altars of liberty. The fate of the Court of Rome will be that of all deſpotic courts; and the ſoldiers of other nations, when the moment for abandoning the proud deſpots who reign by their crimes, ſhall arrive, will act the part of the Pope's ſoldiers.

CHAP. LXXXVIII.

BALLS A LA VICTIME.

TWENTY-THREE theatres, eighteen hundred balls opened every day: this is what compoſes the evening's amuſement.

Here lighted luſtres reflect their ſplendour on beauties dreſſed *à la Cléopatre, à la Diane, à la Pſyche*; there, a ſmoky lamp

lamp ſheds its oily beams on a troop of waſherwomen, who dance in wooden ſhoes, with their muſcadins, to the noiſe of ſome ſorry ſcraper. I know not whether the firſt of theſe dancers have any great affection for the republican forms of the Grecian governments, but they have modelled the form of their dreſs after that of Aſpaſia; bare arms, naked breaſts, feet ſhod with ſandals, hair turned in treſſes around their heads by modiſh hair-dreſſers, who ſtudy the antique buſts. Gueſs where are the pockets of theſe dancers? They have none; they ſtick their fan in their belt, and lodge in their boſom a ſlight purſe of morocco leather, in which are a few ſpare guineas. As to the ignoble handkerchief, it is in the pocket of ſome courtier, to whom they addreſs themſelves in caſe of need.

The ſhift has long ſince been baniſhed, as it ſeemed only to ſpoil the contours of nature; and beſides, it was an inconvenient part of dreſs, and the fleſh-coloured, knit-work, ſilk ſtays, which ſtuck cloſe to the body, did not leave the beholder to divine, but perceive every ſecret charm. This is what was called being dreſſed *à la ſauvage*, and the women dreſſed in this manner during a rigorous winter, in ſpite of froſt and ſnow.

And while an hundred tables offer trees bending under fruit of every ſeaſon, fruits in ice, while fountains pour in abundance orgeat, lemonade, liqueurs, the poor ſtock-holder ſells by piece-meal firſt his ornamental pieces of furniture, and afterwards the piece moſt in uſe.

Who would ſuppoſe, in ſeeing theſe brilliant rooms, and theſe women with naked feet, and whoſe toes are all adorned with diamonds, that we have but juſt eſcaped from the reign of terror? So many thouſands of men who have fallen under it leave no traces; and even regrets for the old regime, if they are ever heard, are become ſo hackneyed, and ariſtocraciſm is deſcended ſo low, that no one carries any longer theſe fans dexterouſly ſtrewed with flowers-de-luce, nor thoſe myſterious ſnuff and comfit boxes, which, by a ſecret ſpring, diſcovered the proſcribed inſignia of royalty. The *balls à la victime*, which I ought not to paſs by without mentioning, are no longer talked of but as a frolickſome amuſement.

Will poſterity believe, that perſons, whoſe relations had periſhed on the ſcaffold, had inſtituted not days of ſolemn affliction, and common commemoration, in which, clothed

in

in mourning, they ſhould have manifeſted their grief for loſſes ſo recent and ſo cruel, but days of dancing, where nothing was ſeen but the valſe, and joyous eating and drinking? To be admitted to the feaſt, it was neceſſary to exhibit a certificate, ſtating that the candidate had loſt a father, a mother, a huſband, a wife, a brother, a ſiſter, by the guillotine. The death of collateral relations did not give the right of admiſſion to this amuſement. Was it Holbein's Dance of Death which inſpired ſuch an idea? And why, amidſt the noiſe of violins, did we not ſee a dance of headleſs ſpectres?

Vain efforts of ariſtocracy to form new cabals! Every thing which bears the ſtamp of fanaticiſm, or of extravagant inſtitutions, vaniſh as quickly away.

CHAP. LXXXIX.

BAGATELLE.

THIS name reminds us of the country-ſeat of the Count d'Artois, who had taken refuge at Edinburgh, in an old and gothic palace; but ſo far convenient, as it is an aſylum againſt impriſonment for debts; and the *ci-devant* prince confines himſelf there, to avoid the purſuit of his creditors.

It is a ſort of ſpeculation to rent a houſe which recals royal ideas; there they make illuminations, let off ſky-rockets and other fireworks, while the exploſion of bombs, the cruſh of enchanted palaces, form the image of the fall of the great, who, in the ſame place, were ſurrounded with every pleaſure, but with which they never indulged the public.

The Elyſée Bourbon, is alſo the ſcene of theſe illuminations and fireworks; and for three livres you purchaſe the privilege of treading, with the multitude, thoſe magnificent gardens, which were never entered but when viſited by the friends or flatterers of the prince.

This is not a little regale for the enemy of the old regime, for the ſtern republican, and even for the philoſopher, who remembers

remembers the infolent pride of theſe princes, and their contempt for merit and virtue.

Bagatelle recals a crowd of ideas, which are not to the glory of its ancient poſſeſſor; but as he had the power at that time of diſpoſing of benefices, he was ſung by the Abbé De Lille, the parodiſt of Virgil; who alſo made verſes to repay the favours he had obtained, or thoſe he ſolicited. Poets, muſicians, venders of ſound and ſmoke! no, you do not beſtow immortality; you ſometimes only conſecrate a ſhameful celebrity. The intereſted muſe of the Abbé De Lille has made the Count d'Artois ſtill more dwarfiſh than he was, although the Abbé De Lille calls him his maſter, and almoſt a ſecond Auguſtus.

CHAP. XC.

ASSIGNATS.

Amidst ſo many extraordinary things, paper money undoubtedly holds the firſt rank. It was created by neceſſity, as we throw a wooden bridge over a foaming flood; and as we muſt paſs over the trembling bridge, we paſs with our eyes ſhut.

There never was a more bold conception; it was followed by that law, not leſs aſtoniſhing, which fixed the price of commodities, and merchandize. The maximum ſuſtained the aſſignats, and gave them life and motion. The moſt rapid circulation was eſtabliſhed; it was already calculated, that there was twice too many aſſignats in circulation, but the aſſignats ſtill kept up; to kill the paper money, it was neceſſary, if I may uſe the expreſſion, to wiſh to kill it, and even to kill it with heartfelt pleaſure; an emiſſion, ſtill more extravagant, was neceſſary to give it a mortal wound. But it preſerved its vital, vivacious character, even in the agony of death.

The aſſignat made as many traders as there were men; no article of trade was ſtagnant; every object had its value; the ups and downs performed the ſame operation in the body

body politic, as the motion of the ſyſtole, and the diaſtole, in the human body.

And to follow up my firſt compariſon; in default of a bridge of ſtone, the bridge of wood, though menacing ruin, ſerved as a paſſage for us over the abyſs opened to ſwallow us up.

Singular and aſtoniſhing experiment! We make every thing of men, when we know how to command; let us recollect, that this ſign was neceſſary at the time, that it has confounded all timid reaſonings; that it has done wonders, that it has created the means, multiplied the reſources, ſuſtained the armies, and led them a thouſand times to victory; it has made the Revolution; gained liberty, founded the republic, and would ſtill have lived, if the moſt deplorable folly had not ſtupidly modified this vigorous creation. The mandat was the operation of a quack, who wanted to teach how to hide a ball; the mandat deſtroyed that magic which preſides over every government, the thing in the world into which the moſt of what we call magic enters, to diſtinguiſh a multitude of effects whoſe cauſe is ſecret, and inviſible: the cauſe once known, every thing crumbles away.

I conſider the annihilation of the aſſignat as a moſt diſhonourable fault in the Convention, and the moſt contrary to that bold, and ſometimes daring ſyſtem, which prepared ſo many triumphs. An everlaſting contempt ought to be annexed to that Committee of Finances, which broke the charm, and ſtupidly ſubſtituted one paper for another; this was ordering irreparable evils, and it is moſt aſtoniſhing that the nation reſiſted this terrible back-ſtroke, and that the ſudden paſſage from paper money was not marked by any other calamities than the ruin of a few individuals.

The aſſignat was a tax which would have been refuſed to government, and the moſt extenſive tax imaginable, paid without conſtraint, without obſtacle; it ordered ſacrifices, which are become, if I may uſe the expreſſion, voluntary; ſo much were we comforted, ſo much do we comfort ourſelves at the moment I write, for thoſe recent loſſes.

We are come to a better order of things, thoſe who have gained laugh at thoſe who have loſt; and after the drawing of this great lottery, I think I percieve that we ſhould not be ſorry to ſee it drawn anew. But blows ſo extraordinary are not ſtruck twice at the ſame moment. We muſt take time for the mind to cool after thoſe days of folly, force, illuſion,

illuſion, and greatneſs; and to produce the ſame effects, we ſhould find again the ſecret of terror which reigned at that time. In politics, each day has its phyſiognomy, we do not proceed, we cannot proceed, but in keeping pace with events, and as events never perfectly reſemble each other, the operations of government ought alſo to be as different, as multiplied, as the events themſelves. This is what reduces the ſcene of politics to ſtrokes more or leſs daring, when ſtruck *à propos*.

I am far from thinking that forms of government are very indifferent. Without doubt there are ſome more analogous than others to the manners, the habitudes of a nation; there are ſome more favourable to the diſplay of the human faculties; there are ſome more fitted to affix durability on inſtitutions, permanence on laws, action on the executive power, ſolidity on the whole. But in fine, a government is ſuſceptible of an infinity of modifications, and ought to obey the irreſiſtible courſe of events: the aſſignat has proved this; and we ſhall ſee the aſſignat hereafter in another form when neceſſity ſhall require it. Paper money has created in every ſtage a ſpirit of ſpeculation, which had its comic ſide. Ex-nuns trafficked in light-haired perriwigs; ſuch a one ſold men's ſhoes, a green-woman made twenty thouſand livres a day, with which ſhe garniſhed her porte-feuille; imagination was loſt in regions of imaginary riches, every man metamorphoſed into a trader, ſpoke only of millions, and the moſt trivial purchaſe had the air of an important tranſaction. Jobbers of every kind paraded their ſamples from houſe to houſe, with the dignified ſtrut of a capitaliſt, offering you candles and neck handkerchiefs. But what was remarkable was, that the man of underſtanding kept his aſſignats, whilſt the fool diſpoſed of his; the fool combined better; leſs enthuſiaſtic at the fictitious augmentation of his riches, he laid them out in merchandize, which he accumulated, knowing that it would always have its price.

Thoſe induſtrious traders, thoſe dexterous female ſpeculators, tormented by the deſire of gaining, and gliding themſelves every where, formed a wide contraſt with thoſe unfortunate females, who heretofore enjoying all the ſweets which rank or fortune could procure, were reduced to live by the labour of their hands. A marchioneſs became a milliner, a counteſs boaſted of her talents for mantua-making,

others

others reduced to mendicity, diſguiſed their humiliating ſituation, by offering you the reſource of their pencils, their bruſhes, their piano-forte; poor talents! which they had acquired only as the finiſhing of a perfect education. But how remote were they either from the drawing-room, or the brilliant *boudoir*, where thoſe talents received their due offerings of incenſe! Flatterers were no longer there; the enriched man, who paid, made them feel ſeverely the imperfection of the portrait, or piece of muſic; and after having ſo long received the homage of flattery, they heard the rude expreſſions of truth. Some diſſembled their pain; others waited till they returned back to their garret, to moiſten with their tears the cruſt which they had obtained.

A volume would ſcarcely ſuffice to detail the contraſts which the Revolution has produced, but what we ſaw during the reign of paper money, was at the ſame time the moſt ſtrange, and moſt melancholy. The following is a well-known fact. An emigrant orders from an engraver in London a plate of falſe aſſignats. Whilſt it was engraving, the aſſignats were ſuppreſſed in France; he refuſes to pay for the plate, the engraver brings an action againſt him. The judge admits, at firſt, that the counterfeiting our aſſignats was a thing of natural right, ſince Wolf had even decided, that a poiſoned arrow might be made uſe of to deſtroy an enemy. In ſhort, the emigrant was condemned to pay the engraver.

CHAP. XCI.

CI-DEVANT ACADEMICIANS.

They marched almoſt under the ſtandard of Voltaire; they repeated his phraſes, as if they were thoſe of an oracle; it was who ſhould declaim againſt the Chriſtian religion. All their letters concluded, like thoſe of their unbelieving maſter, by this catch-word; *écraſez l'infâme.* D'Alembert was overjoyed, when in ſome crooked twiſted phraſes he had

had thrown out a few ſarcaſms againſt prieſts, and worſhip. Marmontel was almoſt another Calvin for ſome chapters of his Beliſarius. All the Academicians, in ſhort, attacked under covert both the clergy and the altar, and even the court, all except the *Grands Seigneurs*, who invited them to dinner.

There were no fulſome praiſes which were not laviſhed on the Duke of Nivernois, for his miſerable little fables, which he drew out with diſcretion one year after another; they called his *porte-feuille* a vaſe of precious incenſe, which was to be burnt only on high days, and at diſtant intervals. Never was meanneſs inherent in talent more exemplified than in this company, compoſed of intrepid flatterers, and impudent detractors, according to perſons, time, and place.—They were a hundred thouſand paces from genius, invention, and eloquence; and with their verſes and their academical diſcourſes, they would have made us fall back into infancy, if ſome vigorous ſatyrical ſtrokes had not ſcourged their ſhameleſs vanity, and reſiſted their abſurd pretenſions. There was not amongſt them a ſingle name which paſſed the ſtature of mediocrity, or the ordinary ſtature. They fell, (to uſe a proverbial expreſſion), like capuchins of cards, without any perſon giving them the leaſt attention, and I yielded to the profound conviction of their abſolute nullity, and of the danger which they did to true talents, by giving my voice in the Committee of Public Inſtruction, for their ſpeedy diſſolution. That hour marked the ſetting of pedantry, and the dawn of literary liberty.

After the Revolution, thoſe ſame men, who had been continually whetting timid epigrams againſt the tiara, the mitre, the band, and ſurplice, took it into their heads to talk to us of the *religion of our fathers*, pupils of Voltaire, their lips, familiariſed with his blaſphemies, ſpoke of holy things, and thought they could transform the tribune into an evangelical pulpit. At this incredible diſſonance every one laughed; and conſidered it not as hypocriſy, but impertinence, academical pride badly ſubdued; an effect of that abſurd arrogance, which had its ſource at the Louvre, ſince it was imagined that what emanated from thence had more force, and greater weight, than what was ſaid elſewhere.

The ci-devant academicians never ceaſed repeating, that the ruin of the French academy was the univerſal eclipſe! Their

Their laughable folly had not however ſufficient character to give more than one day's amuſement to a rational perſon.

What is then that miſerable ſpirit which animates three-fourths of men of letters, that lives on trifles, feeds on things entirely uſeleſs, diſputes about nothings, weighs the legs of flies, is a ſtranger to every thing lofty, great, or new? — There are men with whom I would wiſh that no one ever had diſputed, and whom no one ſhould anſwer, ſo modified are they for error and folly. A ci-devant academician is aſſuredly of this number, and I apply it both to the French Academy, and the Academy of the Belles Lettres.

The academicians of the Academy of Sciences have remained the ſame, always uſeful, always dear to the country, always honoured in the public opinion. When they ſaw they were falling, they made uſe of addreſs, they ſtuck to the firmament, and under pretence of meaſuring the arch of the meridian for the perfection of weights and meaſures, they preſerved their penſions and ſalaries: and placed a great importance in the confection of the Metre, Kilometre, &c. I believe, in my ſoul and conſcience, that there is ſome quackery in all this; that the baſis is neceſſarily faulty, that we ſhould not go ſo far in ſearch of what might be found ſo near. I think that the folly of this vaſt and expenſive operation will be diſcovered, and avowed. I think that it will be long, difficult, painful, perhaps dangerous, to cauſe all thoſe new meaſures to be adopted. I am afraid that the mathematicians, who have not yet troubled the world, will trouble it at laſt, and that their turn will come. But geometry has rendered ſuch great ſervices, that we may pardon geometricians that *eſpièglerie*, which was not without its value to them; provided, nevertheleſs, that they do not take it ill, that we meaſure an ell of riband after our old mode, and every one as he likes.

It appears to me, that the Citizen Pancton has told them ſome very juſt and very reaſonable things; and I think that the government, taking a wiſe medium, ſhould not make a political dogma, or a coercive law of a geometrical hobby-horſe, which would be acting, not reaſoning, geometrically.

CHAP.

CHAP. XCII.

THE DISASTROUS DAY.

WHERE ſhall we find tears, grief, or repentance enough to mark the mourning for the 31ſt of May? Let it be deep, let it be univerſal, may its authors be devoted to public execration!

Till that day the Convention, which founded the republic, the ſpirit of the Convention was excellent, till that day the Anarchiſts had been reſiſted, repreſſed, enchained.—Every thing went on in the ſenſe of the republic; its genius preſided over every great enterprize. Its laws were good, the armies were good; and was it not at the moment of the eſtabliſhment, and of the danger of the republic, that the Convention, ſtill preſerving in its aſſemblies all the writers, all the perſonages, who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by writings uſeful to morality and to liberty, created fourteen armies to defend France on every point, to attack, to beat the enemy on every point? The Convention in that moment important for mankind, excited the enthuſiaſm of the nation, when it raiſed itſelf in maſs at the voice of thoſe eloquent orators and patriotic writers. But it was on the day after the 31ſt that it loſt its courage, the wiſdom of its deliberations: and, oppreſſed, degraded, and vanquiſhed by a band of ruffians, we ſaw it diſmember itſelf, in order to deliver over to proſcription, to priſons, and the ſcaffold, its moſt generous and pureſt members, and who were moſt fitted to pronounce the word liberty.

From that time a bloody crape covered all its operations: it was widowed by great men. It reſumed its force and energy only on the triumph of Vendemiaire, when it was neceſſary to conquer for the eſtabliſhment of the conſtitution. And who made this wiſe conſtitution? Principally the deputies who were imbued with the ſpirit of the Revolution from its origin, and of the Convention, when it was ſeated on a conſtitutional baſis; thoſe who fought in the breach on the 31ſt of May, and whom Providence has preſerved; who, ſhewing the marks of their fetters, have maintained the dignity, liberty, and glory, of the nation in giving to the Conſtitution of the Third Year that ſimple and vigorous form which

which aſtoniſhes the thought of man, of civilized man, and makes him thank the Supreme Being for the new exiſtence which he has received under its auſpices.

Martyrs of the 31ſt of May! Your names will be revered by the moſt diſtant poſterity. Thoſe who were called your accomplices are the founders of the republic; they lift up to heaven hands that are pure; and, after having conceived and realized every great and uſeful idea which ought to change and ameliorate the lot of man, and which humanity claimed. Strangers, during their exile or their captivity, to all the extravagances, all the cruelties, all the barbarous follies committed when their voice was ſtifled, they combine the day of their re-entry with that of their departure, and they have the right to ſay,—All that interval is mire and blood,—all this ſpace of darkneſs and crimes belongs not to us. And ye, who dare call yourſelves republicans, and who have ſeen ſix thouſand heads lopped off without ſpeaking a ſingle word, and without having loſt one quarter of an hour's ſleep; ſhew, ſhew us the print of the chains of the 31ſt of May! No, they only who wore them can like to call themſelves innocent.

This is the point of view which ye would wiſh to conceal, and which the impartial hiſtorian will ſeize, in order to paint that diſaſtrous day to which we may apply that line of Racine: *Comment en un plomb vil, l'or pur eſt-il changé?*

When I ſpeak of the 31ſt of May, I join with it the following days. Undoubtedly the Pariſian people in inſurrection were not in a ſituation to judge what was paſſing; but this formidable maſs joined in the ſame idea, which was to make the Convention obedient to the chiefs of the mob, who changed their names, but who had their views either in hatred, or in the miſerable ambition of poſſeſſing ſome ſtrips of power, in order to give themſelves up with impunity to robbery and plunder.

It is remarkable with what facility and what diſpatch they armed this immenſe population. It is in thoſe hurricanes of a factious and unexperienced multitude that the factious have ſucceſſively founded their empire. The Henriots, the Ronſins, &c. have had on certain days as many and more ſoldiers than either Alexander or Cæſar. Whole battalions iſſued from a ſingle ſtreet; and this people, ſo long time peaceable, became at once warlike, and ſhewed themſelves

no longer but in arms. This leading diſpoſition, in ſhort, tended continually in forming themſelves into militia.

The cannon of Vendemiaire has corrected this inclination of the Pariſians towards partial inſurrections. They have reflected, that they were the dupes or the victims of certain leaders, who, after having precipitated them into danger, abandoned them with a cowardice truly academical. From that day the Pariſians are a little deaf to the cunning or perfidious voice which would perſuade them to riſe in inſurrection; and there is every appearance, that if the government be a little firm, they will not expoſe themſelves to carry the firelock and pike into political diſcuſſions, and that they will no longer mingle with the faction-orators, and wiſh to govern the governors.

The Anarchiſts, the Antonelles, the Robert Lindets, will call them poltroons, but they will be wiſe enough to liſten no longer to the enemies of their repoſe and their happineſs.

I return always to my favourite expreſſion, *Paris is the Guingette of Europe*; but if you fight at the guingette, no one will go to amuſe himſelf, and all the artiſts and artizans of pleaſure, of ſhows, and good cheer, will be ruined.

Alas! if the good Pariſians had believed me in Vendemiaire! This is the placard which I addreſſed to them eleven days before the cannonade which royaliſm braved, and by which it was diſſolved in thirty minutes.

MERCIER,

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PEOPLE,

TO THE PARISIANS.

"O PARISIANS! Permit a man, born within your walls, and who loves you, to addreſs to you a few fraternal counſels.

"I have been repreſented as your enemy, while I was afflicted at your conduct, wept over your errors, and lamenting the evils which you are preparing for yourſelves. I have ſpoken to you ſtern truths, for I have for a long time accuſtomed myſelf to diſguiſe nothing. I combatted deſpotiſm in the day of its triumph, in thoſe days in which the courageous man

man could expect, or received for his devotedneſs nothing but baſtilles, exile, or death. I ſhall not be accuſed of having flattered the great, of having neglected the intereſts of the weak or oppreſſed. If calumny or petulance continue to direct againſt me new perſecutions, they ſhall not at leaſt take from me that tranquillity which is inſpired by a good conſcience; if my countrymen miſled, do injuſtice to my intentions, if they ſuffer me to be inſulted, and anew calumniated, I ſhall conſole myſelf by the idea of the future, in which the man who has performed his duties will find a compenſation for his labours, and reap the reward of his ſacrifices. I have endeavoured to enlighten you with reſpect to your errors, with reſpect to the project of thoſe factious men whom you liſten to with too much complacency, and who lead you aſtray. I have ſpoken an auſtere language, to which you are not yet accuſtomed. The flatterers of kings make tyrants of them; the flatterers of the people draw them on to the brink of the abyſs, into which they always puſh them headlong. Robeſpierre flattered you: and reflect at preſent into what degradation he plunged you. The Jacobins flattered you, they talked to you continually of your ſupremacy, of your virtues, while they endeavoured to aſſociate you with their crimes. Robeſpierre is fallen, the Jacobins exiſt no longer, but new men are riſing againſt you, and alike are conſpiring your ruin. Who are the men who are continually agitating themſelves within your walls, who are ſcaling the tribunes of your aſſemblies? Hirelings of foreigners, old valets of kings, vile ſtock-jobbers, who are endeavouring to prolong diſorders, that they might be enabled to continue their pillage with impunity. A few ex-academicians, vain and futile men, for ever employed about their own private intereſt, abounding in captious phraſes, and barren in open and loyal acts: after having been deceived, ſo often miſled, will you ſuffer yourſelves to be ſtill deceived? Unfortunate Pariſians! never can we wonder enough at your ſtupid credulity! O unhappy Pariſians! Can we help lamenting your fate? Thoſe who dominated over you laſt year appeared to wiſh for the deſtruction of all thrones, in order to conſolidate their own tyranny. Thoſe who miſlead you at preſent are the friends, the defenders of kings; they are endeavouring to raiſe up that throne which your hands have thrown down in thoſe days of glory which you now ſeem anxious to have forgotten.

" But have you reflected ſeriouſly on the horrible lot which is prepared for you, if they ſhould ſucceed? Reflect, that all tyrants have a common cauſe to maintain; that they form in ſome ſort a ſeparate family, hoſtile to the great family of mankind. Louis the XVIIth or XVIIIth will never pardon you for having inveſted the palace of Louis the XVIth for having ſuffered him to be led to the ſcaffold. You would ſoon ſee your walls inundated with foreign phalanxes, who would divide your ſpoils, and bathe themſelves in your blood. If, as we hope, the projects of your enemies and our own are not effectuated, would your deſtiny be ameliorated, if by your diviſions, by your attempts againſt the mandatories of the people, you put at a diſtance the return of that peace after which the whole of France is aſpiring? What! have you not to fear the juſt reſentment of the departments? Liſten to thoſe energetic addreſſes which the Convention is every day receiving, they no longer treat you as the brave Pariſians, the defenders, the ſupporters of public liberty. There were certain days when you have deſerved thoſe titles, but thoſe glorious days are paſt. They conſider you as nothing more than turbulent revolters, tumultuous madmen, vile ſlaves who are looking for a maſter. You flatter yourſelves, perhaps, that your anarchical exceſſes may remain unpuniſhed. The 31ſt of May undoubtedly ought to have put the whole of France in inſurrection, republican phalanxes ought to have poured in from the north and the ſouth to defend thoſe generous men whom ye abandoned, or whom ye aided to oppreſs. They did not do it, but let not their paſt inaction be any ſecurity to you for the future; the times are changed, misfortunes and ſorrowful leſſons of experience enlighten men. The inhabitants of the departments have perceived the error which they committed in ſuffering their moſt zealous defenders to be ſacrificed; that error they have cruelly expiated. They will no longer expoſe themſelves by a cowardly complaiſance to new misfortunes. Beſides, in 1793, public opinion was palſied, tyranny had diſſeminated through every canton its numerous emiſſaries, terror had ſtifled the voice of the virtuous man, crime alone was liſtened to. At preſent the friends of liberty may lift up majeſtically their heads. By enlightening their fellow-citizens, they have no longer to fear either proſcription or death. Liberty of opinion exiſts, it exiſts even for impudent liars, for wretches who are abuſing you; and

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if the departments league againſt you, or abandon you to yourſelves, what will be your ſituation? Reflect, that it is not within your walls that thoſe harveſts grow which feed you, that produce which keeps alive your induſtry. Reflect, that it is not on the banks of the Seine that thoſe veſſels anchor which waft to Europe the riches of the reſt of the world. Reflect, that you have need of the aſſiſtance of the inhabitants of the other cantons of France, and that they have no need of you.

" You want tranquillity and peace, to recal amidſt you induſtry, the arts, the ſciences, which our ſavage Vandals have baniſhed. Can your city recover its former ſplendor? What do I ſay? She may acquire a ſplendor much more ſolid and honourable. Formerly you were indebted for the magnificence which ſhone within your walls to the vices of the great, the corruption of the court, and the miſery of the provinces; all the oppreſſors of the people came to conſume amidſt you the fruits of their rapine, and their extortions. Palaces were erected at the expence of cottages. Liberty, on the contrary, will create comforts at which you will not have to bluſh, and for which you will meet with no reproaches. The departments will contribute to your proſperity, and you will labour for theirs. That river which traverſes your abode may, by labour, great indeed, but poſſible, and even eaſy in a free ſtate, receive ſome day thoſe ſtately veſſels which plough the ocean. You will ſee, as by enchantment, the colours of different nations unfurled before your eyes. This ſight will undoubtedly far outweigh that which heretofore was preſented to you by the pompous cars of diſſolute courtiers, which threatened to cruſh the multitude. Your city will become the centre of the moſt extenſive commerce, and the moſt active induſtry. But theſe creations can only take place in the boſom of peace.

" Put an end, then, to your diſſentions; confound the hope of guilty men, who are miſleading you. Reflect on the misfortunes which you are preparing for your children, for your wives, for yourſelves. Diſtinguiſh your enemies, ſpurn them from you; but diſcern your friends, and unite yourſelves to your brethren. Liſten to the counſels which a wiſe man of the eaſt gave to his fellow-citizens. Two parties were on the point of coming to arms; he turned his eyes towards the miſled crowd, whoſe moſt ſacred intereſts and deareſt affections were blinded, like yours, by unhappy

paſſion. He ſees on both ſides ſons, brothers, relations, and friends, and he ſees them nevertheleſs ready to tear each other in pieces. He is ſeized with pity and compunction, and in his grief expreſſes himſelf in theſe terms: "Oh, "Brama! at the ſight of thy children thus arrayed, and "waiting for the fight, my limbs have no longer any force, "my countenance grows pale, my hair ſtands erect on my "body, and my whole frame ſhudders with horror. O my "fellow-citizens! you who are under the ſame ſky, who "breathe the ſame air, who bathe yourſelves every day in "the ſalutary waters of the Ganges, who offer to Brama "the ſame preſents and the ſame ſacrifices, what demon "leads you aſtray: what fruit do you expect to reap from "horrible diſcord, from frightful civil war? When you "ſhall ſee your brethren, your children ſacrificed, where "will you find happineſs? Is it on the tomb of thoſe who "are deareſt to you, that you will taſte the pleaſures, the "enjoyments of life? Alas! you will experience how "unhappy are thoſe who have loſt, and who have loſt "through their own fault, thoſe who could ſoften their "misfortunes, and embelliſh their proſperity—you will "experience what remorſe thoſe have to feel who are "inſtrumental in diſmembering their country." The wiſe Indian did not ſpeak in vain: his fellow-citizens perceived their error, their arms fell from their hands; the two parties mingled together, and they drove from amidſt them the perfidious men who had ſowed the ſeeds of diſaffection.

"How happy ſhould I eſteem myſelf, if my exhortations could produce the ſame effect, if I could overturn the projects of your enemies, and render their exertions powerleſs! Have but one mind with the brethren of the departments; have confidence in thoſe who are endeavouring to put an end to your misfortunes; rally yourſelves around your legiſlators, protect their deliberations, cauſe their decrees to be reſpected; let them, in ſhort, find peace, confidence, and ſecurity amongſt you. Drive from their remembrance thoſe diſaſtrous days, thoſe days of ſhame, in which, under your eyes, they dragged a crowd of victims to the ſcaffold. Sixty ruffians covered France with blood and mourning; five hundred thouſand men within thoſe walls were witneſſes of their crimes, and had not the courage to reſiſt them. Remember that epocha, in which ſolemn federation aſſembled within

within your walls, Frenchmen from every part of the empire. In approaching your gates, no cruel recollection rent their hearts, they felt nothing but the enthuſiaſm of liberty, and the joy of uniting themſelves to thoſe whom they conſidered as its founders. To-day they have fathers, brothers, friends, to weep over, and thoſe objects ſo dear have periſhed under your eyes. Haſten, then, to expiate your faults and your errors; be to France what you were in the firſt days of the Revolution.

" Do not diſdain the advice of a man who wiſhes only your happineſs, who would not wiſh to have reproaches to make you, but who, forced at preſent to expreſs ſtrong truths to you, comforts himſelf with the hope of having ſoon the pleaſure of rejoicing at his efforts. I ſaw, without terror, the dungeons into which the rage of your tyrants plunged me; but I cannot ſee without a ſentiment not leſs painful, without a ſentiment of terror, the abyſs which is dug under your feet. Let peace and concord re-eſtabliſh themſelves amongſt you. The Royaliſt will tremble at their approach, and will be forced to fly or hide himſelf. On the contrary, if your diviſions continue, Republicans will remove from among you, and your city will offer nothing but the ſad ſpectacle of miſery, diſcord, and anarchy.

" Pariſians! the government approaches. This the enemies of the country would wiſh to prevent, as well as the happy days of peace. Cloſe your ſections, put an end to the inexhauſtible chattering of your little ambitious leaders, who are looking only for places: delirium and frenzy compoſe the elements of their dangerous diſcourſes. Submit to decrees matured, meditated, and whoſe wiſdom will be admired by poſterity. Obey the laws, abandon your miſleaders, and let Europe no longer ſay of you, that you wiſh for no kind of government; that after having overturned the monarchy, you wiſh alſo to deſtroy the Republic; take from all our enemies the joy they would have in ſaying, with ſome reaſon, that you delight only in the frantic agitations of demagogy."

CHAP.

CHAP. XCIII.

THE HEAD-LOPPER.

I HAVE ſeen this monſter: he was a long time a ſlave at Morocco, whoſe ſovereign reckons in the number of his amuſements that of cutting off five or ſix heads every morning before breakfaſt. It was there that he accuſtomed himſelf, from compulſion, to the horrible trade which he profeſſed afterwards from taſte at Paris.

It is ſaid, that at Verſailles, this ferocious man, to hinder the rain from waſhing off the blood which diſcoloured his beard (which he wore a long time), kept it ſheltered under his riding-coat. He ſaid, returning to Paris on the night of the 6th of October, 1789, "*It was worth while to make "me go down there for two heads!*"

He boaſted of having torn out the heart of *Foulon* and *Berthier*; and pretending to have done an act of patriotiſm, he wanted to demand a civic medal from the National Aſſembly.

How then is it that we have ſubmitted to thoſe proconſuls who have thus mowed down the human race? What is this legion of executioners which has inundated France with blood? We muſt indeed love man well to love him ſtill. Theſe wretches proſtrated themſelves before the buſt of Marat, and admired the gigantomacy of Collot; they meet in every city, in every town, with an *animal bolt*, that is to ſay, with jail-keepers, ſcaffold-carpenters, and ſatellites, as many as they could have wiſhed. If the French nation had not been plunged into a lethargic ſleep (excepting our brave ſoldiers) how ſhould we have found ſuch an exceſs of cowardice and apathy; but our ſoldiers were occupied in thundering on the Auſtrians, and clearing the territory of France.

Thoſe head-loppers iſſued from the revolutionary committees, from the revolutionary tribunals, from the revolutionary clubs, payed forty ſous to each individual, (thoſe were the imaginations of the horrible Danton) and from the revolutionary armies; every thing was then revolutionary. *Revolutionary logic* was printed. What an eclipſe of the

the human mind! Where are the principles of a revolutionary logic? But as this language has had its reign, we ought to make ſome mention of it here.

The guillotine was firſt called the head-chopper: it was an invention which, from diſpenſing with the ſervice of the hand of the executioner, has multiplied executions, and favoured perhaps, more than all the reſt, the ſanguinary ſway of the two hideous committes. But the term head-chopper did not prevail.

It is called the guillotine. We have talked of the *reign of the guillotine*, *the reaſon of the guillotine*. If any one had told Monteſquieu that this word would one day be placed in the political dictionary of the French nation, what would he have thought?

CHAP. XCIV.

ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ,

He came to us from Pruſſia, and had entitled himſelf the orator of the human race. A factious coſmopolite, he ſpoke of the univerſal republic which he promiſed the world. It was ſaid on this ſubject, that Mount Athos ſhould be the tribune, and the Cordelliers the benches, on which ſhould be ſeated this repreſentative of the univerſe. He made ſeveral ſpeeches more extravagant one than the other, as if he meant to render the Legiſlative body ridiculous. But it is rather to be ſuppoſed that he followed the leſſons which had been given him, and which tended to bring republican ideas into contempt, by the extravagant extenſion which he gave them.

The C. Gregoire, Biſhop of Blois, has written to John Ramon Joſeph d'Arce, Archbiſhop of Burgos, Grand Inquiſitor of Spain, that he ought to convert himſelf to humanity, and I am perſuaded that he has done this in the ſincerity of his ſoul. But I doubt whether at the voice of Gregoire this hideous tribunal will be annihilated, this throne of cruelty and intolerance, whoſe baſis is at Madrid,

and

and which extends its terrible power to Lima and Mexico. Clootz's republic made us laugh when we had little diſpoſition to ſmile. Will Gregoire's letter ſtrike the ſoul of the grand Inquiſitor? Will he be chriſtian enough to provoke himſelf the ſuppreſſion of the tribunal, of which he is the chief, as he is invited? This is what the future will teach us.

Anacharſis Clootz was beheaded, though he had for a long time followed the Jacobin ſtandards, and if the good Gregoire went to Madrid, I would not anſwer that he would not be dragged into the dungeons of the Holy Office; that would depend on circumſtances. The Auto-da-fe may again be rekindled, and more than one torquemada is living in that fine country in which ignorance and fanaticiſm will have their laſt and inviſible retreat.

Univerſal republic! What is the acceptation of this word? If you underſtand that the univerſe is to have the ſame laws, it is evident, that though the principles of nature and the declaration of rights be of all places, as of all times, their application is ſubordinate to a crowd of local circumſtances which neceſſitates modifications.

Shall we be told that nations having different conſtitutions, will found them all on the principles of liberty and equality, and love each other as brethren? We may here apply the advice of a miniſter to the Abbé of S. Pierre: "*Send miſſionaries firſt to convert the globe.*"

Several countries of Europe and America will ſoon aggrandize the domain of liberty, but ſome hundreds of nations will yet be a long time ſtrangers to true principles, and it is doubtful if they will ſoon be adopted by the Barbary corſairs, the plunderers of Arabia, and the Anthropophagi of the Southern Sea.

Shall we be told, in ſhort, that the different ſtates of the globe will form alliances? This hypotheſis applies ſcarcely to any other than thoſe who are united by commercial relations? In this manner, a great deal of time muſt run on before the French ſign a treaty with the Iſcorides and the Papys; and under theſe different aſpects, the univerſal republic is in politics what the philoſophical ſtone is in phyſics.

CHAP. XCV.

GREAT SCARCITY.

It was during the winter of 1794 that the want of meat was felt at Paris. A crowd at once and at the ſame time, filled the ſhops of the butchers; houſemaids, cooks, ſervants, &c. A pound of beef roſe at once from eighteen to twenty-five ſous. The citizens murmured, and none reflected that the conſumption of this article by an army of twelve hundred thouſand men, joined to the extreme ſcarcity of forage, and the war of the Vendée, occaſioned this increaſe of price. From that time, the ſending cattle to Paris diminiſhed inſenſibly. The penury was alſo augmented by the manœuvres of malevolence. The ſanguinary commune iſſued their famous arrêt, which reduced every mouth to a pound of meat each decade, and was affixed at the door of every houſe; and the members of the revolutionary committees were like ſo many Dr. Sangrados, who lowered every appetite without mercy. How many mothers of families have I ſeen grow pale, and wipe away their tears at the reading of this ſiniſter paſtoral letter on the univerſal faſt! Nevertheleſs droves of milch-cows arrived from the provinces; the devourers of the people began in this way the faſt of famine, and laboured ſedulouſly to annihilate the reproduction of the ſpecies. The forerunners of the revolutionary army, like famiſhed wolves had already ſwept the country, darting their prying eyes into every farm and every yard. Thither they precipitated themſelves, armed with pitch-forks and bayonets, ſeized the ſheep, the fowls, burnt the barns, untied the oxen in the ſtable in the face of the proprietor, and ſold their prey to infamous ſpeculators. Theſe atrocious robberies made eggs and butter diſappear. At nine in the morning the *Hall*, till now the vaſt and rich ſtorehouſe of all the productions of nature, were ſtript. The women formed themſelves in long files, and from midnight braving the inclemency of the ſeaſon, waited patiently each in their turn to procure at the hazard of their lives three eggs and four ounces of butter. The cavalry and military force of the ſections, detached by the prowling beaſts

beaſts of the revolutionary committees, augmented the tumult and diſorder. How many women with child (they were afterwards treated with more reſpect, and took their turn before the reſt) were victims of this unhappy period! How many precious fruits of conjugal love have been ſtifled in their embryo, and annihilated at the ſource of life! Oh! what feeling man could have ſeen, without weeping for grief, thouſands of individuals of both ſexes running after the carcaſe-porters in ſtreets leading to fleſh-markets; who, bending under the weight, ran themſelves to avoid being aſſailed by the crowd which preſſed upon them, and ſeemed to devour with their eyes the raw meat! A ſullen diſcontent darkened every viſage; they curſed life, and the execrable authors of the famine; meanwhile the gens d'armes galloped their horſes amongſt the ſtalls of three feet in length, overthrew the venders, and increaſed the number of accidents, under pretence of preventing them, favouring by cunning tactic the moſt ſhameful traffic.

Ruffians, in the pay of the commune, made the women range themſelves in files, but while they waited for their turn, ſhivering with the cold, broad-ſhouldered carcaſe-porters, forming an impenetrable rampart before the ſhops, carried off whole oxen, and when the lion's ſhare was taken, the women ranged after each other had not advanced a ſingle ſtep, and withdrew by hundreds with empty hands.

Fiſh, which had been ſpoilt from being too long kept, was bought up with avidity, and from its corrupted ſtate occaſioned diſeaſes. On the Quay of the Vallée, lamb was ſold at fifteen livres a pound, and the ſale continued a long time with ſcandalous profuſion. The peaſants went about the ſtreets with baſkets of fowl in their arms. The Pariſians lived for ſome time on hens and chickens, which it was impoſſible to bring up in the country, ſince all the grain was put in requiſition. This factitious abundance of a commodity, which was almoſt excluſively the portion of the rich, laſted but a little while, and gave place to vegetables. What is called dry pulſe, ſuch as rice, lentils, beans, was heaped up in military magazines, and the diſcovery of half a peck of this eatable, which more than one family was forced to dreſs in pure water, was looked upon as an inſtance of good fortune.

To this deſolate penury of ſubſiſtence was joined the more deſolating difficulty of having bread. From two in the

the morning the women ranged themſelves in a long line, which the people deſignated afterwards by the name of *queue*. The young girls were not the laſt to put themſelves in the ranks. Their wanton chatter, their immoderate laughter, was heard afar, and kept awake more than one young man. The darkneſs of the night, the gates of alleys conveniently half open, were favourable to a *tête à tête*, dexterouſly concerted. We ſaw men of ſixty years old, valets, ſhop-boys, ſtopping to review theſe ranks, and chuſe their dulcineas. Others, more ſhameleſs, began with kiſſing the women at the head of the file, and continued on to the laſt. Theſe embraces were accompanied with other liberties leſs diſcreet; and this ſort of amuſements contributed much towards the perverſion of morality, and the extinction of female modeſty. The ſentiment of fraternity was annihilated in every heart. Every one held it as a maxim to prefer himſelf openly to his equal. Cunning became a quality common to every mind. The laſt of the file found means of ſliding forward to the firſt ranks. The women ſoon ſtruggled forcibly with the men. Their characters acquired a tone of ſharpneſs from reſiſtance. They all became impetuous, contracted a habit of ſwearing, and at length their voices, grown hoarſe from loud and angry cries, were not diſtinguiſhable from thoſe of car-men.

In the intervals of ſilence which followed theſe ſcandalous diſcuſſions, were heard the cries of infants, and of the aged aſking for bread. How ſhould I pity the inſenſible being who would not have been moved by theſe cries!

Nearly at the ſame time, other *queues* were formed for oil, ſoap and candles. The day-labourer with mournful and downcaſt looks, counts with ſighs the hours that he loſes from his work.

The ſudden and exceſſive increaſe of wages was the conſequence of the homicidal law of the maximum. The execrable commune had built its plan of univerſal famine on this law, but in order to conceal the project from the eyes of the credulous multitude, an advertiſement was ſtuck up at the moment of its formation, by which every tradeſman, either butcher or grocer, who gave up buſineſs, ſhould be reputed ſuſpected, and arreſted as ſuch.

This ferocious law aggravated the evil; every thing diſappeared, and the tradeſman, to indemnify himſelf for his loſſes,

loſſes, and particularly for the pillage of his butter, ſugar, coffee, and for the arbitrary confiſcations of the commiſſaries for monopolies, hawked about his goods in ſecret from houſe to houſe, where individuals bought them up at any price.

Such, in 1794, was the ſituation of this populous city for ſubſiſtence, in which formerly reigned that peace and abundance which makes our country an object of affection to us.

The year 1795 was not more happy than the preceding; from the beginning of the autumn, fleſh-chandlers began by ſelling their meat at twenty-five ſous, who, in the month of Ventoſe, aſked three livres ten ſous, ſtript alſo of its fat, in order to make tallow.

The agents of the old commiſſion had given birth to this abominable traffick. By means of the right of requiſition and detention with which they were inveſted, they bought meat at the price of the maximum, then ſold it again to the retailers at an exorbitant price.

The ſame pillage took place with reſpect to other commodities, which joined to money-jobbing, as well as that of watches and trinkets by the brokers of the hall, contributed very much to the depreciation of the aſſignats.

The cold at length came to aggravate theſe evils; during two years the capital received its firing from day to day. Coals were extremely rare, and it was remarked that never but a ſingle boat entered at once into each wharf. People ſometimes paſſed their nights in order to take their turn. The wood was ſold as faſt as the wood-porters could take it out of the water.

The river ſuddenly frozen up cauſed a total failure of ſupply, and no other reſource was to be had but cutting down the woods of Boulogne, Vincennes, Verrierres, St. Cloud, Meudon, &c. Blood-ſuckers, iſſuing from dens of robbers, took advantage of the public misfortunes to ſatiate themſelves with gold and ſilver. They ſold two cart-loads of wood for four hundred livres; the neceſſitous ſawed their wooden bedſteads to dreſs their food, and keep themſelves from dying with the cold. Old men returned from the foreſts bending under their loads, and reminded us of the fable of the poor wretch and death. The public fountains were frozen; the water-carriers in thoſe quarters diſtant from the river, forced to go far in ſearch of water,

were

were paid fifteen and even twenty ſous the bucket; the citizens, enraged at this impoſition, all became water-carriers; and when the reſervoirs of the public fountains were unthawed, *queues* for water took place, and each man had his turn.

CHAP. XCVI.

PALAIS EGALITE, CI-DEVANT PALAIS ROYAL.

As the conſumption of the fineſt fruit begins by a ſlight rottenneſs, ſo the Palais Royal is the ſpot which has corrupted our modern manners, and propagated the gangrene. I never traverſe theſe long galleries, without ſeeing that ſhade, who, from the ſame place where his great-grandfather had given, as Voltaire ſays, the ſignal of pleaſures, gave the ſignal for every ambitious intrigue, every atrocious crime, and whom we may conſider as the real founder of the ſcaffolds of Robeſpierre, and the ſanguinary regime which at the ſame time oppreſſed and degraded the nation; for its ſtupor and its ſilence, during eighteen months, are, as I have elſewhere ſaid, more alarming to the reflection of the philoſopher, than the phyſical diſſolution of the world.

Here I am, under theſe arcades, hotbeds of every poiſonous plant which has been carefully tranſplanted into every department. Here is the focus of civil diſcord and cabal! here is the temple where ſtock-jobbing devours the public fortune, and condemns whole families to hunger, reduced to miſery by an allowed and murderous traffick! look at thoſe daring ſpoilers of our laſt reſources! ſee them walking by bands, their heads erect, their look inſolent, a picktooth for ever in their mouth, and their hand in their breeches-pocket, chinking their louis. They have all red faces, and round bellies, the ſmile of irony is always on their lips; they brave the look of the honeſt man, and though the patroles ſeparate them, they join again in groupes like drops of quickſilver: they go, come, return, accoſt each other, divide by platoons, and then meet again

in

in a body; he who is in the midſt gives the orderly word: it is a ſign, a geſture, a half-word, which changes every half-hour, and immediately they have the courſe of exchange of the louis, rapidly pencilled down on a ſcrap of paper.

This is that hoſtile army, ſubſidized and maintained by the foreign cabinets! Their guineas have deſtroyed our paper money, and attacked public credit.

Under the ſteps of the Rue Vivienne are the ſubaltern thieves, who execute the orders of their chiefs with a punctuality not leſs aſtoniſhing than their addreſs, to ſeize the ſlighteſt hints of the word of command.

Their dreſs is pretty uniform; it is an hair-cap with a fox's tail. Hercules, the ſtrongeſt of men, covered himſelf with the ſkin of a lion, which is the ſtrongeſt of all animals; thoſe who are the moſt cunning, and moſt knaviſh, put on the ſkin of a fox, which is the moſt crafty and moſt voracious of all beaſts.

They are in doublets, with dirty boots, and greaſy hair, a gallows look, livid mouth, ſardonic grin; their eyes are in continual ſearch of pocket-books, are moveable and winking like thoſe of apes, who ſtudy to ſteal without being ſeen; their language is raillery or obſcenity. They keep near taverns, which ſerve them as retreats; they ſpread their nets in obſcure corners; then ſally out in haſte to give the alert to their accomplices. They are ſtationed at the doors of the theatres, but they never enter; they read the play-bills that are ſtuck up no more than the reſolutions of the Directory, and the Conſtituted Authorities; one might ſuppoſe that the laws did not regard them, ſo calm and collected are they in their inobſervance, or violation of them. They drink often, and but little at a time; the thirſt of gold tempers the thirſt of wine; their ſobriety is not a virtue but an attention not to loſe time.

Women mingle amongſt them, and carry on the ſame trade; they are even ſtill more cunning, they read the cypher much more quickly than men; the mouſe who carries off a crumb of bread, and who ſkips into his hole with the rapidity of lightning, is their perfect image; you have no need to ſpeak to them, they gueſs what you are going to ſay.

Theſe perſons do not ſteal pocket-books; they pump out as by an attractive force, their contents, and in a tone ſo

ſimple,

ſimple, ſo piteous, that theſe knaves in robbing you, ſeem as if they had rendered you a ſervice.

Step back to the galleries which lead to the theatre of the republic, you will perceive from one end to the other ſhops full of girls, who give breakfaſts and cold ſuppers; you enter, you go out without ſaying a word; you are helped by ſhewing your aſſignat. Brokers, jobbers, ſaleſmen, ſmoke, drink, ruminate in thoſe ſilent caverns; no perſon ſpeaks, and the greateſt orgies are, if we may uſe the expreſſion, dumb. The avenues are dark and cold, libertiniſm aſſumes in theſe places ſomewhat of an icy form, which appears to have its code, and its motives.

Not far, and as ſoon as day breaks, hair-dreſſers' boys give a kind of public leſſon, and teach their miſtreſſes to dreſs women's wigs. By the ſide of a doll with a golden head-dreſs, hang ſauſages and hams. On the other ſide, thouſands of bottles of fine wines, liqueurs of Martinico are placed on ſhelves, and preſent to the eye of the paſſengers their precious labels. While I am writing, two hundred bottles, ranged on a rotten plank, have fallen down on other bottles, and Cape wine mingles its torrents with thoſe of the cream of Barbadoes. The ſoil deeply impregnated, has chaſed away for an hundred years around, the filthy odour of the place.

He who heretofore modeſtly drank his liquoriſh water, though only a ſubaltern ſtock-jobber, now ſwallows and ſavours nothing but Champagne, and other delicious wines, from the cellars of emigrants, and which they will never drink again.

Delicate morſels, partridge-pies, ſmall baſkets of cherries, winter green-peas, brawn, ſuch are the delicious rarities which theſe money-brokers regale themſelves with, who, in a ſpace of ſix hundred feet ſquare, find their table, their walk, their reſidence, their enjoyments, their fortune, and the eternal aliment of their monſtrous labours.

The current price of louis, of which they are the maſters, is enregiſtered from hour to hour on the pye-cruſt; you read 1000 livres, you go back, it is changed to 1500.

The jewellers' ſhops are as numerous and brilliant as if there was neither miſery nor miſerable beings. You ſee nothing but watch-chains, half pearl, half diamonds. Thoſe who have only juſt wherewith to buy a loaf, look

at

at theſe precious jewels, which are only ſeparated from their hands by a tranſparent glaſs, and this frail rampart is religiouſly reſpected.

The woollen-drapers unfurl, from the top of their ſhops to the floor, every kind of undulated ſtuff, which form a perfect contraſt with the ignoble and dirty clothing of the paſſengers; one would ſuppoſe that this merchandize was not intended for Frenchmen, and that they were going to embark it for Turkey. We contemplate it with nearly the ſame eye as the pictures of the Muſeum. Theſe ſtuffs are under your hand, you may touch them; no one ſeems to be watching them, and the maſter is careleſs and ſaucy, when you aſk him the price.

Shops leſs expoſed, but not leſs rich, offer you brilliant ſuperfluities; ſuch as rings with two faces; a heart's eaſe or a panſy, or a Cupid holding by a thread a bird on the wing; firmaments of ſtarry jewels; preſents of friendſhip; ear-pendants in flowers, in filigree, gold boxes, etwees or medallions, ſilver ice-cups with their ſpoons, cups of ſilver of antique forms, with ebony handles. And in admiring all this rich jewellery, which ſhews that gold ſtill exiſts, and has not totally diſappeared, although three quarters and a half of the city may have loſt the remembrance of it, the odour of exquiſite ragouts aſcends in light vapour from the air holes; the ſide tables are loaded with fruit, confectionary, and paſtry, and there you may dine at every hour, as in the courts of German princes, at the ſound of muſical inſtruments, and French horns, filled by girls who are not nymphs of Diana.

Petty gaming-houſes ſupport the ſhops of girls who ſell garters, thread, lavender-water, tooth-bruſhes, and ſealing-wax; by their ſide are book-ſellers' ſhops, where the diſcontented ariſtocrat eternally renews his daily lamentations. The moſt ſilly pamphlets are ſold amidſt books which have prepared the revolution, and works which ſupport the cauſe of liberty; but the bookſeller in ſpite of his avarice, ſells thoſe laſt only with regret.

The anti-republicans are continually declaiming againſt all that is done, or that ſhall be done; the republic takes no notice of them, and goes on ſurrounded by triumphs *.

How

* The repreſentatives of the people are condemned to the inſults, to the calumnies of the journaliſts, as the Engliſh are condemned to their robbers on the

How many allurements held out continually to youth, and to the libertine! Pictures from curious collections, licentious engravings, libidinous novels, ſerve as ſigns to a crowd of proſtitutes lodging in the wooden ſhops. Their nets are ten feet diſtant from the ſauntering youth, idle, and already dried up in the flower of his age.

I ſpeak now only of the galleries. Above theſe wooden ſhops are gaming inſtitutions, where are aſſembled all the paſſions and torments of hell.

Almoſt all the commotions which have troubled Paris, have had their origin in the receſſes of the Palais Royal. It is in this infernal place that the greateſt enemies of France have laboured at their plots; and a focus of impurity ſuch as this, if it was to ſubſiſt a long time, would be ſufficient to undermine the moſt robuſt republic. The republican genius will never be truly ſeated but on its ruins; that is to ſay, when it ſhall be transformed into an edifice, new, and uſeful to the ſtate.

This palace has its phaſes, not leſs changeable than thoſe of the moon. As ſoon as the day cloſes, all the arcades are ſuddenly illuminated, the ſhops become reſplendent, and the jewellers' ſhew-boxes throw a long luſtre. The crowd becomes more numerous. This is the moment in which the gaming-houſes open, notwithſtanding all the ſeverity of the laws of the police; whilſt the great ſharpers are employed in the drawing-rooms above, the leſſer ones are at work in the thronged paſſages which communicate with the adjacent ſtreets, and which ſerve as gliding-holes to ſwarms of pickpockets and money-jobbers.

Formerly it was the moment when ſtrangers and virtuoſoes went to admire, in the private apartments of the Duke of Orleans, the obſcene figures of Aretin done in wax, large as life; the moment in which the youth, loſt to himſelf, tried to feaſt his eyes with the ſpectacle of the pretended ſavage, who coupled publickly with a female of his ſpecies, at twenty-four ſous a head; and this infamous man was put into the ſame priſon in which were thirty-two repreſentatives of the people! I ſaw him, he was releaſed after a few days' impriſonment. Your ſteps under the arcades are

the highway; and all to avoid a greater danger; the licence of the preſs proves its liberty.

I can brave, ſuch a one will ſay, I defy their poignards, but this is not enough, we muſt know how to brave calumny.

arreſted by a ſmoke which pricks your legs; you look, it is the kitchen-flame of the *reſtaurateurs;* and cloſe to them, the balls are beginning in theſe ſubterraneous grottoes. Acroſs the air-holes, you ſee circles of girls, leaping, giggling, ruſhing on their gallants like bacchantes, with diſhevelled hair. Yonder are groupes of diſcounters of mandats inſenſibly increaſing. Enters a ſpruce fellow in a blue riding-coat, round hat, waxed boots, tooth-pick in his mouth, he whiſpers, *Four and half;* they ſtammer out a few words; the groupe opens, he goes away; he has gained twenty thouſand livres; all the girls follow him, thee and thou him familiarly, toy with him; he ſtrikes them wantonly with the palm of his hand on the backſide, or pinches them lightly: he ſkips away, and is ſeen no more.

Meanwhile, in the auction rooms the Stentor gives the ſignal. The brokers, dealers, retailers, are all ſeated. Women's wigs, chimney pendulums, ſhawls, handkerchiefs, ſhirts, beds, *à la ducheſſe*, are ſold to the higheſt bidders. A barker parades each of theſe objects round the tables before the bidders. He grows hoarſe, he drinks, he has acquired a bellowing, which holds the medium between the human voice and the roaring of a bull; the tricks of the ſellers are ſuch, that they always deliver to you a worſe merchandize than that you purchaſed: the brokers make thoſe who are not of their trade pay much dearer.

Spies of the police prowl in the ſecond-rate coffee-houſes, but no one now talks politics there; they drink their beer ſilently like Flanderkins. The taſte for brandy with ſeveral has taken place of that of wine; the ſot who drinks double, and ſometimes muddles himſelf, enacts ſome of the pictures of Van Oſtade; the drinking places are crowded, and theſe *ginguettes*, without air, are places where I have felt moſt pain, in obſerving men labouring to become brutes.

Under the arcades are holes of ſhops into which the girls attract paſſengers by their glances; there you ſee only a few rows of packets of powder, intermingled with glaſſes full of thread and toothpickers; and in other ſhops of the ſame kind, which are ſcarcely more richly furniſhed, you find no other wares but thoſe exhibited by the ſign, or perhaps the dreſſes of theſe young ladies hung up on the inſide, in order to make a ſhow; thoſe places are to the ſeraglio, what the cooks' ſhops are to the *reſtaurateur* Meot, where

where you enter vaſt ſaloons, the aſſiduous rendezvous of every man fattened by rapine, army-contractors, agents, adminiſtrators of tontines or lotteries, profeſſors of nocturnal robberies, in ſhort, ſtock-jobbers in chief. There you are ſerved at a nod. The diſh is put upon the table the moment it is called for; and as all thoſe who eat are lined with gold, they eat, and are attended like kings, princes, ambaſſadors, and financiers.

Private rooms offer you at the ſame time every thing to ſatiate gluttony and ſenſuality. The glaſſes which decorate them, multiply to the libidinous eye of an old ſatyr the charms of his miſtreſs, and all the ſeats are elaſtic. In ſhort, there is a private ſaloon, where you drink the cooleſt liqueurs, and where burnt-incenſe eſcapes from boxes in light cloudy ſtreams. There you dine *à l'Orientale*; but there the covetous man never enters. Theſe pleaſures are only for the prodigal; he finds in theſe apartments on certain days, all the pomp and ſingularity of the repaſt of Trimalcion. On a ſignal given, the ceiling opens, and from heaven deſcend cars, drawn by doves and driven by Venuſſes; ſometimes it is an Aurora, ſometimes a Diana, who comes in queſt of her dear Endymion. All are cloathed like goddeſſes. The amateurs chuſe, and the divinities, not of Olympus, but of the ceiling, join themſelves to mortals. There was a time when the kneading of the Egyptian was in vogue. You were kneaded by female hands in a wine bath; but this act ſalutary to health, and which favoured a neceſſary perſpiration, has been diſcontinued, though it equally belonged to cleanlineſs and pleaſure.

You may well imagine that theſe who come out from ſuch places, are ſtrangely ſcandalized to have their ears tormented with the ſounds of *Poſtillon de Calais*, *Le Meſſager du Soir*, *The Mirror*, they take no notice even of the *Letter of Polichinelle*, of *the Conſtitution in Catches and Glees*, of the petition of the *Jockies of the two Counſels*. Satires againſt the government are as indifferent to them as all the eulogiums you can make. Their delicate dinners are far beyond thoſe of directors. They are ſtrangers to every thing that paſſes out of the circle of their pleaſures; political debates excite no more of their attention than the diſcoveries of Lavoiſier excite that of bad poets. If they enter a ſhop, it is not that of the bookſeller who lives on royal pamphlets, they enter print-ſhops, their boot-makers,

the confectioners, who are close to each other, or the jewellers, whose windows are shining with gold and diamonds, snuff-boxes, and enigmatical rings. Their idle lacqueys lounge at the pastrycooks and sausage shops, where they make their vulgar speculations on the pretended wines of fifty-two sorts; but these lacqueys strive in vain to imitate their masters; they can never do, even in retail, what the money-jobbers do in wholesale, and with magical monosyllables.

Such is the infected lazar-house placed in the midst of the great city, which would threaten the whole of society with degradation and corruption, if the scandals which it offers were not confined to a single point.

The fatal contagion of gaming, the excesses of cupidity under all its forms, the licentiousness of morals and of artists, do not extend to the rest of the city; and it is a thing worthy of remark, that several quarters seem as it were epulated by all the vices which boil at the centre. What I have noticed as more distressing than libertinism which belongs to the warmth of youth, is, that blasphemy and infidelity are in every mouth and at every moment, that it is becoming a sort of style, and that no care is taken to prevent it.

But it is a great scandal in our age that this brutal and depraved language has pervaded almost every condition; and since the epocha of the Revolution, has made a sport of the most sacred words, which were never heretofore pronounced but with respect. The holy name of God is used in every conversation, not through impiety, but from want of decency and gravity.

It is, perhaps, from having profaned the language, that we have lost a part of our virtues; but what is most deplorable is, meeting almost every where troops of children without order or modesty, who swear, blaspheme, and scandalize chaste or pious ears. It is time to renew that respect which is due to the Supreme Being. Formerly the tongues of blasphemers were pierced through. The brutal are not so dangerous as the polished vices, but the precincts of the Palais Royal have the melancholy privilege of uniting both.

At Sodom and Gomorrah they did not read the books which are printed and publicly sold at the Palais Royal. *Justine*, or the *Misfortunes of Virtue*, is exposed on every stall.

ſtall. Put a pen into the claws of Satan, or of the evil genius of mankind, he will not be able to make a worſe. Twenty other productions, leſs abominable, it is true, (for that of which I ſpeak has borne away the prize of turpitude and of vice), are there to finiſh the decompoſition of what inſtinctive morality remains in the heart of certain young people. And the ſellers and buyers are authorized by theſe words, which have ſo often deceived us;—" Liberty, unlimited liberty of the preſs."

In the corner of that ſhop do you hear what is ſaid? They are literally making vows for the army of the Empire. It is going to recroſs the Rhine, and paſſing by Brabant and the Luxemburg, and leaving Lorraine, Alſace and Flanders on the rear, to reduce France on the north, to the limits exiſting in the time of the Valois. The bookſeller's wife, daughter, aunt, and couſin, do not entertain a doubt of the victory of the three coaleſced kings, which is to give them coffee for their breakfaſt, ſugar, and cinnamon, at a very low price. The death of Charette was a ſubject of general lamentation, but they expect every thing from the courage of Richer-Serizy, and the pen of Babœuf.

It is of little conſequence to thoſe idlers whether the coalition have wiſhed to make a ſecond Poland of France. There is no longer any liberty when they can no longer aſſaſſinate the national repreſentation; and ſince there has been a revolution, why ſhould there not be a counter-revolution, till the entire re-eſtabliſhment of demagogy?

In almoſt every houſe, trades are carried on which have not a name, chemical analyſis never would ſucceed in decompoſing the different elements of theſe new traffics. The mind of man is aſtoniſhing, when pecuniary intereſt becomes the baſis of his thoughts and his actions, we find truly wherewith to ſmile at his mercantile ingenuity. The head of the greedy man calculates all at once, the time, the exchange, the variations, and ſubjugates chance, if I may uſe the expreſſion, in a bold and daſhing way. Ah! how many talents are loſt when employed on private intereſts!

Walking under theſe arcades, I have been ſtruck with the reſemblance of ſeveral phyſiognomies which were known to me, and which I had ſeen in my travels. I thought I beheld the reſurrection of perſons departed.

Does

Does there exiſt among men an attractive or ſympathetic force, which reproduces thoſe phyſiognomies to which you have been moſt attached during the courſe of your life? Or is it the play of imagination which cannot detach itſelf from certain objects? It ſeems at leaſt that there are almoſt imperceptible family-features, but which we may read on every face; and if we were to claſs together the individuals who reſemble each other, if they ſhould converſe together, they would perhaps diſcover that they deſcended from the ſame ſtock.

We ſhould then remark a concordance in the ſound of the voice, ſome relative geſture, ſome reſembling motions either in the winking of the eye, the moving of the lips, or in the vibrations of the tongue againſt the palate, or in the conformation of the noſe, in holding the head in ſuch or ſuch attitude, and the quickneſs or ſlowneſs of the ſtep. If individuals, having their characteriſtic ſigns of reſemblance, were to be claſſed, and if a ſerious converſation ſhould take place between them, might not happy diſcoveries be made, and might not the looks be found to join families that have been ſeparated?

It is a great pleaſure for me to ſay, "There is the perfect reſemblance of ſuch a one, whom I have ſeen in Switzerland. There is a head which has been deſcribed in Lavater; that woman reminds me of her who danced in Germany, and who kept me in aſtoniſhment for near two hours; there is the amiable homelineſs of my Bernois lady; that girl ought to have a great deal of wit, for ſhe reſembles my prattler of Mortier-travers; thoſe figures who juſt paſs me are Genevois; and here is a Baſque."

What I have been ſo long deſirous of is now under my eyes; it is the *phyſiona trace*, that charming invention which offers to the curious the moſt varied and numerous aſſemblage of the portraits of both ſexes. I fix myſelf before it in a reverie, and during that time the crowd elbow me and preſs on my back. I turn round, and claſs all thoſe individuals in families to which I have given names, which are known only to myſelf. It is a noſe of a certain tournure, and I ſay to myſelf—"His relation is at Spire."—A young lady paſſes, and I repeat—"She does not know that her ſiſter is at Lucerne."

I ſhould have made a pretty good moral ſpy; but this manner of obſerving has a diſagreeable ſide: it gives

you

you antipathies, and antipathies too quick, too rapid, and which would lead you to form wrong judgments. Happily theſe impreſſions paſs off; but in however ſlight a degree you are governed by paſſions, they gain the aſcendant. If the ſtudy of phyſiognomies under the long walks of the Palais Royal has its charm, it diſpoſes you alſo at the ſame time to a certain miſanthropy; for how many diſfigured faces, on which the heavenly original is almoſt totally defaced! The true phyſiognomy of man has given place to the figures of Ogres and Ogreſſes, who ſeem ready to kill and devour each other. The majeſtic harmony which ſat on the forehead of that mother ſuckling her children in the plains of the Palatinate, is here replaced by a woman of noble figure, it is true, but her hardened eye wanders daringly, and her indecent nudity deſtroys all the beauty of the model.

It is not neceſſary to be a decypherer of hieroglyphics, to divine the end and employ of all thoſe groteſque effigies, whoſe features, attitude, and dreſs, give us leſs the idea of man having ſerious occupations than of mountebanks. I never paſs by thoſe figures without thinking of Briareus with his hundred hands, and I put mine in my pocket.

In the middle of theſe arcades, in the centre of the garden is the Lyceum of the Arts. It ſeems to abſolve the edifice, for whatever elſe we may have to reproach it. Decent aſſemblies, uſeful lectures, the greateſt zeal for the advancement of the ſciences and the arts, in profeſſors truly animated with the love of public good, a crowd of uſeful diſcoveries have been promulgated, encouraged and rewarded in this place, and from hence we may ſay after Moliere, Where does virtue go to nich herſelf!

Oh! what a miſerable part in hiſtory will the people of Paris act! It was they who lent ſo immenſe a force to the party of Robeſpierre, Marat, and the rebel-commune; it is they who ſurrounded the ſcaffolds with demonſtrations of ferocious joy; it is they who have come ſeveral times to attack the national repreſentation; it is they who rallied to aſſaſſinate the Convention on the 18th Vendemiaire, and who exclaimed ſo much againſt its want of complaiſance in not ſuffering itſelf to be murdered; it was they who thought that this ſacred depoſit was their peculiar right, and who have covered it with inſult and humiliations; it is they who in their profound ignorance have always talked of what

they

they did not underſtand, have always been ready to follow the ſtandard of revolt, and ſtupidly paſſive before their daily murderers, did not riot the leſs the evening in taverns, and places of proſtitution. Indifferent to the glory of our arms, hearing of our triumphs without enthuſiaſm, as ſtrangers to war and to national calamities, they are continually repeating the ſame calumnies; they have loſt their ancient graces without gaining any vigour in return; they are become meanly covetous, without being more economical. The great ſcenes of the Revolution have not been able to enlarge their underſtandings, ever narrow, ever bounded. They feed at home on the moſt impertinent fables. They are become ſo abſurd in their reaſonings, that in order to puniſh them you have only to let them talk, and they excite pity. Ungrateful towards their benefactors, they think that the government is only for the point which they inhabit, and that the republic will exiſt only when it ſhall pleaſe them to adopt the name. The ſport of every wretch who wiſhes to make them their tool, there is only one voice to which they turn the deaf ear, that of the honeſt or ſenſible man.

It is on this abominable maſs that the foreign Cabinets founded their greateſt hopes. Our enemies had ſaid, Let us ſtir up this indocile, ſilly, and ferocious people, and we ſhall obtain the greateſt ſucceſs. In reality, the poignard raiſed twenty times by this people againſt the national repreſentation, has nearly accompliſhed the greateſt of crimes; they murdered Ferand, and carried his head in triumph through the hall of the repreſentatives of the people. The Convention owed its preſervation, not to the ſmall number of its aſſaſſins, but to their compleat cowardice. The foreigners loſt their guineas, and perceived too late that amongſt European ruffians, there are ſeveral claſſes, and that the inhabitants of Paris, the greater part it is true, the dregs of the departments, were the worſt and moſt daſtardly of the whole. It is in Paris alone that we have ſeen the clubbiſts at forty ſous, and the ſectionaries who were eager to aſſaſſinate the government for the ſafety of the public. Apoſtles of Marat, or partizans of Capet, the one placed the reſtoration of things in the regime of Robeſpierre, and the other in the counter-revolution.

It was, in ſhort, at the Palais Royal, that the chiefs of theſe two factions held their ſittings; and if they could have

have agreed, it was all over with the republic. The time paſt corrupts the time preſent. They talk at the Palais Royal as the Royaliſts at London, and the partizans of anarchy at Rome; they imagine defeats, they diſband our armies, they call for the deſtruction of the government, and this is ſport for men of buſineſs and money-jobbers. The moſt ſcandalouſly lying newſpapers, by inſerting whatever can give pain to good citizens, make it a trade to deceive the credulous.

See how they already ſtipulate for the foreign powers, how they intrigue in their favour, how they declaim more loudly than themſelves, in order that our victories ſhould be interpreted into our loſs. They have not the modeſty to conceal their lukewarmneſs for their country; and it is to our rivals, eternally jealous of our power, that they lend arguments, by not fearing to propoſe to us to make the moſt cowardly ſacrifices. Peace muſt do us ſtill more harm than war: we muſt abandon our conqueſts, becauſe the blood of foreigners is too precious for us to dare to ſpill it. What is all this French blood that has been ſhed? We have pretence neither to indemnities nor compenſations. This terrible war ought to end in meanneſs and ſupplications. For the conqueror, he ought to forget that his independence was to be torn from him, and the enthuſiaſm of our ſoldiers, the ſacred love of their country, ought to bend before the intereſts of the foreign negociator, who will grant us peace, on our obeying the principles of humanity, which we ſhould offend by taking precautions againſt the moſt implacable enemy of our nation, him whoſe reſentment has laſted for ages.

All theſe news-writers become moraliſts when the government is to be haraſſed. They ſpeak of humanity in order that all chances may remain favourable to the coalition; they ſpeak of reſtitution in order that all the advantages may turn in favour of our enemies. The court of Vienna is particularly dear to them: it is, who ſhall exaggerate its preponderance. Are they paid? Are they mad? They have a ſecret want of wearying out the government; they indulge the hope of diſſolving it, and none of them condeſcend to perceive what would be the conſequences of ſuch a diſſolution. If we were conquered, then they would no longer wiſh

wiſh for peace, becauſe in their blind hatred againſt the government, the dignity of the French Republic was of little import to them. We are conquerors, we muſt grant to our dangerous rivals what they would not perhaps have exacted if they had gained poſſeſſion of part of our territory.

The mind, divided between aſtoniſhment and indignation, knows not what this new race of writers is, who favour with their pens foreign powers, and who call down ſhame and ruin on their country, and all the triumph of their diplomacy.

CHAP. XCVII.

WINTER BALLS.

WINTER balls have already ſucceeded the numerous balls of ſpring and ſummer. Theſe wear another complexion, but theſe pleaſures meet with no interruption, ball rooms are to be found every where, for alas! what contributes to idleneſs amongſt us, idleneſs which preys on the Pariſian, (lounging by nature) and which will kill him with his nineteen daily theatres; the reign of idleneſs, I ſay, is as continuous in the great city as the fundamental baſe of an opera orcheſtra.

Next to money, dancing is actually all that the Pariſian loves, cheriſhes, or rather what he idolizes. Every claſs has its dancing ſociety, both little and great, that is to ſay, rich and poor, all dance, it is a rage, an univerſal taſte. The Pariſians dance, or rather whirl about, for nothing is more difficult for them than to keep time, and nothing more rare amongſt them than a muſical ear.

Under the reign of terror, the Pariſians, ſhy and trembling, and not venturing at that time to write a newſpaper, or ſtop a cart, hied to the play-houſes and to clubs, and danced only in public fêtes, and ſometimes around the ſcaffold; immediately all the walls were covered with advertiſements in a ſtyle almoſt academical, anouncing balls of

of all colours, and ſome ſo cheap that the ſervant-girl might become a ſubſcriber.

Not a little girl who does not find a gallant to conduct her to theſe ſchools of turbulence and ſeduction. If her lover refuſes to take her to the ball, or does not dance aſſiduouſly enough with her, ſhe turns him off without delay, and vows a woman's hatred, that is, a diſguiſed hatred towards him.

They dance at the Carmes, the ſcene of the murders of September; at the Noviciate of the Jeſuits; at the Convent of the Carmélites, in the Marais; at the Seminary of St. Sulpice; at the Convent of the Filles de St. Marie; they dance in three ruined churches of my ſection, and on the pavement of all the tombs which have not yet been taken away. The names of the dead are under the feet of the dancers, who do not perceive it, and who forget that they are treading on graves. They dance alſo in every *guinguette*, on the Boulevards, in the Champs Elyſées, along the quays, dancing in all the cabarets, the haunt of the infanterie, of money-jobbers, who, after having all day long cheated whatever unfortunate individuals fall into their hands, make at length ducks and drakes with the public fortune. Dancing, in ſhort, at all the profeſſors of rigadoons, who are called artiſts, the ſame as players.

There is, however, this difference between them and the modern profeſſors of the *human underſtanding*, that they have never been anxious to diſcover whether, when a man dances, his ſoul was then in his heel or his pineal gland.

They wake the fiddlers at night. They knock, ring, bawl at the door, as they do at the accoucheur's in preſſing caſes. "Hallo! quick! get up! run! they are waiting for you." The fiddler rubs his eyes, ſwears, What a raſcally trade it is! gets up, dreſſes himſelf, and goes and gains his ſix-livre-piece, without reckoning three bottles of wine, of which he does not leave a drop.

All the players on the violin are engaged three weeks beforehand: they gain money in proportion as they go on a long time. Go on a long time: this is the principal merit —they muſt go all night, and the wriſt muſt be unwearied. Why has the violin ſo much credit? I do not know why, but every fiddler is in vogue, provided he can hold the fiddle-ſtick till four in the morning, and that is the main part of the

the buſineſs, of the art I ſhould ſay. In ſhort, the fiddler ought to be ſtrong in his wriſt, in his arm, to make the cords twang.

It is ſo ſerious a buſineſs, that there is a promiſe, an engagement in writing, for there is no jeſting with the adminiſtrator of a ball! The perjured fiddler who ſhould break his word, who ſhould diſappoint a dancing *ſociety*, would be held in greater horror than Marat, Drouet, or Babœuf, and beſides, he would be carried before the juſtice of peace.

The ſovereign people dance every day! They are not then ſo diſſatisfied, and in each of thoſe balls ſo renowned, there are gaming-rooms, ſide-tables for refreſhments, illuminations on the one ſide, on the other ſhaded corners, favourable twilight; in ſhort, darkneſs viſible, but not like that of Milton.

It is who ſhall ſtudy to kill five or ſix hours in ſhaking his heels; but in the ſtyle of the elegant balls, the noble tone of the ancient paladins is revived: it is the cavalier and the *dame*, while in the people's balls they ſay, Citizen, Citoyenne.

It may naturally be conceived, that the advertiſements for the balls of the elegants cannot be framed otherwiſe than according to the ariſtocratical idioms; that is natural, and our *inconceivables* and our *wonderfulls* would not enter a ball of citizens. Fie! that would look ſo much like the republic; and it is a ſettled point between the notary's and the grocer's wife, that it is a word which is not ſupportable. Does a republic dance? We have ſeen a king dance: Louis the XVIth, and the court balls, what will replace them? What will make up for the court-minuet, in which the dancing arch-princeſs turned her back to her dancing arch-prince, to preſent her front to the King of France? Oh! how majeſtic that was!

But the two hundred balls, and the balls of Pruggiers, of Lucquet, of Mauduit, of Wenzel, of Montanſier, and all private balls, even the moſt elegant, though crowded, hide their diminiſhed heads, at the ſight of the *hotel Richelieu*, which rakes together a world. It is the ark of tranſparent robes, of hats loaded with lace, gold, diamonds, gauzes, and emboſomed chins! Its entrance is forbidden except to perſons of a certain fortune. In this enchanted place, a hundred goddeſſes, perfumed with eſſences, crowned with

with roſes, float in Athenian robes, exerciſe and purſue alternately the looks of our *incredibles*, with ſilvering hair, ſhoes *à la Turque*, and reſembling in ſo ſtriking a manner that humorous and new engraving which bears their names, that I am almoſt led to think it no caricature.

The women there are nymphs, ſultanas, ſavages; ſometimes Minerva or Venus; ſometimes Diana or Eucharis. All the women are dreſſed in white, and white ſuits all women. Their breaſt is naked, their arms alſo.

The men, on the contrary, are too negligent. They ſometimes bring to my remembrance thoſe lacqueys, who, in the old regime, danced in the drawing-room once a year, Shrove Tueſday at midnight, twenty minutes before their maſters went to bed. They dance with a cold, moroſe air: one would imagine they were thinking about politics—they are thinking of nothing, unleſs it be ſome plans of money-jobbing.

The women are more decidedly given up to the pleaſure of the dance, but ſtill with moderation. If a few words are heard, they are rare, and iſſue only from the mouth of the *rigadooner*, a deſpot armed with his fiddle-ſtick, who affects a ſoldierly tone and ill-humour, who corrects every falſe ſtep amidſt two hundred women, whoſe ſilent dance is certainly a ſingular exception to the uſual tumult of French ſocieties. They evidently are in meditation, in order to adjuſt their different motions with more preciſion*.

The ſpectators mingle with the dancers, and form a ſort of groupes between the different ſets of cotillons, without interrupting any. It is ſeldom, indeed, that a dancer receives the leaſt ſhock. Her little foot falls juſt within an inch of mine; ſhe bounds like a flaſh of lightning, but the muſic makes her return to the point ſhe quitted. Like a brilliant comet, ſhe runs through her ellipſes in whirling on herſelf, as by a double effect of attraction and gravitation. I might advance a little before her without fearing to touch any thing but her garment. I feel almoſt her breath, and without grazing her.

Every

* The moſt majeſtic, the moſt gravely ſolemn, the moſt magnificently ridiculous thing I have ever ſeen in my life, was the *French minuet* danced before the *King of France*. The ſteps of the dancers were ſcarcely heard—a ſilence—I cannot deſcribe that reſpectful awe. I appeal to all ſuch witneſſes as are not guillotined. Poor mortals!

Every one is motionleſs under the ventilation of the dancers; and the women on whom you decide aloud, paſs and repaſs with velocity, as if indifferent to the praiſe; but their ear has loſt nothing of what has been ſaid about them.

Their eyes which ſeem invariably fixed on their partners, glance through the circle with ſuch rapidity, that you muſt ſtudy that motion with attention in order to ſeize it; nevertheleſs they have ſeen every thing.

Farther on are courtezans in ſeparate groupes. There the motion is ſtill more rapid: they are covered with diamonds which reflect a ſparkling luſtre. Their dancing has an expreſſion more characterized. We cannot help obſerving, that they are afraid of appearing too laſcivious; but the look, the look which never lies, reveals them. They cannot and never will be able to imitate the geſtures, the voluptuous, but decent compoſure of other women. The converſation around them alſo acquires a ſort of licentiouſneſs which does not exiſt at thirty paces diſtant from their groupes. Theſe have paid a larger tribute to the perfumer.

In an inſtant, at a certain ſignal, all thoſe groupes are divided, the empty benches are inſtantly filled, but only by the women. What novelty is announced by this change? A concert, which is about to begin. The women, who had been reſtrained in dancing by the deſire of ſuperiority over their rivals, and whoſe attention was enchained by the varied and multiplied figures of the cotillons, now begin to ſpeak. The men, who are ſtanding, are glancing over, and watching them—they ſeem to be ſeated there in order to receive the homage due to their frivolity. Such are diſtinguiſhed who have put rings on their toes, thoſe who wear a light dreſs, fleſh colour, and ſo tight, that you may ſafely wager there is no ſhift next the ſkin.

A confuſed buzzing drowns the concert, the ſarcaſm which has ſucceeded the ingenious bon-mot, runs through the crowd. They curſe the government aloud when it is mild and humane, whilſt the ſanguinary and tyrannical government was an object of reſpect. Silence is never obſerved but when Rhodes tries to draw from his violin ſounds as melting as thoſe of Orpheus; but ſtill it is not Viotti. The paliſadoes ranged round each bench (I ſpeak

of

of the men, it is the ſame thing), the paliſadoes give themſelves up to a thouſand declamations againſt the governors, endeavouring to excite againſt them every ſentiment of deſpair, of contempt, and of public hatred. The region of the ball becomes the den of calumny; but more inſolent than miſchievous, it degenerates into ſtupidity, into a torrent of groſs invective, and ſoon drives away even the inquiſitive. One man ſays to his neighbour, "Look at "theſe women."—"Well!"—"They are all kept by depu-"ties."—"Do you think ſo?" "She with the lively "eye and ſlender waiſt, ſhe is the miſtreſs of *Raffron*. "That young lady, with bare neck, and covered with dia-"monds, is the ſiſter of *Guyomard*; his laſt motion was "paid for with the jewels of the crown. That beautiful "forward fair girl, ſhe is the youngeſt daughter of Iſnard, "who has put aſide an hundred thouſand crowns for her "portion—She is to be married to-morrow. There is not "as you ſee, a member of the Legiſlative Body, who has "not two or three women here, each of whoſe gowns "coſts the republic a part of its domains." The concert is finiſhed, and ſupper begins, where the women, who have no longer the reſtraint of ſtays and boddice, which formerly locked them up, may eat to ſatiety, and they acquit themſelves very well. They devour turkeys ſtuffed with truffles, and anchovy paſtry; they eat for the famiſhed ſtock-holder, the ſoldier, every clerk and agent of the republic; and whilſt they are feeding, they talk of the horrible evils of the republic. There is nothing ſo abominable as the preſent regime; if they dance, it is to enrage the two councils, who, they have heard, do not love dancing. They add, that there is nothing but balls which are imperiſhable in France. All the ſcrophulous gentry, who have their chin in their cravats, exclaim, "*Pa-ole victimée cela ne peut pas durer.*"—"Upon the wo—d of a victim this cannot endu-e." Meanwhile, the women who are curſing this dreadful republican regime, are the daughters, ſiſters, wives of contractors for the republic; they keep on eating, and drink no longer wine, on account of the weakneſs of their nerves, but ſwallow down *Kirſchwaſſer*, *maraſquier*, and *liqueurs* from Martinico.

Formerly the women at balls took refreſhments, conſiſting of a few biſcuits with a little wine. It is mere gluttony that rages at preſent, and I could not ceaſe admiring their firm

firm countenance at table, and with what free graces they ſatisfy their robuſt appetites. Cold partridges make two mouthfuls, diſhes diſappear, and great glaſſes of water cool in intervals their palate, burnt by the fire of ſpirits.

Noiſy vulgar pleaſures! and women are in their element amidſt your tumult! Content glows on their faces in ſpite of their eternal abuſe of the preſent moment; never amongſt any people was ſuch licentiouſneſs permitted; even Jacobin vulgarity ſinks beneath the rudeneſs of the uncockaded females. They have danced, drunk, ate; they have deceived three or four adorers of the oppoſite party with ſuch freedom and eaſe, as to make it believed that our age has no longer need of the leaſt ſhade of hypocriſy or diſſimulation, and that it is beneath us to palliate our habits and our taſtes, whatever they may be.

I return immediately to the circle, having feaſted my looks with all theſe different attitudes in every piquant and really new point of view, for I am a ſtatuary and painter in my brain, and this is the reaſon why there is not a ſingle picture in the Muſeum, which I have not retouched according to my own imagination. Ah! poor painters, how cold and monotonous you are in general, without ſpirit, and particularly without invention! how fit you are to paint Calvary's! Unfortunate, hiſtorical painters! you have murdered hiſtory. And your Watteau; no, he has not ſeen balls, or our grandmothers were very heavy and very aukward, in compariſon of their daughters; no, Watteau had ſeen nothing. I compare all theſe talking and acting dancing figures, to thoſe I have met with in different countries; and I am perſuaded, that French women are of all women thoſe who have moſt grace, even in thoſe functions which leaſt admit of it; ſuch as eating voraciouſly, looking boldly, talking loudly, and declaiming anti-republicanly.

But likewiſe I know not if any one has ever ſeen at any period, or in any country, a woman in the midſt of the rudeſt of winters without ſtockings, or any other ſhoes than a ſlight ſoal in the form of a ſandal, and ſimply tied by ſlight ribands, expoſing the toes of her feet, ornamented or rather compreſſed, by ſeveral rings, and whoſe oſtentation alone makes them bear the pain which they feel in forming the dance.

Who could believe, amidſt thoſe balls, that war is on our frontiers, on the banks of the Rhine, of the Sambre, and

and the Meuſe, beyond the mountains, and over the ocean? That Europe allied, under the influence of frantic fanaticiſm, the dogma of tyrants, ſtill more abſurd than the dogma of tranſubſtantiation, is obſtinately threatening France, the republic, the conſtitution, Paris, the balls, and even the dancers; no perſon thinks on theſe bloody hoſtilities, on theſe coaleſced majeſties, who are anxious to raiſe up again the dignity of their throne on French corpſes.

I ſee even a ſwarm of young men, of twenty three years, *embryo-puppyo-crates*, who have ſtuck their cravats up to their mouths, and who dance longer, as if enchanted at having ſaved themſelves, (I know not how), from the requiſition.

But what noiſe is that yonder? Who is that Roman, preceded by ſo many applauſes? let us draw near, let us ſee! The crowd preſſes around her! Is ſhe naked? I doubt. Let us draw nearer; oh, this is worth my pencil; her light pantaloon, like the famous leather breeches of Monſeigneur the Count d'Artois, whom four great lacqueys raiſed in air to let him fall into the garment, ſo that it ſhould form no plait, and who caſed up all day, was unbreeched at night, by raiſing him up in the ſame manner, and with more exertion; the female pantaloon, extremely tight, though of ſilk, perhaps ſurpaſſes the famous breeches by its perfect adherence; it is garniſhed with a kind of bracelets; the bodice is cut ſlanting in a knowing manner, and under a gauze curiouſly painted, the reſervoirs of maternity are palpitating. A ſhift of clear lawn expoſes the legs and thighs, which are encircled by hoops of diamonds ſet in gold. A ſwarm of young men ſurround her with the language of diſſolute joy; the impudent young woman ſeems to pay no attention. One further bold ſtroke of the *Merveilleuſe*, and we may be able to contemplate amongſt us the ancient dances of the girls of Laconia; there remains ſo little to let fall, that I know not if true modeſty would not gain by taking off the tranſparent veil. The fleſh-coloured pantaloon, cloſely applied to the ſkin, irritates the imagination, and diſcovers only the fineſt parts of the form, and thoſe attractions which are moſt concealed; ſuch are the days which have preceded thoſe of Robeſpierre!

It reſults nevertheleſs from hence, that all women appear abſolutely to have the ſame ſkin, as they diſcover to the firſt glances the ſame fair treſſes. Alas! unhappily

for me I idolize no hair but which is black or brown! I know, however, that under this fair decoration——Oh! when will the faſhion come for a ſkin brown, or tawny, for I am for beauties more or leſs African!

But let us leave theſe great balls; the pipe and tabor beat only mechanically; the coloured lamps ſmoke and look pale.

Let us go home, and make a viſit to-morrow to a bourgeois ball.

Well, I have here more to gueſs at than elſewhere, the reſembling feature is more difficult to ſeize, there are infinitely more of details and of ſhades, though on the firſt view all appear pretty uniform. The moſt dexterous diſſimulation holds its empire here, becauſe the dance goes on under the inſpection of mammas, aunts, uncles and brothers. The girl has to deceive all theſe ninnies; and, with ſome contrivance, ſhe ſucceeds. To theſe balls mammas, it is true, conduct their daughters, but nearly in the ſame manner as thoſe duennas, who accompany young actreſſes as far as behind the ſcenes, and all for the ſake of form. Theſe young perſons appear at firſt timid in attempting pirouettes, rigadoons, and entrechats; but theſe ſteps, which they have meditated, which they have ſtudied, which they have repeated ſo laborioufly in the preſence of their maſter, are to be, as they imagine, the firſt ſtep to fortune. They dance with matrimonial intentions, for they all expect to marry the richeſt man of the neighbourhood; and this is what ſanctifies, in the eyes of the mammas, the ſin of the ball. The confeſſor has loſt his credit; but regains it with uſury when he tolerates the ball, and condemns and delivers over to perdition the republic; more than one poor girl has found the means of marrying advantageouſly for having made a trial of quick ſteps, and lightneſs. In this manner young girls, which till now never happened, go every where. There are no longer what they call *ſeducers*, ſince the great facility of marriages, ſince divorce is introduced ſo complaiſantly in aid of all our fancies. No one fears either the contract, or engagement, which can be broken, made, and unmade again. No one any longer fears thoſe accidents, which formerly threw a ſtain on a family for half a century.

Balls have therefore taken place of convents for girls; they uſed to be viſited at the grate, at preſent the interview takes place at the dancing-maſter's, who is become quite as genteel

genteel and as convenient as a portrait-painter. Congratulate yourſelves, good mammas, and ye auguſt female citizens, logically miſtreſs ſhopkeepers, moſt ariſtocratical wives of notaries, formerly the pariſh ſermon was a tireſome ſervice; now you have the morality of the Vaudeville, the veſpers put in Vaudeville, in the pieces of Santeuil and Dominique, the veſpers chanted by Harlequin. This chanting delights all your little family, and, confeſs the truth, yourſelves. The ball, after that, appears to you a decent place; for every thing is comparative, and you ſee no inconvenience reſulting from it. This is not the moment to condemn balls, which facilitate marriages. I am certainly not a rigoriſt; I would not hinder girls from being married; but theſe midnight balls, I warn you, complaiſant mammas, favour a great many things, and only ſerve to widen the halls of the Foundling Hoſpitals*. Military balls are alſo diſtinguiſhed by a ſtill greater effervescence. The tumult of camps, and the clanking of arms form, if I may uſe the expreſſion, the muſic. The motions, the ſteps of the dancers, have ſomething manly, and you may perceive by their martial air, that they would paſs with the ſame ardour from the arms of pleaſure to the field of victory; all the chins there are naked, and the manly countenance is marked by honourable muſtachios.

It is with regret that we have ſeen the brave defenders of the country ſurrounded by theſe women without modeſty, more fitted to turn them from their duties than to attach them, and who, by their dangerous attractions, may render them incapable of ſuſtaining the weight of arms, and the fatigue of war. Modeſt and virtuous women, be the bearers of national gratitude! give your hand to thoſe warriors, whoſe characters in general is always more frank and generous than that of other men.

There are balls for all conditions, water-carriers and coal-porters have theirs alſo, for I would not forget any thing. In theſe cellars, even at the bottom of alleys, in filthy cabarets, at the ſound of the tuneleſs fiddle, or ſqueaking clarinets, every Sunday and decadi (for the people keep the two holidays alike) often even in the interval theſe Auvergnates dance ſo as to ſhake the flooring, and make

* The number of foundlings is increaſed at Paris, nearly double within eighteen months.

the proprietor tremble for local reparations. The dancing-room is lighted by a luſtre compoſed of two croſs-pieces of wood, or by a few earthen lamps ranged along the wall. In the midſt of a cloud of tobacco ſmoke, and the ſmell of brandy, you ſee inimaginable dancers riſe or fall back without ſtep or meaſure; and quite alongſide, on benches half worn, even groupes of men and women ſmother each other with ſmacks of kiſſing ſo hideous as to make me turn aſide my head, and which at preſent makes me repent of having given the ſcene a place in my memory. Sometimes the wooden ſhoe, in jumping, flies off, breaks the lamp, and ſprinkles the aſſembly with the oil; that is nothing, it does no harm either to the ſhoes or ſtockings, or to the cotillon; the burning tallow makes no impreſſion on the tanned ſkins of theſe Veſtris's; they ſnatch up their ſlouched hats, and move off, giving one another, by way of joy, pretty ſtout blows with their fiſts.

In ſhort, I have ſeen balls where dancers by profeſſion, dreſſed like negroes, ſavages, Chineſe, paladins, drew univerſal admiration, becauſe they were not known, but I have often found out theſe ſubtle ſwindlers of fame. What is it nevertheleſs that the love of glory will not undertake? I have ſurprized them in a ball of waſherwomen, intoxicating themſelves with the admiration of twenty ſempſtreſſes. Thus an actor of the ſecond or third rank, hiſſed and re-hiſſed, takes a part at Nicolet's and Riboe's, and is crowned with applauſes; he then paſſes a good night.

Celebrated dancers of the opera! Is it you who have turned all the heads in the city? You may count as many aukward imitators as there are pretenders to corporal graces; but if Veſtris be an object of imitation, windpipe Garat is an object of imitation alſo, and we hear nothing but the quavering of his eternal cadences. Windpipe Garat is an inſtrument ſaid to be unique, who executes muſical difficulties, and difficulties ſo great, that they ſeem almoſt queer and oddiſh. I am told that it is very fine, people are tranſported, and this is what I found moſt curious. Ah! theſe balls and concerts! the tree of luxury and opulence flouriſhes amidſt a city peopled with objects of miſery, as we ſee a ſuperb orange-tree riſing out of a painted caſe filled with dung.

Pariſians! my dear Pariſians! dance or go to maſs—dance and go to maſs at the ſame time; but, for heaven's

ſake, never think of politics, for when you would talk politics, you fall into the groſſeſt ſnares that could be laid for you. You then are making way on the credit of a few wretches for all the horrors of anarchical diſſolution. — Dance, I beg of you, dance! for it is impoſſible you ſhould have any other employment that ſuits you ſo well. Alas! would it not have been better for you to have been dancing the 31ſt of May, the 3d of June, the 4th Prairéal, and the 13th Vendemiaire?

And who in the end, credulous Pariſians, do you liſten to? There is leſs ennui in ſeeing the dance than in hearing a Royaliſt pot-pourri* at the Lycees, iſſuing from the mouth of a literary declaimer, who hires himſelf as a ſinger or a fiddler, and who ſells in perſon his worn-out rhetoric. Like the fiddler, he continually recommences the ſame humdrum that he gave us ten years ſince, and he does not even perceive the ennui that he diſtils.

Dance for ever, then, my dear Pariſians! and in preference to the ſad and monotonous literature of our academical dances, in preference eſpecially to all thoſe commonplace phraſes of ſtupid ariſtocracy and extravagant royaliſm. Let our Lyceums, inſtead of detailing ſuch hackneyed declamations, open their ſpacious halls for the dance.— Begone, ye blockheads, whoſe ſtyle is far from the dancing mood; you are not worth the fiddle which enlivens your ſpirits, for you throw a ſhade over the moſt brilliant and numerous aſſemblies. Give way to the tambourin; and the better to prove that ye ought to do ſo, let us hear what the grave Monteſquieu has written on dancing. "Dancing pleaſes us by its lightneſs, by a certain grace, by the beauty and variety of its attitudes, by its connection with muſic; but it pleaſes eſpecially by a diſpoſition of our brain, which is ſuch, that it ſecretly brings the idea of all the motions to certain motions, the greater part of the attitudes to certain attitudes."

* Wretched declaimers, who are continually holding up to us the bloody robe of Cæſar (which Anthony diſplayed only once to the Roman people), know that in politics yeſterday is a corpſe, and to-morrow is ſomething; and that in the perſon of Louis the XVIth it was not a man that was put to death, but a government.

CHAP.

CHAP. XCVIII.

PATRIOTIC OFFERINGS.

GOLD and ſilver was laid with good will on the altar of the country, to aid its wants. An hiſtorical account of all the patriotic offerings made ſince the beginning of the Revolution might become the ſubject of a work fitted to honour the nation. I ſhall cite only one which deſerves the preference, becauſe it was one of the firſt that was made.

There are in Paris certain ſocieties of workmen, who voluntarily united from the love of labour and of piety, preſented the pure image of that monkiſh life which for a long time has been ſought for in vain in cloiſters.

Among theſe eſtabliſhments, that of the brother ſhoemakers of the ſtreet of the Grand Truanderie is noted.—Theſe honeſt and laborious mechanics, from the produce of their common labours, had formed a capital of an hundred and fifty-ſix thouſand ſix hundred and fifty livres, the intereſt of which kept up a certain degree of eaſe amongſt themſelves, and furniſhed a fund for charity. Theſe excellent patriots offered to the National Aſſembly the ſacrifice of their little treaſure, aſking only a penſion for the aged and infirm.

CHAP. XCIX.

CARICATURES, FOLLIES.

CARICATURES have been exhauſted on every candidate, on all governors paſt, preſent, and to come: the voice of calumny is for ever indefatigable. Every thing that wit or folly can ſay or imagine has been imagined or ſaid. It may be ſaid, that calumny is among the Pariſians what the

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ſin againſt nature was in Sodom and Gomorrha, it has acquired the right of citizenſhip. But if injuries and inſults are not ſpared to men in place, they pay for all theſe ſarcaſms by the moſt calm contempt; they are indifferent even to the writings which defend them, how then ſhould they not be ſo to thoſe who attack them? One would imagine that they had taken for their device a line of my own—

Laiſſons les bavarder, et gardons l'action.

The hundred and thirty-three daily newſpapers all change, each according to its fancy, and the effect which reſults is ſuch as is produced by a too numerous and diſcordant orcheſtra; you can no longer diſtinguiſh any thing; it is a noiſe, and a noiſe which often makes you laugh. There is ſcarcely a ſtreet where there is not a newſpaper printed, and three newſpaper writers in the garrets ſcribbling, or rather cutting out columns of newſpapers, and never mending their pen till they are paid the month in advance. From having been too anxious to raiſe the preſs above every thing elſe, to make it the ſupreme magiſtrature, to place it above the laws of decency, of civility, the preſs is fallen back to Zero. Such is the firſt fruit of licentiouſneſs. The good which is found in thoſe ſheets is loſt, becauſe every periodical paper is conſigned to contemptuous oblivion, becauſe all of them have changed their character according to events.

Caricatures ſeem to have taken their place, and have formed an addition to the unlimited liberty of the preſs. The paſſengers ſtop in crowds before the print-ſhops, to look at the *incredibles*, the *wonderfuls*, the *fiſhwomen*, the *ſtate creditor*, the *folly of the day*, the *anarchiſt*, the *danger of wigs*. This laſt caricature repreſents a woman on horſeback, whoſe hat and hair have flown off at the ſame time.

Theſe humourous repreſentations of our abſurdities, our follies, our humours, and our vices, excite only the tranſitory ſmile of a light people, who ſtudy themſelves in their dreſs, varied at every inſtant, and fully juſtify the charge of abſurdity offered by this faithful mirror. The print of the incredibles has generalized the dog's ears; as ſilly journals, from the abuſe of the republic, have made many republicans.

By the ſide of theſe caricatures, figure in full dreſs the portraits of thoſe generals whoſe unknown names are ſuddenly

denly covered with immortal glory, and who, generous defenders of France, have ſaved the whole of Europe from the horrible ſyſtem of oppreſſion and ſlavery which kings had meditated againſt it. Their republican harmony, ſtrangers to the meanneſs of jealouſy, does them no leſs honour than their victories. Charette ranks among them, ſince French generoſity does juſtice to his talents, while it deſpiſes his contemptible fanaticiſm. The portraits of Louis and his daughter are framed and expoſed like the reſt: they are pictures, and nothing more in the eyes of the ſpectator who buys them if he pleaſes, or laughs according to his fancy. You are plucked by the ſleeve, and offered the death of Louis the XVIth and Marie Antoinette, tragedies, at only fifteen ſous a-piece, but no one purchaſes.

But what is moſt ſtriking is the liſtleſſneſs of the people. The lower claſſes work very leiſurely. Their arms ſcarcely deign to make the leaſt effort. Their trades are become a kind of amuſement. Hard labour terrifies them; the hand-cart is ſlightly loaded, the porter's knot is gently preſſed. They hire their arms, as it were, by condeſcenſion, they want to gain in an hour the value of a whole day's labour; they ſeem, in ſhort, by working with the moſt marked careleſſneſs, to oblige the maſter, who pays them high wages. They fill, at an early hour, the guinguettes and theatres. Forgetting the paſt, killing the preſent, and thinking nothing of the future, they go every day to the public walks; they are on the Boulevards, on the Quays, with their arms croſſed; they are in coffee-houſes, occupied in a party of billiards, or hanging over a game of domino. Thus they paſs their time, almoſt aſhamed of the labour of the ſhop. Thanks to the undiſſembled multiplicity of drinking ſhops, billiards, cheap play-houſes, cabarets, the Pariſian is become the idleſt man on the earth, and we are led to enquire by what means this idle multitude are fed?

A ſhort time ſince, the cut of the gowns of the women of faſhion was ſhaped like a heart; at preſent, that of the bodice terminates in wings of butterflies, of which the ſex ſeem anxious to be the emblem, and which they oftenеſt take for a model. Yeſterday they wore hats *à la Pamela*, to-day hats *à l'Anglaiſe*; yeſterday they decked themſelves with feathers, with flowers, with ribbands, or a handkerchief in form of a turban, aſſimilated them to obeliſks; to-day their caps take the form of the wife of Philip de Comines;

Comines; yeſterday their thin ſhoes were loaded with roſes and fixed to the ancle with a ribband elegantly knotted; to-day a great buckle cut in diamonds covers almoſt the whole of their foot, concealing every part except the end of a ſlight bouquet, the embroidery which finiſhes at the extreme point of the ſhoe. And let no one imagine that this is a caricature of our faſhionables, ſcarcely is it a ſlight ſketch of their follies, of their infinitely varied changes.

As to the walking claſs, they ape the firſt very well with reſpect to caps, hats, and finery; but they are always deteſtably ſhod, not becauſe their ſhoes are flat, but becauſe they are badly made and out of form; which ſhews that they buy them ready made, and that a young girl often takes the ſhoes of her grandmother. The eye can ſcarcely accuſtom itſelf to ſee them walk without aſſiſtance: and though tucked up half leg, they ſplaſh themſelves ſtill more than the men. When I was a young man, the women walked on their toes, and the ſtuff of their ſhoes was untouched, the wet did not paſs the ſole.

At the moment I write, ſtraw hats are the rage, and ſtraw plumes, which have diſcarded the triumphal feather.

Fatigued in rambling through Paris to change my palate, if I enter a coffee-room, I hear every one complaining of being ruined by the Revolution, and he who had two hundred livres revenue, would make you believe that he had twenty thouſand. Every one loudly calls for peace, and no one rejoices at our aſtoniſhing victories. The tradeſman who has read Roman hiſtory, is no more affected by the great actions of our generals than by a romance. He will ſtoop down, and whiſper myſteriouſly in your ear, *Buonaparte is going to paſs the Rubicon, and imitate Cæſar.* Where has he taken that great idea? In talking with his neighbour at maſs, where he goes not from faith, but only, as far as he imagines, to enrage the republic. He pities the prieſts, ſpeaks of their miſeries, of their inconveniences, which all reſult from the Revolution; every thing croſs that happens in the world has no other ſource. His wife and daughter are attacked by dreadful pains in the ſtomach. It is at the *queues* that they have picked up this diſorder; it is in conſequence of the long faſt, impoſed two years ſince by Boiſſy d'Anglas. Do not imagine that they are angry with Boiſſy, they have forgiven him in this hard Lent,

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they have given him all their confidence, ſince Boiſly has promiſed them red eggs *à la royale.*

The eternal chorus is the unhappy ſtate of the ſtock-holder. Beggars by profeſſion are poor ruined ſtock-holders; the republic will never find in its reſources wherewith to pay, I do not ſay the principal, but even the intereſt of all the pretended ſtock belonging to the pretended ſtock-holders; and this is the reaſon why the intereſt which the man of feeling ought to take for the real creditor of the ſtate is ſo diminiſhed. In ſhort, every thing is become *rentier.* The old diſmantled coach, drawn by haridans tied with cords, driven by a coachman and poſtillion in tatters, and whoſe heels appeared through their ſhoes. This droll equipage is no longer the carriage of the pretender, it is that of the ſtock-holder. The ſhop-keeper for ever avaricious, murmurs, but he is quiet; one would ſuppoſe that he perceives that he waſtes his breath in vain, and that no attention is paid him. People in eaſy circumſtances have taken a wiſe reſolution: they no longer buſy themſelves about politics; they turn a deaf ear to the ſpeeches of the factious, laugh at the wars of the journaliſts, ſtudy nothing at their toilettes but the caſes of their dreſſing cabinet; look at themſelves in their boots, with a perfect indifference for every thing beſides.

The new *millionaires*, ſtill more indifferent, but not leſs ſavage againſt the government, make it an important buſineſs to be with the princeſſes of the day at Garat's concerts, called at the Boulevard playhouſes, the modern Orpheus. Theſe upſtart men are perfectly ignorant of muſic, but they applaud moſt outrageouſly the quiverings of the ſinger, and they admire the women who embelliſh all the boxes.

If this world be a perpetual rotation, why ſhould not the former apple and tripe-women figure in their turn, eſpecially when they are pretty? For true nobility among women is grace and beauty.

Tea-drinking is in high vogue, and almoſt the only occaſion which brings ſociety together. There are no longer any dinners: every one eats at the *reſtaurateurs*, of which the number is infinitely multiplied: you ſee them at the corner of every ſtreet. You ſee nothing but daubers hoiſted on a ladder, painting for ſigns, hares, hams, lobſters, ſauſages, or writing in Engliſh letters, cold breakfaſts,

faſts, private rooms:—This laſt advertiſement is but too public.

The pots and pans, it is preſumed, are overturned in almoſt every houſe. Formerly you went and took a dinner with a friend: it is now quite different, every one remains at home, or goes to take his dinner at his *reſtaurateur's*.

Is this œconomy, or diverſion? This faſhion certainly indicates rupture and diſunion in domeſtic arrangements, as we may aſſert that the *reſtaurateurs* evince an eſſential change in our manner of living, and in our morals.

Tea-parties at leaſt ſeem to bring us nearer together: they ſeem to be the firſt ſtep to mount up towards French urbanity, ſo long unknown. The women go to theſe parties in full dreſs: it is a brilliant aſſembly, a certain ſilence takes place, converſation is carried on by whiſpers; each groupe inſulates itſelf in the midſt of the ſociety, and the paſſions, which every where elſe have their phyſiognomy and their language, ſeem here to lay aſide whatever they have of violent and perſonal, and hatred itſelf aſſumes an air of amity. Upon the whole, it is poſſible that tea-drinking may bring us back to our old French politeneſs. The days in which there are no tea-parties you walk in Coblentz, in the Champs Elyſées, eat ices at Garchy's, at Velloni's, go to the fêtes at Tivoli, to Ruggieri's fire-works, and the poor man affects to ſhudder at the indecent diſplay of that luxury which nevertheleſs nouriſhes and feeds him, for there muſt be luxury at Paris.

The horſe-races at the Champ de Mars have inſpired the favourites of our Amazons with a taſte for riding; not thoſe Amazons who burnt off their breaſt in order to draw the bow the better. All are ambitious of riding by their ſide as knowingly as Franconi. They are all anxious to ride in the Engliſh mode, but not knowing how to ſeize the motion of the horſe, they fatigue themſelves, and make the ſpectators laugh at their convulſive ſprings; the Bois de Bologne is their Olympic career. Some years ſince, fooliſh jockeys uſed to ſhear off the ears of their horſes, at preſent it is the mane which they ſhave; they put ſhining wax on their hoofs; they will ſoon powder them.

It is difficult to know whether the young men are more anxious to make a parade of their nags or their belles; but they ſeem moſt pleaſed with their geldings, from the pleaſure

ſure with which they careſs them, and the attention which they pay them. This reminds us of a petit maitre of the old ſtamp, who was very fond of horſe-racing and actreſſes' *ſoupers*. He was aſked which he idolized moſt, girls or horſes? After a moment's ſilence he anſwered, "I love "women beſt, but I have moſt eſteem for horſes."

It is ſaid that the greater part of theſe cavaliers ride on borrowed horſes, and that all theſe elegant horſemen cut the air with the ſwiftneſs of an arrow, in order to ride away the debauch of the evening, and to get an appetite for dinner. The lacquay, who oftentimes belongs no more to the cavalier than the horſe, follows with ſad countenance his maſter in the morning, and waits impatiently for the end of the courſe. On the whole, there are a few fiery courſers; a ſpecies of Engliſh ſhort tail, and ſhort ears, worn out with age and famine, make up a part of the equipment of our Anglomanes. They fancy themſelves good horſemen, take their ſtiff poſitions for graces, and admire their own dexterity in the midſt of their courſes; but whether they walk, trot, or canter, theſe young men have always a grave and ſtupid look.

But what is moſt ſingular is, that the women and young men ſtop ſuddenly in the midſt of their courſe, and when the ſun has yet three hours to run, quit the pure air of the country for heated ſaloons, where they go to hear muſic; not with the intention of liſtening, but anxious to find ſome one to whom they may talk of their trotting, which is the greateſt pleaſure the rider receives from it.

The only books that are at preſent hawked about are books of obſcenity, the titles and prints of which are equally repulſive to modeſty and good taſte. They ſell theſe horrors every where on ſtalls, along the bridges, at the play-houſe doors, and on the Boulevards. The poiſon is not dear, ten ſous the volume. All the productions of libertiniſm, and the moſt licentious, bid one on the other, and all attack public morals without fear or reſtraint. One would ſuppoſe that theſe pamphlet-venders were privileged in filthineſs; every title which is not infamous ſeems to be excluded from their ſhops or ſtalls. Youth find there, without obſtacle or ſcruple, the elements of every vice. This horrible manufacture of licentious books, has for manufacturers all the counterfeit traders, or kind of pirates, who will deſtroy the trade of bookſelling, literature, and men

men of letters; it has for its baſis that unlimited liberty of the preſs which the moſt falſe, the moſt wicked, or at leaſt the moſt blind of men, are continually preaching up.

The inſtitution of divorce, the *ſacrament of adultery* comes in aid of this diſorder. It ſeconds, in a powerful manner, the diſpoſition for libertiniſm kept up by the exceſs of gluttony and good cheer, by the daily frequenting of theatres, balls, and thoſe frivolous diſſipations of which there are no ſuch inſtances amongſt any other nation on the earth.

This multiplicity of theatres naturalizes idleneſs, deſtroys the arts, and thoſe trades which require attention, palſies the arm, renders the mind effeminate, and ceaſes to be an amuſement from its being ſo continually repeated. There are no longer any holidays, ſince the people are invited every day to loſe half of it to maintain, and maintain badly, an army of ſhowmen. The Pariſians are as laſcivious as the ſparrows which people their roofs; they are ſtill more volatile, and change their female more frequently, and the greater part have not the delicacy of thoſe animals in their pleaſures.

It only belongs to ſuch a people to jeſt and laugh at the diſorder which is the conſequence of theſe debaucheries. There is not a corner of a ſtreet, not a wall which is not triply covered with advertiſements of remedies for the radical cure of the venereal diſeaſe. Theſe papers are put into the hands of old men, women, and young girls, and no one bluſhes at giving or receiving them. Each quarter has its houſe for cures, it is tonic cakes, paſtilles, chocolates, comfits, &c. &c. Mountebanks of the ſame kind, but leſs in vogue, play the merry Andrew on horſeback or in cabriolets, and Pierrot diſtributes to the ſpectators anti-ſiphilick remedies, at the ſound of cymbals, clarinets, and French-horns. Such are the people of Paris, who have undergone a thorough change in eight years; who ſell their crowns of ſix livres for gros ſous, and exclaim againſt money-jobbers; who drink, laugh, ſing, dance, and murmur at a peaceable and vigilant government, which they accuſe in the morning of being royaliſt, in the evening of being terroriſt; for they never ceaſe to have theſe rhymes in *iſt* in their mouths, whom they calumniate, and whom they threaten, at leaſt in words, after having endured

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long and ſilently, ſometimes even with the appearance of approbation, the government of Robeſpierre.

I ſhould ſpeak of the hotel of Bullion, the eternal receptacle of the moſt elegant furniture of the emigrants, frequented by brokers and intriguers, who were in the ſecret of the fabrication of aſſignats, that is to ſay, that of the total of their progreſſive emiſſion; who monopolized the maſter-pieces of art of ineſtimable price, for heaps of paper without value, and who ſold them again for great ſums of money to contractors, who, heretofore lacqueys of the anti-chamber, or ſtall-boys, now ſleep on beds of down. Such are the ſports of fortune! I have been aſſured that Scipio's buckler, ſold for fifteen hundred livres, had become the prey of a goldſmith: this, however, was not the caſe, but was on the point of being ſo.

I ſhall ſpeak in another place of houſes of commerce, of thoſe counting-houſes of publicans, which are true ſchools of roguery; of thoſe perpetual ſales and reſales, where ſheriffs' officers play a double part, where the goods which ſeem to paſs from hand to hand remain always in the ſame, and augment in value in proportion to the overthrow of private fortunes. The money-jobbers had no need of having their cupidity ſtimulated by all the accidents of the Revolution; but they have become ſo impudent, have aſſumed a diction ſo ſavage, a cartouchian morality ſo decided, that if it be curious to hear, it is painful to obſerve them.

I can certify, that houſes are trafficked for as ſugar-loaves in the time of aſſignats; they are bought for fifteen days, and then reſold always with a premium. They never make any repairs, but each new proprietor, by augmenting their rent, vexes the tenants, and treats them cavalierly. Never were conquerors more inexorable towards a conquered people. They make them underſtand with ſufficient oſtentation and haughtineſs who is proprietor, and it matters little to them whether the wall is ready to tumble from decay, or the roof be open to the day; they pay no attention except to their cellars, which they fill with thirty ſorts of wine, on which they make freſh ſpeculations.

To thoſe who have ſuffered by the Revolution, nothing remains but the hope of making it up at the peace; others wait for ſome favourable chance, and ſigh after banks; many regret the aſſignats, which gave every mercantile object a briſk circulation. A great number deſired, and

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the wiſh is almoſt general, the re-eſtabliſhment of a lottery, an eſtabliſhment abſolutely neceſſary, and which would be adopted if the moſt culpable folly did not ſtill blind us with reſpect to the diſaſters of direct taxes, the hardeſt, moſt diſaſtrous, and moſt anti-republican of any. The Council of Elders, who pique themſelves on their wiſdom, have rejected every plan of a lottery. We might ſay—

Avant de tant juger, apprends à tout connoître.

I ſhall always dwell on the indirect tax of a national lottery, which ſhall not however be that known under the name of *loto*.

Is money then become a more privileged article than the life of men, their repoſe, their troubles, or their fatigues? A formal requiſition conſtrains every man to the ſervice of the ſtate, and oppoſes a youthful population to the dangers of the war, while the overplus of money muſt not be directed towards the public treaſury. Avarice every day rids itſelf of the payment of taxes, keeps its treaſures hid, and accumulates to the detriment of the ſtate the riches which it withdraws from circulation, or which it employs in the deſtruction of credit; and may not the government, by preſenting it with favourable chances, by a productive ſpeculation, draw out from the earth, or the ſtrong cheſt, a part of that wealth which is wanting for the vital motion?

Ought we, it may be anſwered, to take from the poor, the unfortunate, their laſt farthing? Alas! miſtaken moraliſts, why rob him of hope? Beſides, it is not the poor man who feeds the wheels of fortune; if he puts into the lottery, it is but a very ſmall ſum, it is the farthing which he would otherwiſe throw away in cabarets to poiſon himſelf with bad wine, which diſturbs his reaſon, and leads him into exceſſes; it is the farthing which he would give to fortune-tellers, to mountebanks, and impoſtors. The rich only hazard conſiderable ſums. You lament over the inhabitants of the country! You are ignorant, then, what treaſures they are heaping up, that they have buried the coin which they amaſſed with ſuch diſguſting cupidity, and that they would have ſold a raddiſh for half-a-crown. It is the remorſeleſs farmer, the hard tradeſman, and griping uſurer, who endeavour to add to their immenſe gain the benefit which chance or fortune promiſe them.—*Nemo dat quod non habet.*

Aſk the tax-gatherers; they will tell you, that the miſer in tatters, fearing for his dear treaſure, or after having formed

formed his calculation, who brings by night his ſack, and drags forth the caſh which the earth or a wall would have buried to the hour of his death. We have never yet been ſolicitous to calculate what avarice, powerfully excited, might give back to the general ſtock; and though it ſhould be diſappointed, would not this diſappointment be a juſt puniſhment for its long inſenſibility? Thoſe who ſtarve us, who haraſs us, who commit a number of little crimes to enrich themſelves, if there be a key to open their dark coffers, would it not be wiſe to make uſe of it? Let it not be ſaid alſo, that lotteries render nothing of the ſums they receive.

Money is the produce of labour, but he who loves his money is forced to a ſecond labour. Now it is certain, that there are at preſent too many idle hands. The overflow of daily ſhows are evidences of this obſervation. This money, ſo precious to the ſubſiſtence of the poor, and which would return to him by way of lottery, is expended for comedians and ſingers of every colour and deſcription, from Garat, who drinks gold as long as he can draw his breath, to Madame Angot, who on the Boulevards, would pump in all the copper in Sweden. Muſicians, mountebanks, rope-dancers, all theſe idle profeſſions, often dangerous, are ſupported by the people, and they muſt not be ſuffered to expend a few pence to enjoy at leaſt ſome agreeable dreams. Break then the ſpring which winds them up, and which, though they be in pain, leads them to think they are at eaſe.

From what ſingularity, what affectation of morality, do you make a vain diſplay of erudition, to prove the pretended immorality of an eſtabliſhment which at leaſt is but a ſpecies of luxury, like diamonds, theatres, dances, and balls? Of what conſequence to you is it how men ſpend their money, which they will otherwiſe ſpend every day for ſounds, geſtures, and jumping?

CHAP.

CHAP. C.

FRATERNITY.

INDIGNANT at the proſtitution which was made of the ſoothing word of fraternity, *Champfort* tranſlated the inſcription traced on all our walls: "*Brotherhood or death*," in this manner; "*Be my brother, or I kill you.*" He ſaid, "*the fraternity of thoſe people is that of Cain and Abel.*" The words *or death*, have ſince been effaced.

CHAP. CI.

MOTHERS WHO SUCKLE THEIR CHILDREN.

IF we are daily employed in tracing the diſtreſſing ſcenes of our Revolution, why ſhould we not ſpeak of a ſight at leaſt conſoling, and which is continually before our eyes, that of the multitudes of children ſuckled by their mothers. Wherever I turn my eyes, I meet children in the arms of women, and men themſelves carry about theſe innocent creatures. There is no ſpot of graſs, no walk, no public place, which does not ſwarm with children of every age. Here you ſee youth drawing in a multitude of little carts, infancy in peaceful ſlumber; your ſteps are croſſed by theſe little equipages, but you do not murmur, you are not offended, becauſe you are amply rewarded for the delay by the ſoft ſmile of all theſe lovely and innocent beings. They ſurround you, they preſs your knees, you put them gently by, in order to purſue your way. There, the little girl of ten years old acts the gouvernante, regulates the conduct of her ſiſters and couſins, and nothing is more intereſting than to contemplate the ſubordination which reigns amongſt ages which we confound with that which we have reached ourſelves. Never in any city, at any time of my life, did ſo great a number of children meet my looks. Maternity

has become a pleaſure, for our Frenchwomen all ſuckle, all pique themſelves on being mothers, and all feel that the only good nurſe is the true mother.

Maternity is ſo much in eſteem, that its functions ſilence every idle remark which malice or ſlander can invent. The ſex is juſtified for all its weakneſs, when it acts the careful and attentive nurſe. The youngeſt are thoſe who inſpire moſt reſpect, ſo much do the duties of nature, when they are accompliſhed, impoſe ſilence on the babble of our empty moraliſts. Is not nature already an enormous uſurer towards a weak ſex? and if the woman did not find in the charms and careſſes of a child, not a reward, but an indemnity for her pains, the generation of beings would be ſoon exhauſted.

It ſeems that all the ſouls who have flown to the frontier for the defence of the country, are re-entered to animate new bodies, and form a focus of republicans, who will enjoy the labours and ſacrifices of their anceſtors.

Infants more carefully attended, more free in their motions, and no longer under the rod, diſplay a character of joy and independence which charms the obſerver. The rod has diſappeared together with the tribe of groſs and venal nurſes, their little faults are corrected by a word, and it is in this manner that we ought to accuſtom infancy to be governed only by words.

Look at theſe young pupils: at ſome future day our errors, our faults, and our misfortunes, will furniſh them with ſubjects of converſation; they will be our judges, and the true hiſtory of our calamities and of our greatneſs will fill their mouths.

The little imperious characters already decide, and aſſume a tone of republican independence. The ſhades are perceptible from year to year; and leſs tormented by pedagogues, they are unreſtrained in their amuſements; their motions, which are more free, are become alſo more graceful; they will be better than we, becauſe they have been happier in their cradles.

In ſhort, the number of children is ſo great, that in certain walks it ſurpaſſes grown-up perſons*. This delicious ſight, which evinces the wiſdom of regenerating nature,

* Of ten children, I reckoned eight who had light hair; the children of the north are conſtantly more numerous in our commune.

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can never weary. If ſuch be the fruit of the Revolution (as no one can doubt), it forms alſo a ſcene ſo affecting, that it may ſerve to ſoften the dark colours of the picture of our paſt diſaſters. But why muſt it be an eternal law of nature, that good muſt ariſe from the ſource of evil, and that it ſhould flow only from thence? I dare not harbour ſuch a thought, it would corrupt that ſentiment of joy which dilates my heart at ſeeing a new generation ſpringing up, which reſemble the ſwarm of bees iſſuing from the flanks of the bull of Ariſtæus: and we, like the inſtrument of ſome inviſible and powerful arm, muſt only tranſiently glide over that path of peace and glory which is the lot of man, as hiſtory proves, at the end of great movements and the overthrow of empires.

CHAP. XCII.

SAMSON.

This man is the public executioner. Voltaire has ſaid, that it was the executioner who ought to write the hiſtory of the Engliſh. We might ſay the ſame of Samſon, it is he who ſhould write that of the reign of terror.

What a man this Samſon is! Perfectly impaſſible, he and the inſtrument of puniſhment were one and the ſame thing. He has cut off the head of the moſt powerful monarch in Europe, that of his wife, that of Briſſot, that of Couthon, of leaders of every party, and all with the ſame compoſure: he has made the mingled blood of princes, legiſlators, plebeians, philoſophers, flow in one ſtream. We call a gaoler an *animal bolt*, we may call Samſon the *guillotine hatchet*. He fells the head that is brought him, no matter whoſe. What an inſtrument! what a man! He ought to be afraid to remain a day in Paris.

What does he ſay? What does he think? Does he reflect on having put to death all the chiefs of every oppoſite party; Charlotte Corday, and Fouquier Tinville, the wife of Roland, and Henriot.

I ſhould like to know what paſſes in his mind, and if he conſiders his terrible functions only as a trade. The more I think on this man, the preſident of the great maſſacre of the human race, felling crowned heads, as well as that of the pureſt republican with the ſame indifference, the more my ideas are confounded.

I have ſeen the young girl at the eve of her marriage, brave death with more *ſang froid* than the famous D'Eſtaing who had filled Europe with the glorious recitals of his courage and intrepidity. How does Samſon ſleep after having received the laſt words or the laſt looks of thoſe detruncated heads? In truth, I ſhould like to be in the ſoul of this man for a few hours; I ſhould perhaps ſurprize ſome ideas which are unknown to me. He has ſeen the ſavage Danton die intoxicated, whoſe decrees all ſmelt of wine; he has ſeen Robeſpierre and his deteſtable ſatellites in their laſt moments tremble, grow pale, and ſweat with that terror with which they had frozen the French. He would have cut off the head of Condorcet as well as Marat. What a ſingular man! and his exiſtence is not a problem!

He has heard thouſands of women furies applaud with infernal ſhouts this horrible deluge of blood. He ſleeps, they ſay, and he may indeed, for it is very poſſible that his conſcience is in perfect tranquillity.

The guillotine has reſpected his conſcience, as making an integral part with it. No one ever thought of condemning to the flames the rolling plank which placed the victims under the fatal knife. It is true that Samſon was not like the executor of juſtice of Nantes, at one and the ſame time executioner, preſident of the popular ſociety, and witneſs ſuborned to give evidence againſt the priſoners. No one, as at Nantes, contended for the honour of having him for a ſon-in-law. We did not ſee, as at Nantes, perſons of every rank and condition accoſt him with a careſſing air, and preſs his bloody hands in a friendly manner; and the Pariſian women did not wear in their ears, as a great many women of Nantes, guillotines of gold.

He received, it is ſaid, excuſes from the Queen, when on the ſcaffold: ſhe had undeſignedly trod on his toe. What did he think at that time? He was for a long time paid with the money of the royal treaſury. What a man is this Samſon! he comes and goes like any other man, he is

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ſometimes at the theatre of the Vaudeville; he laughs, he looks at me; my head has eſcaped him; he knows nothing about it; and as it is a thing quite indifferent to him, I am never wearied of obſerving that careleſſneſs with which he has ſent to the other world a crowd of men of the firſt as well as laſt rank. He would begin again if — — and why not? Is it not his trade?

When the carts with theſe numberleſs victims were dragged by three or four harridans, how was it that in the ſpace of fourteen months there were not found forty determined men to pierce their flanks, and give that great ſignal of courage fitted to awaken it in the ſouls of their fellow-citizens? But no; all the brave were dead, or at the armies; and the terror was ſuch, that if one had ſaid to an individual, "At ſuch an hour the cart will paſs before "thy houſe, thou muſt deſcend and place thyſelf in it;" the individual would have deſcended from his ſtair-caſe, and taken his place.

CHAP. CIII.

NATION.

It was formerly only a ſimple term of geography, or of the rhetorician who wiſhed to ſwell his ſtyle. You will never find the pen of the writers of the age of Louis the XIVth uſing the words, *The intereſt of the nation—The ſervice of the nation—The treaſure of the nation*, becauſe in fact there exiſted no *nation*. France was only a vaſt park of ſheep, which he who made himſelf maſter might ſhear or ſell; for *ſuch was his pleaſure*.

CHAP. CIV.

SANS-CULOTTES.

We are in general ignorant of the origin of this word. It is this: The poet Gilbert, perhaps the moſt excellent verſifier after Boileau, was very poor. He had trimmed ſome philoſophers in one of his ſatires; an author, who was deſirous of paying his court, in order to be of the academy, wrote a little ſatirical piece, which he called the *Sans-Culotte*. Gilbert was rallied on it, and the rich readily adopted this denomination againſt all authors who were not elegantly dreſſed.

At the time of the Revolution, they remembered the term, adopted it, and employed it as an invincible ſpear againſt all thoſe whoſe writings or diſcourſes tended to a great or ſpeedy reform.

They thought it an excellent joke, and that they might laugh at it as they did twenty years ago; but politicians are more invulnerable than poets, and they took with a good grace the title which was given them. I was inſcribed on the firſt liſt of ſans-culottes, at which I only laughed. But theſe gratuitous inſults, and the inſolent tone familiar to gilded drawing-rooms, irritated certain minds, and led them to invent and detail, without reſerve, the term of *ariſtocrate*.

All this took place before the Revolution. Who would have thought that republicans would have adopted this term, and made it a point of rallying?

It was certainly in order to annex contempt, hatred, and execration to the word, to the idea of republic, to the quality of republican, to the only government which can be avowed by reaſon, juſtice, and ſocial reaſon; it was to render the natural rights of liberty and equality deteſtable and ridiculous, that the jacobins imagined and put in vogue the ignoble *ſans-culottiſme* and the *ſans-culottide fêtes*.

I make no doubt but ſome day, thoſe years in which ſuch *fêtes* have been celebrated, will be ſtruck out of the number of republican years. I truſt that the republic will date from the conſtitution of the third year, and that it will be impoſſible for reaſon, or a new race, to conſider them

them otherwiſe. Why ſhould thoſe years of deteſtable anarchy uſurp a title, againſt which the avenging cry of humanity will riſe in judgment by the iron pen of hiſtory.

What! the republic exiſted under the yoke of terroriſm, and when the abſurd rapacity of the Agrarian law was preached to the people! What! were thoſe proconſuls, who have carried fire and flame, devaſtation and death, throughout France, republicans! Were the laws of our decemvirs republican laws!—the exerciſe of every horrible crime a republican government!

Our poſterity, more juſt and more wiſe, will never date the æra of our regeneration from any other moment than that in which the conſtitutional laws exerciſed their happy empire.

Amongſt thoſe uſurpers of the glorious title of republican, there was not a ſingle one who would not have aſcended the throne of the mob, and there they would have ſat, though it had been garniſhed with pointed nails. I have ſeen even that mule of Auvergne, called *Romme*, wiſh to try it: Babœuf wanted to replace *Marat;* and if Babœuf and his aſſociates have been and are republicans, certainly I am not.

What profanation of that ſacred word! which fooliſh and ferocious men have aſſumed in order to delude the multitude, and thereby rendered credible the ſacerdotal cruelties of every age, and every country, as well as the reaſonings of the muſt abſurd theologians. They have made human reaſon take a retrograde ſtep; they are moreover guilty of a greater crime, of the almoſt entire demoralization of a great, but alas, too credulous people.

Sans-culottiſme has conſtantly followed the vagabond ſtandard of anarchy; and if the conſtitution ſays that I muſt ſign in the year in which I write, the *ſixth year of the Republic*, I will ſign it as I ought; but I appeal to the juſtice and conſcience of poſterity, to rectify the inexcuſable error.

The greater part of thoſe Sans-culottes do not gueſs even at what hiſtory will ſay of them; they, who think themſelves ſo penetrating, and do not know that they have been puppets, during the greater part of the ſittings of the National Convention; that their diſpoſition for power and rapine have been greedily ſnatched at, in order to accompliſh the projects which rolled above their heads, as the heavenly ſpheres roll above the head of an ignorant ſavage.

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If hiſtory, armed with its mirror and avenging pen, ſhould ſay to them, whilſt alive, " you have been nothing " but execrable puppets, moved by inviſible wires !" cruſhed under the weight of irreſiſtible evidence, where could they find caverns deep or dark enough, to bury the ſhame of having committed ſo many crimes, not for themſelves, but for a kind of old Men of the Mountain, who laughed at their harangues at the tribune, at their anger, and their puerile paſſions. And theſe Sans-culotte puppets, theſe madmen of a new kind, have multiplied amongſt us; they have ſaid, that there were none that knew how to govern but themſelves; but man is a vaſe full of good or corrupted liquor, whoſe good or bad odour is diffuſed around; nothing has been diffuſed from Sans-culottiſm but a ſectionary war of words.

CHAP. CV.

UNDEIFY.

O PARISIANS! ..... I have ſeen you ſince the Revolution parade through your ſtreets, in pomp, the buſts of many illuſtrious perſonages, on whom you have laviſhed your adorations; I have ſeen you bear to a temple the aſhes of ſome amongſt them, whom you conſidered as gods! a moment came, and you immediately *undeified* them. O Pariſians!

CHAP. CVI.

FABRE D'EGLANTINE.

THE monſters devoured one another; they took arms againſt each other with the inſtrument with which they ſtruck at innocence; and they have done themſelves juſtice. Humanity and liberty have no tears to ſhed over the annihilation.

Fabre d'Eglantine is of that number, he was the promoter of the infamous revolutionary regime, and its panegyriſt; he was the friend, companion, counſellor of thoſe murderous pro-conſuls, who carried fire and ſword, devaſtation and death, throughout France. Why affect to regret theſe ſubaltern ruffians, who would only have excited contempt, if tyranny in ſtriking them for its private views, had not awakened a kind of intereſt in their favour?

That mountain, or rather as I called it from the firſt day I ſat within the walls, that *crater*, which has vomited out all the burning lavas of ignorance and crime, had two ſummits, equally odious to every friend of their country, and of public liberty.

As for myſelf, who have followed the ſtandard neither of Marius nor Sylla, alike in oppoſition to thoſe chiefs who have conſtantly laboured for their own elevation, and never for the republic, it is as a republican that I deteſt their demagogical principles.

I will not examine whether or not the hands of Fabre d'Eglantine were ſullied with dilapidations. I know that he was a promoter of aſſaſſinations, and I accuſe him as ſuch before poſterity.

As a poet, he had talents. The *Philinthe* of *Moliere* is an excellent comedy. It is to be remarked that Ronſin was alſo a writer of plays, but of bad ones; that Dubuiſſon *was* a very obſcure dramatic poet; that Grammont was a player; that Collot d'Herbois, a player, was alſo a dramatic writer; that he had even made a piece in honour of the *portrait of Monſieur*. It is remarkable, that ſeveral players were accompliſhed actors in that hideous anarchy, which has inundated our country with blood, which has transformed Frenchmen into inſtruments of crimes, or into cowardly ſpectators of the moſt horrible atrocities.

CHAP.

CHAP. CVII.

MODES.

UNDER the old regime, it was the reigning mode in France which extended its empire over all the nations of Europe. At preſent, when our women wear cockades among their ornaments, and that we read on pots of rouge, *Vegetal National;* inſtead of *la mode*, we ſay *le mode*. A mode of government, to fix a mode for the collecting a tax. *Mode*, then, ſignifies, *ſyſtem, method.*

CHAP. CVIII.

DENUNCIATION.

IT was a trade during the Revolution, authorized by a law of the Jacobins, and was more horrible perhaps than murder; it killed the national character, at leaſt in cities; it engendered hatred, perfidy, reſentments, jealouſies, and the ties of families were broken for a long time.

They found a crowd of denunciators, becauſe they taught villains a moſt terrible ſecret; I mean the art of gaining the money or property of another, by telling a lie, or making a falſe report.

Were the denunciator even impartial, he ſees all men in a falſe light, when he expects a reward for beholding them criminals. Thus a familiar of the inquiſition accuſes him who lets his roſary fall, as guilty of ſacrilege. The ſpy of the Jacobins was not leſs atrocious in his accuſations.

The aſſembly of the Jacobins was a hell upon earth, it was compoſed in part of women of the mob; who were ſo many furies, reſembling ſerpents, hiſſing inſtead of ſpeaking, and ſpeaking only to make wounds with their forked tongues.

What

What agent thus powerfully ſtimulated the patriotiſm of theſe denunciators?——An aſſignat of five livres.

How much evil has this execrable engine occaſioned, to gain five livres a-day! thoſe hideous Megæras had renounced every ſentiment of nature.

It was they who, giving the ſignal to all the mobbiſh tribe, and threatening others with the anger of the mobbiſh chiefs, eſtabliſhed the permanence of the ſcaffold. It was they who applauded the daily maſſacres, who received two hundred livres for each denunciation: while others, more ſubtle, diſcovered your ſecrets, and repairing to Robeſpierre, mingled the wormwood of their own diſpoſitions with the gall of the moſt atrocious of men.

It was at the Amar's, the Fouquier Tinville's, the Robert Lindet's, that they paid their deareſt viſits.

CHAP. CIX.

GIRL.

To have a girl ſignifies, in the dictionaries of all nations, to be the father of a child of the feminine ſex; to have a woman ſignifies having married an individual of the ſame ſex.

In France, theſe words *girl*, and *woman*, have not the ſame ſignification in the dictionary of gallantry. I could cite an hundred examples; but one will ſuffice.

A young man was accuſed of loving *girls* extravagantly; there were ſeveral married women preſent, with whom ſuch an accuſation might have injured him. One of his friends who was there, anſwered, "Exaggeration! ma-"lignity! he has women alſo."

CHAP. CX.

TAPPE-DURS.

THIS was the name given to a company of cut-throats, armed with knotted ſticks, to which they gave, by way of deriſion, the name of *conſtitution*. Their place of rendezvous was in a coffee-houſe near the Italian theatre, kept by one *Chretien*, juryman of the Revolutionary Tribunal. They were continually parading in the Palais Royal, inſulting the paſſengers, and arreſting thoſe who would not ſubmit to their inſults. Janiſſaries of the Committee of General Surety, when that committee had need of any commotion, of any diſorder, to ſerve as a pretext for atrocious meaſures, called *bitter*; it was the *tappe-durs* who were commiſſioned to excite them.

They walked about, their heads erect, with menaces in their mouths, and the looks of aſſaſſins; they extolled only a few of the moſt exaggerated of the Jacobins, and devoted all the others to the ſcaffold. It was truly painful for an honeſt man to ſee thoſe bands of wretches. Every eye ſhrunk from their ſavage look; they ſpoke only of arreſt, and of putting to death the *ſuſpected*.

Their inſolence marked the climax of the extravagance and barbarity of men. It was in ſeeing and hearing them that we gave credit to the ſyſtem of extermination, ſo infernal were their words; authors of ſo many crimes, they called themſelves patriots *par excellence*, the friends of liberty and juſtice, and the true founders of the republic. What a republic! Good heaven! built on corpſes, tombs, and wrecks, with only atheiſts, robbers, and aſſaſſins for rulers and ſubjects.

Such a ſyſtem appeared incredible to thoſe, who, diſtant from the events that were paſſing, were diſpoſed to believe that the picture was overcharged; but it is ſoothing at leaſt to reflect, that theſe evils are paſt, and that a legal government, ſeated on its baſis, ſeems, by its force and authority, to have reſtored humanity and reaſon to their rights.

At the time of the re-action of Prairéal, royaliſm, which diſguiſed itſelf in pantaloons and wooden ſhoes, took theſe *tappe-durs* into its pay: they changed their language, but not their ferocity.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXI.

SANGUINOCRATES.

THERE was a time in which neither the reclamations of the rights of man, nor the plaintive voice of nature, found any ſympathiſing heart; they only ſerved to provoke the hatred and wrath of the *Sanguinocrates*, who had ſeized on the government.

CHAP. CXII.

FALSE ASSIGNATS.

OUR enemies were deſirous of making the counter-revolution by falſe aſſignats, on the ſide of Switzerland and Mount Blanc; the Swiſs lent their aſſiſtance in a moſt admirable manner, they were introduced by millions; they were thrown even by packets into the inns, and in ſeveral places the good were refuſed in payment, from fear of receiving bad; the greateſt part came to us from****

It is ſcarcely to be imagined how much intelligence and talent were employed in theſe perfidious manœuvres. *Monſieur*'s bookſeller, named *Guillot*, was the firſt maker of falſe aſſignats, who was puniſhed. I have great reaſon to think that he was in intelligence with perſons of the higheſt rank.

Makers of falſe aſſignats, and robbers, met in the ſame priſon; but I do not know whether the former made a line of ſeparation, and kept themſelves aloof. They were commonly young ſpendthrifts, who connected themſelves with engravers. One is the bearer of the falſe aſſignats, another has only a ſingle one, ſo that if he is caught in paſſing it, the law may have no hold on him; when he has ſucceeded, his comrade gives him another, and ſo on.

The

The crime of forgery is become common, and is multiplied in every way: public documents have been altered, and even lottery tickets. The civil and common tribunals are fully occupied with this kind of crime. The imagination exhauſts itſelf in contriving the moſt daring and impudent plans of ſwindlers; intrigue, for ſeven years paſt, has played the firſt part, and has ſpread its nets on every ſide.

The profeſſion of intriguer and ſwindler is ſo general, that it forms a numerous claſs; having its connections, cuſtoms and habits. If you are not in the ſecret, you will be deceived in every thing, and I pity the ſtranger who lands at the *Caffée de Valois*, *de Foy*, *de Chartres*, or *la Rotonde*, he ſees nothing which is before his eyes, nor diſtinguiſhes between the phyſiognomy of a capitaliſt, and that of a knave.

Danton, deputy to the Convention for Paris, overwhelmed with debt, after having been ſtruck off the roll of attornies, became a broker, and gave the ſignal to every knave of this claſs to deal in wholeſale, and without timidity; he had already provided for the abolition of the arreſt for debt. It was a day of triumph for all the party; reckoning from this day, Danton was conſidered as a man of vaſt conceptions; it was even ſaid, that for eloquence he would make the ſecond volume of Mirabeau. *Quæque ipſe miſerrima vidi.* Knaves have always had a ſwelling ſtyle, and was there not enough to laugh at and weep at the ſame time, when a blind multitude, deceived with reſpect to their wickedneſs, gave them credit for profound underſtanding?

Falſe aſſignats did ſcarcely any harm to the nation, on account of their ſmall number, compared alſo with the immenſe quantity which the Committee of Finances had fabricated, and the inconceivable rapidity with which it preceded every other fabrication.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXIII.

THEOPHAGE.

THIS is the name which is at preſent given to thoſe, who, with a napkin tucked under their chin, and on their knees before a prieſt, receive from his fingers, into their mouth, a little wafer of paſte with which you ſeal letters.

CHAP. CXIV.

ROMAN PRIEST.

I MET yeſterday, near the Tuilleries, a prieſt, one of my friends; he was in the national uniform: here is our converſation, word for word. Prieſt.—"I mount guard "to-day," ſhewing his cartouch-box: "but you will not "gueſs what I have in this." I.—"Probably cartridges." Prieſt.—"Something better than that." I.—"Faith, I "conceive nothing better than cartridges at this moment." Prieſt.—"What I have there is for every moment." I.—"Is it ſomething that kills?" Prieſt.—"On the contrary, "it is ſomething which makes alive; it is the principle "of all things." I.—"The principle of all things in your "cartridge-box; that is a little extraordinary." Prieſt.—"It is, nevertheleſs, true." I.—Is it the truth of a prieſt, "or a ſoldier?" Prieſt.—"I own that it is a little the "truth of a prieſt." I.—In that caſe, explain yourſelf "more clearly. Let us ſee what myſtery your cartridge-"box contains." Prieſt.—"It is in reality a great "myſtery. It is the *bon Dieu*." I.—"The *bon Dieu!*" Prieſt.—"Yes, the *bon Dieu*. I am going to tell you about "it. I was at the *Corps de garde*, when I was ſent for to "carry it to one of the faithful, who was diſpoſed to take "the great journey; and in order to conform myſelf to a "very wiſe *arreté*, I performed my function of prieſt, in "the

" the dreſs of a citizen, whilſt for this particular miſſion it " was not neceſſary that I ſhould wear any ſacerdotal gar- " ment. I own, alſo, that it is more convenient and more " decent to be clothed as a citizen ſoldier, than to go in " the dreſs of a funeral maſk, to frighten a man at his " laſt moments, and make little children kneel down in " the ſtreets." I.—" My friend, thy language ſmells al- " ready of thy dreſs. I forgive thee for being a prieſt. " Adieu !"

CHAP. CXV.

HUAILLE.

The howling mob. Hats——no; I am miſtaken——red caps are thrown up in the air. The words, *carnage, blood, death, vengeance!* this a, b, c, of the Jacobin idiom, is repeated, cried, hurled from neighbour to neighbour, by the *Huaille.*

The Huaille reigned for near fifteen months, and deſpotiſed the city; for to deſpotiſe, that is to ſay, in little as well as great, in a family as in a kingdom, is to be ſole maſter when we can, and when we cannot, to aſſociate with ſubaltern deſpots, who in their turn exerciſe an arbitrary power, to make thoſe tremble by whom it has been beſtowed.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXVI.

SACRED ORDERS.

THIS was the name formerly given to certain eccleſiaſtical decrees, as the *tonſure*, the *ſubdeaconry*, the *deaconry*, the *prieſthood*, which were granted by biſhops, ſurrounded with religious pomp, to all thoſe, who, in order to want nothing, renounced every thing, by incorporating themſelves with the church.

A prelate was aſked, if, ſince the Revolution, he ſhould continue to ordain eccleſiaſtics according to the new decrees?—"*No, truly, my principles!* - - - - My duty! - - - - "My conſcience!" - - - - *Eh bien! Monſeigneur, they will* "*ſuppreſs your penſion.*"

"*Suppreſs my penſion! that is a little too bold.*" An old domeſtic was preſent at this dialogue. Monſeigneur, as was cuſtomary, owed him ſeveral years' wages.

"*What! is it ſo, Sir; will they ſuppreſs Monſeigneur's pen-*" *ſion! - - - - and my wages!*" - - - - "*Your wages? they will* "*go with the penſion!*"——"*D—n it! he ſhall ordain—You* "*ſhall ordain, Monſeigneur; you ſhall ordain!*"

CHAP. CXVII.

FARCE,
ENTITLED, THE LAST JUDGMENT OF KINGS.

A PIECE of an original kind, which was acted with the greateſt ſucceſs on the theatre of the city. You beheld all the monarchs of Europe in their reſpective dreſſes, amuſing the ſpectators with their ſceptres and their crowns; they diſputed, fought, when a republican comes, and ſets them all to rights. After having muzzled them, he makes

them dance like bears. One might have ſuppoſed that the author had parodied that happy verſe in the *Mechant.*

" Les rois ſont ici bas pour nos menus plaiſirs."

The piece offered ſome humourous points, and was much followed; but ſo ſhort a ſpace of time had followed between the profound reſpect, and the merry mirth of the populace, that we might have exclaimed, " If the exempt of the po-" lice ſhould come in, he will ſend thoſe people to the " Baſtille."

Many dramas of nearly the ſame kind formed amuſement for the Pariſian. But events became at the ſame time ſo ſingular and ſo terrible, that theatrical fiction was far from attaining hiſtorical fact.

CHAP. CXVIII.

ACTIVE CITIZEN.

After a decree of the National Aſſembly, it was neceſſary to be an *active citizen;* that is to ſay, to poſſeſs property, to have a right of voting in the Primary Aſſemblies; ſo that *Socrates, Corneille, Jean Jacques Rouſſeau,* if they had lived amongſt us, would have been excluded.

We ſee, therefore, that the adjective killed the ſubſtantive; alas! the true *active* citizens are thoſe, who, by taking the Baſtille and the Tuilleries, put an end to the *indignities* of a deſpotical regime.

CHAP. CXIX.

THE LITTLE CATO.

On the appearance of the new calendar, and even before, it was who ſhould change their chriſtian names for Roman ſurnames. As for Couthon, he derogated, and took a Greek name; he called himſelf *Ariſtides-Couthon.* All at the top or bottom of the Mountain decorated themſelves with the names of the great men of antiquity; and that ſo thoroughly put me out of all patience one day, that on ſome diſplay of new follies of their own growth, I exclaimed with all my force, *No, you are not Romans!* The furious bell of Collot d'Herbois was rung over my head, and drowned ſome other truths, which made them ſkip about like ſo many wild goats. I own that I amuſed myſelf infinitely on that day, when I had the pleaſure to ſay to Robeſpierre, foaming with rage, and pale, "Hold thy peace, and hear me "for once, for thou art ignorance perſonified; have you "made a pact with victory?—No!—but we have made it "with death!—It is clear to all what you are ſtriving "for."

The great reputation of theſe Catos and Brutuſſes, having finiſhed nearly like that of Gracchus-Babœuf, we ſhall dwell on that extravagant mania no longer than juſt to recite the following little ſtory.

A child, baptized Cato, with whoſe name his father had made him acquainted in reading ſome pages to him of the Roman hiſtory, had ſtolen into his mother's cabinet, where, in the joy of his heart, he haſtened to pillage a box of ſweetmeats. His father enters, takes him in the fact, and ſays to him coolly, "*Cato would not have done that.*" The child aſhamed, empties his pockets, and after having reſtored it, threw himſelf at the knees of his father, who ſays to him, "*Cato, after having committed a theft, would not have* "*reduced himſelf to the ſituation of repairing it by an humiliating* "*poſture; riſe.*"

This

This leſſon was good, and I doubt not but the child, if he has any talents above the common, will think himſelf always ſurrounded by the ſhade of Cato.

CHAP. CXX.

PATRIOT OF 89.

It is he who at this epocha embraced the Revolution, without preſent ambition, from love for his country, and from hatred to deſpotiſm and oppreſſion; who has made the energy of his patriotiſm conſiſt in things and not in words; who, in the criſis of the Revolution, has never ceaſed to love liberty and equality founded on juſtice, which is its rule; who, puſhed on with the whole of France by the revolutionary torrent, has neither provoked nor ordered, nor protected its devaſtating crimes; who, if he has fallen into errors, unhappily inſeparable from humanity, has laboured earneſtly to repair thoſe which he has diſcovered; who has always acted in entire ſubmiſſion to the laws, and whoſe mouth and hands have been preſerved at all times pure from falſe denunciations, vengeance, rapine and blood.

CHAP. CXXI.

LETTER OF ROUSSEAU.

This letter is ſingular and prophetic. I wiſh it to be read to all the inhabitants of Paris, who wear the ruſt of the old regime ſtill in their hearts; for is it not ſingular that the ſame man calls me *Monſieur* in a letter, and *Citizen* in ſociety? If this practice continue, we ſhall have

two

two ſorts of language, one for the ſtreet, another for the houſe. It was with ſome difficulty that the name of citizen eſtabliſhed itſelf; and why is not this honourable name preferable to the word *Monſieur ?*

Rouſſeau, when he was in Switzerland, wrote to his friend Dupeyron, "I have a ſurname, which I think I de- "ſerve better than ever: at Paris I was called Citizen; "give me this title which is ſo dear to me; endeavour to "propagate it, and let thoſe who love me never call me "*Monſieur*; but in ſpeaking of me, *the Citizen*, and in writ- "ing, *My dear Citizen.*"

CHAP. CXXII.

COUNTER-REVOLUTION.

A NEW word, which appeared immediately after that of *Revolution.* It ſignifies that *coup de main*, which, if it were poſſible, would revive the aſhes of the laſt of our tyrants; a phœnix who would be called *king*—now a phœnix—reader, you comprehend me!

CHAP. CXXIII.

J. J. ROUSSEAU, AT THE TUILLERIES.

EVERY feeling heart muſt recollect with pleaſure that autumnal evening, when the inhabitants of Ermenonville brought to Paris the coffin of the author of Emilius, under an arbour of ſhrubs and flowers.

The

The air was calm, the ſky ſerene; a long curtain of purple veiled the ſetting ſun at the horizon; a light breeze agitated the laſt leaves.

The ſounds of ſimple and plaintive muſic were heard at a diſtance. A crowd of citizens joined the proceſſion. Every heart palpitated with joy.

The funeral car entered with majeſtic ſolemnity. A numerous band of youth followed it in reſpectful ſilence. The ſymphoniſt left a ſhort interval between each air, in order that every one might recollect, and join in the chorus.

The favourite airs of *The Man of Nature*, were ſung; thoſe which the lover repeats every day to his miſtreſs, the tender wife to the happy huſband.

It might have been ſaid, that angels deſcending to earth were come to tranſport him to heaven amidſt their celeſtial concerts.

The proceſſion ſtopt at the baſon which repreſented the Iſle of Poplars. It received the tears of the ſpectators ranged around, and above all thoſe of the women; who thought of Julia, Sophia, and Warens, ſo tenderly, ſo conſtantly beloved by her adopted ſon. Every eye was fixed on the coffin, laid on a platform, and covered with a blue cloth ſown with ſtars.

The glory of the great man pierced through the darkneſs of death, he ſeemed ſtill to exiſt.

A thouſand flambeaux lighted this affecting ceremony. Every face was embelliſhed with tears, they offered the image, not of inconſolable grief for the loſs of a friend, but of the tranquil hope of one day ſeeing him return.

The obſequies were terminated by the air, *Dans ma cabane obſcure*; and every one withdrew, ſinging it in a plaintive tone.